The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. } $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE. }

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1893.

Vol. XIV, No. 47.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year,

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. J. MEIKLEJOHN, M.D., C.M.

OFFICE—THE HOUSE RECENTLY OCcupied by Dr. Faulkner, Front Street, Stirling.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:—Over Stickle's Store, Stirling.

C. D. MACAULAY.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., OFFICE, Bridge Street, Belleville, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, COMMISSIONER, &c., will be at his office over Boldrick's store, Stirling, on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

CHARLES BUTLER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. C. E. PARKER, R. S.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,

DENTIST

Trenton last half of every week. Will be at the Scott House, Stirling, from 9 a. m. Monday, until next morning. Complete facilities for all Dental work, with gold, &c.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.

TRENTON. GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling professionally, on the second and last Fridays of each month.

The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.

Rooms at Scott House.

Dr. Wm. S. Cook, V.D., V.S.,

Stirling, Ontario.

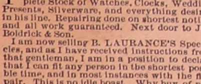
GRADUATE IN HIGHEST HONORS AT the Toronto Veterinary College. Graduate in highest honors at the Toronto Dental School. Registered member of the Veterinary Medical Society. Treats all diseases of the domesticated animals in the latest scientific and modern principles.

Dentistry, Castration, and Surgical Operations, a specialty.

All calls day or night, Telegraph or Telephone, promptly attended to.

Office opposite Lagrow's bakery and grocery. Consultation free. Charges low.

SALE AND LIVERY STABLES.



J. J. KNOWLES.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAS NOW A COMplete Stock of Watches, Clocks, Wedding Presents, Silverware, and everything desired in his line. Repairing done on shortest notice, and all work guaranteed. Next door to Jas. Boldrick & Son.

I am now selling B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles, and as I have received instructions from that gentleman, I am in a position to declare that I can fit any person in the shortest possible time, and in most instances with the first pair. This is no idle boast. Why buy of pedlars when your own local Jeweler can supply you for quarter the price and give satisfaction? I sell B. Laurance's Spectacles from 50cts. per pair and guarantee them for one year. Come and see them, and be satisfied that the sight of old age can be equal to the sight of youth by wearing these invaluable aids to vision. J. J. KNOWLES,

Jeweler and Optician, Stirling

DR. HARTE'S CELERY IRON PILLS

NUTRATIVE, TONIC, NERVE RESTORING.

In chronic nervous troubles such as Chorea, neuralgia, and asthma, the prompt efficiency of these pills is so remarkable as to be considered marvelous. They afford timely relief and permanent cure in thousands of cases. Druggists and dealers, or mail. Price 50cts., six for $2.50. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto Ont.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

THE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, nearly new, and large barn, with an acre and a quarter of land, on Church street, in the village of Stirling, known as the Ashley place. Terms easy. Apply to

E. W. BROOKS,
Glen Ross.

THE NEWS-ARGUS
$1.00 per year.

PANTS **BOOMING!** **PANTS**

—:o:—

We are making a Clearing Sale of our PANTINGS for the remainder of this month, and are offering some Great Big Bargains in SCOTCH, ENGLISH and CANADIAN PANTINGS. See our Window. Your choice of $6.00 PANTS for $4.50, and we have some worth $7.50 for $6.00, &c. Don't fail to see them, as money saved is money earned. Come early and get your first choice at

FRED. T. WAR'DS,

THEPEOPLE'STAILORANDFURNISHER.

OUR $7000 STOCK

OF NEW, BRIGHT, STYLISH AND SEASONABLE

BOOTS & SHOES

IS BOUND TO GO.

We bought cheap. We sell cheap.

Ladies' Fine Oxfords in all Colors, from 75c. up to $2.00.

Ladies' Button Boots from 75c. up to $3.50.

Ladies' Slips from 18c. to $1.00. These Slips are less than the wholesale price. They are going fast. Catch on to the Special Bargains.

Men's Plow Boots from 95c. up to $1.60.

5 per cent. discount for spot cash on all purchases over $1.

EGGS WANTED.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Now For Cheap Hats.

—:-o-:—

We have had a good season in Millinery, and now will clear out the balance of our HATS, at greatly reduced prices.

50c. Hats for 25c.

60c. Hats for 30c.

A lot at job prices.

Veiling.

Veilings from 10c. to 35c.

Kid Gloves.

Josephines, Laced, and a first class 60c. Glove.

Lace Curtains from 50c. to $4.00

Lace Mitts, Parasols, Hoisery, Ladies' Ties, Black Laces, Challies for Waists, Ladies' Vests, and White Muslins cheaper than any in town.

C. F. STICKLE.

GOOD NEWS!

—:o:—

Notwithstanding the late spring, I am glad to hear that the prospects for a bountiful harvest are good.

I am also pleased to announce that the business for the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company up to the present time this year, is far ahead of what it was in the same time last year showing that the people appreciate a good thing in life assurance when it is offered them. The ranks are not all filled up and I have lots of room for more people.

S. BURROWS, BELLEVILLE.

STIRLING FOUNDRY.

—:o:—

The undersigned wishes to draw the attention of farmers to his stock of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS,

GANG PLOUGHS,

Double Moldboard Ploughs,

CORN CULTIVATORS

(with Hiller attachment).

LAND ROLLERS, 30 AND 36 inches,

FARM & SCHOOL BELLS,

ROAD -:- SCRAPERS,

REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS OF PLOUGHS.

REPAIRING AND GENERAL JOBBING

DONE ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Agent for the Celebrated Wilkinson Steel Plows and Sylvester Bros' Light Steel Binder, Mowers, Horse Rakes, Spring Tooth Harrows, Root Cutters, Patent Clothes Reels; also the Richmond Pea Harvesters,—can be attached to any Mowing Machine.

FOR SALE.—Nearly an acre of ground, with good young orchard thereon, situated in Stirling.

W. J. GRAHAM.

Summer Suggestions.

Bathe daily.

Save your steps.

Allow double the time in catching boats and trains you do in winter.

Eat your meals slowly.

Drink milk slowly.

Ladies have your house gowns loose and cool.

Men, wear light clothing, which you can buy cheap at the Oak Hall, Belleville.

The strike of 350,000 coal miners in England naturally awakens widespread interest on both sides of the Atlantic. When mine owners strike they simply announce that the price has been increased, and there is no disturbance or general public interest. The uncertainty of the issue and the intense suffering of the struggle fix public attention on the strike of employees.

Mistake Somewhere.

"Your hair ain't wet," said Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who had called at the Yerger mansion. "No, of course; what made you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised, "I heard Pa tell Ma that you couldn't keep your head above water. The man who is economical will likely be able to keep his head above water all right. You are on the right path when you go to the Oak Hall, Belleville, to buy your clothing.

Deseronto *Tribune*:—The rot has already appeared among potatoes in this district. It has not yet become general, but its early appearance is making farmers anxious.

The 'Victoria' court-martial has found that Admiral Tryon alone was to blame for the terrible calamity by which his own and so many other heroic and valuable lives were lost, as well as a great battle-ship costing over two and a-quarter millions of dollars. It is difficult to see how any other decision could have been come to. On board of his own ship, as well as upon that of every other ship of the squadron he commanded, Admiral Tryon's fatal order caused astonishment and something like dismay. All his subordinates who were in a position to do so ventured upon an expression of their hesitation to carry out his orders, the nearest to a remonstrance which the stern discipline of men-of-war would admit of self-respecting officers giving unless they were prepared for direct disobedience. Direct disobedience would not on the part of Admiral Markham, who was second in command, have involved anything more than the stern displeasure of Admiral Tryon, as discretion was, by direct order of the admiral himself, allowed in such cases, but Admiral Tryon's character was so impressive and each commander's confidence in his skill was so great that Admiral Markham preferred carrying out his order in a spirit approaching something like blind obedience. Arguing from his knowledge of Admiral Tryon's great ability on such occasions as that ordered, he came to the conclusion that the Commander intended executing what seemed an impossible order by himself departing somewhat from the exact movements the signals indicated. Obedience under such circumstances could not be regarded as an offence, though perhaps it may have been a mistake. The court-martial's decision seems to have been that which Admiral Tryon himself expressed after the collision. 'I am responsible,' he said; 'no one else is to blame,' a singularly noble admission at such an exciting moment.

The Behring Sea Arbitration.

Great Britain Wins on Every Point.

LONDON, AUG. 2.—A despatch from Paris to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' says the Behring Sea tribunal of arbitration has made good progress and that it is expected a decision will be rendered in a fortnight. The despatch adds that every point at issue has now been adjudicated and that the decision will give entire satisfaction to Great Britain and Canada. In every instance the claims advanced by Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster, of the counsel for Great Britain, are held to be good. The decision will be unanimous on all points save one, on which Justice John M. Harlan and Senator John T. Georgan, the American arbitrators, held out for the American claim. The tribunal is now discussing the question of regulations to govern the seal fisheries.

France and Siam.

The difficulty between France and Siam has for the present been settled by Siam surrendering to the French demands, and giving to the latter power all that she demanded. This for the present averts war, though there are some differences yet to settle between France on the one hand and England and China on the other.

Though France has apparently triumphed in obtaining all that she demanded, yet it will be found that British diplomacy has secured the greatest and most lasting benefits for Great Britain. The British Foreign Office advised Siam to concede the French claims, but at the same time refused to acknowledge the blockade established by France, and in this was also supported by Germany. This of course would have rendered the blockade of no effect. It is admitted now that Siam in surrendering to the French claims, on the advice of Great Britain, has in effect banded over her cause to the latter power, and the ultimate result will be that Siam will come under the protection of Great Britain, which will thus reap the benefit in increased trade and influence, while France will have only empty glory,—but that is enough to satisfy the French nation.

Canada's Exhibit at the World's Fair.

HIGH PRAISE FROM A CHICAGO JOURNAL.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, referring to Canada's exhibit at the World's Fair recently, gave nearly two columns of description, and accorded the highest praise to the exhibits. We give a few extracts:—

In no department has Canada failed to put in an exhibit and in no department has her exhibit failed to attract attention for general excellence. It would seem that the entire exhibit had been arranged with an eye single to the purpose of furnishing ocular proof that Canada excels in many lines and equals all into which she appears as a competitor.

First, as showing the great diversity of Canadian soil and climate, the horticultural exhibit of Canada is probably entitled to first consideration. Strange as it may appear in the light of the general belief that Canada is an exceedingly bleak, inhospitable country, her display of tropical plants and flowers is, if not the very finest, certainly equal to any in the Horticultural building. These plants are, of course, the product of public and private conservatories, still they bear out the character for general excellence borne by all of Canada's exhibit.

Canada's fruit exhibit is also a source of wonder to those who are not well informed on the capabilities of our sister country in this line. In the line of small fruits particularly there is no exhibit in the building which can excel or even equal the exhibit of Canada. Here are currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cherries and strawberries of the finest grade, both in the matter of size and flavor. The fresh fruit is just beginning to come in now and this year's crop in all these lines appears to excel even the choice bottled exhibits of former years.

In this line the province of Ontario has an unusually fine exhibit. The apple exhibit alone from this province would entitle it to a high rank as a fruit-growing section, even if there were no other fine specimens of fruit-growing ability on exhibition.

When it comes to Canada's cereals more is known in the United States of her wide expanse of territory, which seems to be the natural home of all the small grains. Here, too, Ontario seems to have carried off the first place in the matter of a general exhibit, for not only has this province an unusually fine exhibit of cereals, but her dairy products also seem as if she has started to carry off all honors in this direction. Not satisfied with having the biggest cheese ever made on exhibition, Canada stepped in for 126 ot the 135 prizes to be awarded in this line.

In the matter of butter Ontario again bobs up into prominence. Her six shorthorn cows, now on a test of butter-making capacity, have so far taken the lead; two of them having on more than one occasion given over 50 pounds of milk in a day, which breaks the record in that line.

Around the big cheese individual exhibitors have splendid samples of nearly all the good things to eat and drink which earth can produce or the ingenuity of man preserve after it has come forth. All kinds of dried fruits and vegetables are on exhibition here, and the general character for excellence seems to be preserved in all the several exhibits.

Of course everybody has heard about the celebrated No. 1 hard Scotch Fyfe wheat which nearly all of Canada excels in the growth of, but not everybody knows that Canada also produces a splendid variety of white winter wheat which makes a flour remarkable for its whiteness and the amount of starch it contains. This winter wheat flour is sought for particularly by London pastry bakers, who think there is no flour on earth equal to this Canadian product for that purpose.

In the Manufactures building, too, the Canadian women's exhibit is installed, they having failed to secure space in the Women's building. This exhibit is also an exceedingly creditable one. The specimens of lace work, painting, fine needlework and the like are very tasteful in design and finely executed.

In Machinery hall Canada has also made a creditable display and her exhibit in this line has already brought forth good results in bringing orders to the individual exhibitors from old European countries where it would naturally be supposed it would be next to impossible for a new country to find a market for manufactured goods.

Altogether the Canadian exhibit is exceptionally good in all the departments at the Fair, and will undoubtedly result in attracting many people to this promising country.

Pork took a big tumble in the Chicago market on Tuesday last when prices dropped from $19.25 to $10.50 a barrel, afterward recovering to $11.50. Advices state that it is not likely to recover much of its lost ground, and consequently the prices here will be affected. Pork has been very high for some time past, and live hogs were one of the most valuable products of the farm.

The United States is now suffering from a commercial and financial depression that has perhaps never been paralleled in the history of the country. Hundreds of banks have failed, and each day brings its record of disasters. Thousands of men are out of employment all over the country, and are making their way to the larger cities, only to find that there is no work, and that they but add to the number of unemployed.

News Notes.

In Canada there are seven schools for the education of the deaf.

The run of salmon this year on the Fraser river, B.C., is ahead of all previous years.

A violent windstorm caused considerable damage to crops and buildings in Manitoba on Friday last.

The towns of Medford, Prentice Junction and Fifield, Wisconsin, have been destroyed by forest fires.

August 9 is to be British day at the World's Fair, and preparations are being made for a grand display.

A number of barns in different parts of Ontario were struck by lightning and burned during the thunderstorms of Monday last.

President Cleveland has issued a proclamation permitting Canadian vessels wrecked in United States waters to be aided by Canadian wreckers.

Mitchell Franks, the Indian on trial at Bracebridge charged with killing another Indian in order to marry the latter's wife, has been committed for trial.

Official returns just issued at St. Petersburg show a marked increase in the ravages of cholera in the parts of the Russian empire where the disease is epidemic.

A despatch from Fostoria, Ohio, says a large number of farmers in that vicinity are feeding their wheat to hogs, rather than sell it at the low prices now ruling.

Dr. Patterson of Lucknow has been fined $20 and costs by Mayor Barker of Kincardine for practising dentistry without a license, in violation of the dental law.

The Deering Company of Chicago has shipped 25 car loads of harvesting machinery to Australia by way of the C.P.R. and the Australian-Canadian steamship line.

All the wire nail factories in the United States are closed down at present. At a meeting of the manufacturers the other day it was decided to continue the shut-down until September.

Some stove polish which a peddler was using on a stove exploded and set fire to a Pittsburg, Pa., house Friday, causing the death of two persons and fatal injury to two or three others. The peddler was one of the victims.

Wheat has fallen to an extraordinarily low figure in the Chicago market, the prices being lower than ever before known. The quotations on Monday were only 54$\frac{3}{8}$c. for August delivery.

W. C. Reid of Fergus, who was charged with offering to purchase counterfeit money from American green goods men, was fined $500 and costs by Judge Chadwick at Guelph last week.

In consequence of the failure of the hay crop in France the Government has cabled the American Secretary of Agriculture that hay and fodder will be admitted free of duty until January next.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the Methodist evangelists, have been laboring in Port Elgin, and some 350 converts have been secured. The work has been under the auspices of all the churches in the town.

An Indian named Mitchell Franks, of Gibson Reserve, Muskoka, is on trial at Bracebridge, charged with upsetting a boat and thus causing the death of Louis Neuse, another Indian, in order that he might marry Neuse's widow.

Wm. Baltzer of Wellesley township, while endeavoring to stop a runaway team attached to a self-binder, was thrown in front of the machine and so terribly mangled by the cutting bar that he died about fifteen minutes after the accident.

The Globe's Winnipeg correspondent telegraphs:—Four more weeks of favorable weather and Manitoba and the Northwest will have a good crop. Generally speaking the wheat yield will not be exceptionally heavy, but some districts will certainly report big yields.

It is interesting and even startling at the present time to hear that in the manoeuvres of the channel squadron under Rear-Admiral Seymour there have been fourteen collisions in five days. These have resulted in considerable injury to hulls and machinery, and it is a healthy sign of the times that the tax-payers are growling a good British growl in consequence.

Mrs. Anthony Orr, wife of a farmer living two miles from Galt, one day last week eloped with Harvey Mulholland, her husband's hired man. She took two of her young children along with her. They were captured a few days afterwards at St. Catharines, and taken back to Galt, on a charge of larceny. Mulholland is a married man, separated from his wife.

One of the recent wonders of the American pension system is the case of a man who has been for several years drawing a pension of $70 a month on the ground that he is "totally helpless" and "requires the regular aid and attendance of another person," and at the same time has been making $7,000 a year as a Supreme Court judge. The pension has been suspended, an act which is described in some quarters as the result of a malicious attack upon Union veterans.

A hailstorm in northwestern Manitoba last week beat all records. One of the hailstones is alleged to have been driven clean through the clapboard covering of the railway station at Arden, and a machine agent there was struck on the head by several hailstones, and his scalp so badly cut that doctors had to put thirteen stitches in it. Two Indians in the same vicinity were knocked insensible. Fortunately, the storm only extended over a very small area, so that little damage was done to crops.

Two hundred and thirty-three people were killed and eight hundred and seventy-nine injured on Canadian railways last year—the numbers given being in excess of those for any year since the collection of statistics began. Of the killed sixteen were railway employes who lost their lives while coupling cars and three hundred and fifty-seven other men were injured while similarly engaged. In the United States a law has been enacted compelling the use of couplers which will wholly obviate danger to life and limb. The figures above given show the necessity of the adoption of a like measure here.

On Saturday last about 3 o'clock the body of S. W. Flagler, of Wellington, was found floating in the lake close to the beach. Mr. Flagler was postmaster of Wellington, and had attended to his duties as such till about 11 o'clock, when he left for his residence, complaining of not feeling well. How he came to his sudden death is not known, but it is supposed he was walking on the path near the edge of the lake, when, by a misstep, caused by his poor eyesight, he went over to the rocks below, a distance of from ten to fifteen feet. His head and face were badly cut. He was a man of sober habits and industrious.

A curious result of the excellent exhibit made by Ontario's minerals at the World's Fair occured last week. Included in the exhibit were four specimens of molybdenite, an exceedingly rare mineral, allied to graphite. Some Americans, observing these specimens, at once gave an order for a carload. As the mineral is worth from $400 to $500 a ton, the directors of the exhibit are greatly gratified; but are also greatly puzzled, as they cannot imagine to what use it is to be put. Moreover, very little is known about it, except that it is found in Hastings and Frontenac counties. But for the fine show made by the mineral department this piece of good fortune could scarcely have occured.

County and District Items.

Madoc has its civic holiday on Aug. 9th.

A new cigar factory has been started in Belleville.

Jane Richardson died in the jail at Kingston on Sunday, aged 110 years.

From May 1 to July 22 inclusive 130 banking institutions in the United States have failed.

The Cleveland seed company are making improvements at Picton which will give them a capacity of 130,000 bushels.

Three hundred men have been dismissed from the C. P. R. shops in Montreal, the Company having found it necessary to pursue a policy of retrenchment.

Mr. George Mitchell, reeve of Hamilton township, has been chosen to carry the Conservative standard in the next provincial election for West Northumberland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholls, of Uxbridge, Ont., celebrated their golden wedding Tuesday, and Mrs. Nicholls wore the same costume as on her wedding day 50 years ago.

The use of the check rein is rapidly growing in disfavor in the best horse circles. It is unfashionable in England and in American cities its use is less general, than in former years.

On Wednesday, July 26, near Centreville, John Fleming's barn were struck by lightning and entirely consumed, together with the contents consisting of implements and about 25 tons of hay.

About 625 dogs are annually registered in Belleville. Up to last week only about 400 had complied with the law, and a number of citizens had summons issued aginst them for not registering their dogs.

A writ has been issued against James W. Glass of Thurlow Township for $3,000 damages by Miss Mary O'Brien, who alleges breach of promise of marriage. Glass is alleged to have cleared out when he heard proceedings were to be taken.

Mr. S. J. White, of Belleville died suddenly, of heart failure, on Tuesday forenoon. He was about sixty-two years of age, and had been engaged in box manufacturing for some years. He leaves a wife and one daughter, the latter Mrs. W. W. Pope, of Belleville.

Early on Monday morning the Port Hope Methodist church was discovered to be on fire, and was damaged to the extent of $3000 before it was extinguished. How the fire originated is a mystery, as there had been no fire about the building for some time. Loss fully covered by insurance.

Two farmers near Brockville had twelve cattle killed by lightning during the storm on Wednesday morning of last week. During the same storm three valuable Jersey cows were killed by lightning near Stratford. Several barns were also struck by lightning and burned in different parts of the Province.

At Madoc on the 26th July an interesting game of football was played, between the Belleville Business College team and that of Madoc. The game was for a trophy, a splendid football, and the Belleville boys went up to win, but the score was 6 to 0 in favor of Madoc. The football was a present from Father Davis, the resident priest.

Edward Murphy, Howe Island, was nearly smothered to death the other day. He was driving along on a load of hay when an unevenness in the road or break in the waggon upset the load. Mr. Murphy was completely buried in the hay, and so helplessly was he fixed that he could not do a thing to save his life. Neighbors released Murphy while he was insensible. After medical treatment he revived.

Mr. G. B. Capel, who represents English capitalists, has been examining the different mineral deposits in North Hastings. Mr. Capel is a miner of long experience and has visited most of the important mines in the world. He speaks in enthusiastic terms of the result of his visit to North Hastings. He says it is the richest mineral district he has ever visited and made offers for certain mines in the neighborhood.

An unfortunate accident took place near Lime Lake, by which a young man named Perry Busby lost his life. He was driving a milk waggon, and in attempting to prevent a milk can from falling off, he lost his balance and fell to the ground, and a wheel passed over his head, causing instant death. Deceased was a young man of most exemplary christian character, and his untimely death is regretted by all who knew him.

On Wednesday night of last week the cheese factory at Westport took fire in the engine room, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. At 10 o'clock Thursday fire broke out again. This time it could not be subdued and the factory was burned to the ground. About 70 cheese were destroyed. Loss $2,000; no insurance. It was a union factory. The building was owned by T. G. Adams and the machinery by the stockholders.

A young man named Burt Ireland, a son of George Ireland of Trenton, was found dead in the woods on his father's farm a few miles from Trenton. He went out on Saturday morning to work among some potatoes, intending to use paris green on them, and was accidentally poisoned in some way, it is supposed. As he did not return at noon or evening, search was made, and continued until an early hour Sunday morning, when the body was discovered in a thicket.

Rev. Father Davis, of Madoc, was honored by his parishioners on the 26th July, on the occasion of his silver jubilee in the priesthood. A purse of $600 was presented, $100 of which was in gold from the Madoc mines. About twenty-five of the Rev. clergy of the district attended the gathering to do him honor, and congratulations were hearty and numerous. The Jubilee picnic during the afternoon was largely attended, and a grand ball and supper at night closed the proceedings.

Frank Smith was brought up in police court Belleville, on Friday last, on the adjourned case of bigamy. Magistrate Flint stated that although there was no doubt that Smith had two wives living, he was bound to dismiss him since no further evidence was offered by the crown. The magistrate gave him a certificate which relieves Smith from further prosecution on the charge of bigamy. If the accused had been prosecuted it would have cost the county several hundred dollars to secure the attendance of witnesses.

On Sunday morning, 16th July, about 1:30 a. m., Mr. T. C. Caskey, merchant of Blairton, met with one of the most remarkable accidents ever chronicled in this part of the country. While in the act of crossing the C. P. R. track two miles east of Havelock, the team which he was driving, came in contact with the locomotive of the east bound express which was running at a high rate of speed. The one horse was literally cut to pieces and the rig completely demolished while the occupant, Mr. Caskey, who was thrown from the rig, escaped with slight injury.—*Tweed News.*

Joseph Porter, 18, son of Mr. Robert Porter, of Hungerford, was drowned in the river near Thomasburg on Saturday, 29th inst. He, with his two older brothers Fred and Ed., went in bathing, and Joseph venturing out too far, was carried under. Ed. swam out to his assistance and was also carried under and would have drowned but for his other brother Fred, who swam out and rescued him and brought him to shore in an unconscious state; but poor Joe as he was familiarly called, could not be found for about half an hour, when his dead body was taken from the water.

LITERARY NOTES.

WIDE AWAKE—ST. NICHOLAS.

The merging of WIDE AWAKE into *St. Nicholas* will prove a surprise to the thousands of readers and lovers of the former magazine. The August number will be the "farewell" issue. We quote from the "Story of WIDE AWAKE," the leading article in this number:

"A great publishing house, carrying out the plans of its founder, determines to devote its best strength and energy to the publication of the best books for American readers, young and old. It has necessarily broadened and deepened, until now, new lines of book publishing are to be taken up—lines that preclude diversion of thought and labor necessary to the carrying on of such a magazine as WIDE AWAKE has become. Thus, looking out for the best interests of WIDE AWAKE, its publishers decide to place it where it will do the most good in the future, and therefore transfer it to the comradeship and companionship of its friendly competitor and twin."

"Fifty years ago and more, there sprang up in the brain of a small boy, a great idea." Thus begins "The Story of WIDE AWAKE," the opening and leading article in the midsummer and "farewell" number of that delightful magazine. The article is accompanied by a fine frontispiece portrait of the founder of WIDE AWAKE—the late Daniel Lothrop. "The Story of WIDE AWAKE" sketches in a most entertaining manner the "story" of the magazine from its very beginning. To quote from the article:

"With this August number WIDE AWAKE ceases to be a separate publication. From this time it is merged into *St. Nicholas*, and becomes *St. Nicholas*. . . . So the story ends. It is quite like a fairy story after all, is it not? The bright young prince from New York woos and wins the fair young maiden from Boston. They set up housekeeping for themselves in the king's palace in the metropolis of the nation, and everybody knows that they will live happily ever after."

GOING TO LAW.—An old lawyer used to say that the requirements for going to law were 10: (1) Plenty of money; (2) plenty of patience; (3) a good case; (4) a good attorney; (5) plenty of money; (6) a good counsel; (7) a good witness; (8) a good jury; (9) a good judge, and (10) plenty of money. The first, fifth and tenth requirements are the most important. "If you're fond of pure vexation and long procrastination you're just in the situation to enjoy a suit at law." It was a sage remark of Dr. Johnson that the "plaintiff and defendant in an action at law are like two men ducking their heads in a bucket and daring each other to remain longest under water."—*Mail and Express.*

Boys' Blouses Selling.

The cheapest and most appropriate thing for a boy to wear during the warm weather is a blouse waist. The Oak Hall Belleville, have, this year, made a great record in the number they have sold and are still selling. All sizes in the 50ct. ones. From 3 to 9 years of age in the 35ct. line.

City Girl (to farmer boy)—Do you like living on the farm? Farmer Boy—Yes, I like it very much. City Girl—I suppose it is very nice in summer; but to go out into the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat must be anything but pleasant. Let me read you a little poem I have written about the farmer's pleasant life.—Texas Siftings.

NOTICE.

A BUGGY HAVING BEEN LEFT IN MY Barn, on lot No. 8, north side of Front St., Stirling, notice is hereby given that the owner can have the same by proving property, paying for this advertisement and for storage on the same. A. GLASS.

Stirling, July 26, '93.

WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO BUY a number of young Hens of a good laying breed, for which fair prices will be paid. Parties having such for sale can call on Albert Bird, Machinist, Stirling, for information.

A. M. WENSLEY.

Fox & Wickett!

—:o:—

A fine display of BOOTS & SHOES at the Cheap Cash Store in the Conley Block. We have just added some new lines which are attracting a great deal of attention.

—:o:—

In staple Boots & Shoes we ask every buyer to hang onto their $ until they have seen our Men's Oxford Shoes, solid, and at a rock bottom price.

—:o:—

Business is booming in our Dress Goods and Prints. We will be at all times pleased to show you our desirable lines, and quote our big reduction in Prints. A nice line at 5c. per yd. Sateens going from 12½ up.

We procure Groceries from first hands, hence our Stock is always fresh, and prices very low.

Especial facilities are possessed by us for placing the best quality in our various lines at the disposal of our patrons at lowest prices. Therefore close and careful buyers should avail themselves of the opportunity we offer to secure bargains.

FOX & WICKETT.

HIS HEIRESS

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"You know this gentleman abroad" asks Lord Branksmere, who has noted the suppressed indignation that is making the small frame tremble.

"You have guessed it, Branksmere. This gentleman and I are well acquainted." she stops suddenly, as though it is impossible for her to go on. How is she to tell it? Yet she has promised Margery to save this wilful woman. She flings from her all thought of self, and, stepping more clearly into the moonlight, throws out her hands towards Staines.

"This man," she says, in a clear, thrilling tone, "once did me the honor to seek to dishonor me."

Her face falls forward into her hands.

"Great Heaven! This is more than one should dare expect of you," cries Lord Branksmere, in deep agitation.

Mrs. Billy lifts her head and looks at Staines for the last time.

"My husband knows all," she says, the words coming reluctantly from between her teeth. "If you would retain your miserable life, escape from this without delay!"

"Is this thing true?" asks Lady Branksmere, going straight up to Staines.

He is silent.

"Speak, man! Answer!" cries she, imperiously, with a stamp of her foot.

"I —," lies the miserable wretch, with falsehood written in the very swaying and bending of his cowardly frame. What she sees convinces her.

"Liar!" she gasps beneath her breath.

Lord Branksmere is standing like a statue, who makes a movement as though to depart, but he lays his hand quickly upon his arm, gives him a sudden jerk that brings him to the front in a moment.

"My good fellow, don't go until we come to an understanding."

The gallant captain, whose knees seem here to cease to be a portion of himself, matters something in a weak whisper that as yet is unknown.

"We are waiting for the lover-like statements that will declare your desire to take charge of her you love."

Goaded by this into speech, Staines makes answer:

"If you understand anything," he says, "it is, that I desire nothing better than to spend my days insuring the happiness of—"

"Quite so!" interrupts Lord Branksmere, curtly. "You are then prepared to support her? She is without fortune, you know. There was a certain sum settled upon her by me, but that she does not take with her."

"You can not deprive her of it," cries Staines, hoarsely.

"True. But it appears she rejects her husband's gift, with her husband. Speak for yourself here, madame. Is this so?"

"It is, my husband!"

Any little blood that still remains in Staines' face now flies from it.

"Well, sir!" questions Branksmere, "We await your word."

But still the terrible silence continues.

Staines, as though compelled to it, once more answers him. His speech is rambling; it crows into a puerile mumbling at last. It He had not deemed it possible that she would have been so foolish as to— He break down ignominiously.

"What, swindler! You have not a penny in the world, eh?"

"Not many, certainly," confesses Staines, recklessly.

"A mendicant, I know your sort I think. Your price to clear out of this? Name it."

"Really," begins Staines, stammering. "It is all so new to me, you see," he mutters. "I had not imagined you—er—would have taken it in this way. I should not, of course, like to drag Lady Branksmere into a life of poverty."

"If you mention Lady Branksmere's name again," says Branksmere, in an unpleasantly slow sort of way, "I shall kill you!"

"Oh, it's not so easy to kill a fellow," says Staines, beginning to blester a bit.

"Your price?" says Branksmere in an ominous tone.

"But perhaps," with a sneer, "you looked upon me in the light of a deliverer—"

"Your price?" says Branksmere again, breathing heavily."

"You offer me a thousand; but you should take certain things into consideration when making an arrangement of this kind. Silence on the subject of your wife's character, for example, and—"

"Damnation!"

Almost as the word leaves Lord Branksmere's lips he has Staines within his grasp, and forcing him upon his knees, and holding him by the collar of his coat, he drags him along the ground until he has him at Lady Branksmere's feet.

"Look at him, regard him well," he cries, in a low, terrible tone. "How now, my gay Lothario, where are your winning smiles? Take heart, man, all is not yet lost. The equivalent for your disappointment shall be yours to-morrow morning, and now, as earnest for your money you shall have—this!"

He lifts the hunting-whip, and brings it down with savage force upon the shoulders of the kneeling wretch. Like hail the blows descend.

There comes a moment when Branksmere ceases to hold him, and Staines, crawling nearer to Muriel, seizes her skirt, and in a tone wild with terror implores her protection.

Lady Branksmere sickens a little at this sight, and lifts both her hands to her head.

"Enough, enough!" she cries, faintly. "Let him go! Would you take his life?" She drags Branksmere back with all her might. "Let him go; for my sake."

"Ah for your sake! You love him still, swindler, seducer that he is?"

"No, no, believe me. I was thinking of you then—"

"For the first time, eh?" He pushes her from him, and looks back thirstily to where his adversary had fallen, but that worthy had taken advantage of the interruption to crawl away into the darkness like the reptile that he is.

"Come," says Branksmere, once more approaching his wife.

"Where?" asks she, shrinking from him.

"Back to the house."

"No! Oh! no!" with a strong shudder.

"But I say yes," sternly. "What!" with a stamp of his foot. "Would you have this miserable farce go further? I still can rely upon your word that you have told no one but me of your intended flight."

"Why should you doubt it?" asks she, coldly.

"There is no emotion in her tone, no indignation, only a settled indifference.

"I do not," says Branksmere. He struggles with himself for a moment, and then goes on. "Let that rest, the present has to be considered. I can bear it if you can.

"True you have shown yourself forbearing," she says, and shivers a little as if with cold.

Not another word is uttered between them until they once more reach the library, where she has mechanically followed him.

"You are cold," he says, abruptly, marking the trembling of her frame; "come closer to the fire." He would have unfasten-ed the lace wrappings round her throat, but she repels him.

"Don't touch me," she exclaims, in a fierce, miserable tone.

"You never would have gone with him, at all events. If he had refused my terms, if he had addressed another word to you, I would have killed him as I would a dog?"

"Perhaps you have killed him," says she, indifferently.

"Such vermin die hard. Let no fears for him mar your rest to-night. The remembrance of that cheek he is to receive to-morrow morning will keep him alive."

Her senses are too benumbed to permit of her feeling any very great surprise when she meets Mme. von Thirsk. The Hungarian is leaning eagerly out of the open window, as if she would speak to something. The sound of Muriel's advancing footsteps reaching her at last, she turns abruptly towards her.

It would be impossible to avoid noticing the expression of blank dismay that overwhelms her features as her eyes fall on Muriel. To Lady Branksmere it occurs vaguely, that intense and terrible disappointment is what is most plainly written upon her pallid face.

"I have disturbed you, madame," she says, coldly.

"Not at all. I was but looking on the night," she answers in a somewhat quavering voice that is hardly so carefully English as usual.

"A gloomy picture." On the instant it crosses Muriel's mind that this woman knew something of her intended flight.

Even as she ponders hurriedly on these imaginings, a slight repetition of the cry that had come to her twice before, startles her from her reverie thought. Looking out instinctively to madame she finds she has disappeared, and that she is standing alone in the antechamber, hearing hurriedly to the dowager's door she knocks.

It is opened by Brooks; the pale, still woman who had struck Muriel so many times before as being almost bloodless.

"Her ladyship is not well to-night, my lady. I think it will be wiser not to excite her with your presence."

"Has Lord Branksmere given you orders to forbid my entrance here?"

"No, my lady. But believe me it will be wise not to enter—to-night. It will be better for you to leave this."

"So I shall when I have seen Lady Branksmere."

"You can not see her ladyship to-night," says the woman in a tone of suppressed anger that is curiously mixed with fear.

"Let me pass!" cries Muriel, curtly. For the instant it occurs to her that the woman means to resist her, but a thin, high, terribly piercing old voice coming to them, ends any further argument. It is the dowager's.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Who is there mumbling at that door, Brooks? Let 'em in; let 'em in, I say. Am I to be kept imprisoned here by you, with no one to give me ever a good-day? Let 'em in, I tell you."

"It is I, Lady Branksmere."

"And who are you, eh? eh?" demands the old creature, lifting her weird face to stare at Muriel, whom she has seen in the morning. "You are not the other one, are you?"

"The other?"

"Yes, yes. The little one in her white gown. So pretty; so pretty," mumbles the old lady, her head nodding as if gone beyond her control in her excitement. "*Such* a little thing."

"Hush, madame! You don't know what you are saying," interposes Brooks, sharply. "Sometimes she raves, my lady, and you know I warned you she was not well to-night."

"You are wrong, Brooks; wrong. It *was* a white gown; and there was blood upon it—bright speckled blood. Eh? Eh? I recollect it all. Eh? Oh! my bonny boy, my handsome laddie!" Muriel now, having bidden her good-night, she moves toward the door. As Brooks with her eyes on the ground holds it open for her, another cry, very low and subdued, seems to creep to her through the semi-darkness of the apartment.

Muriel lifts her head sharply.

"There it is again. *That* was not Lady Branksmere," she says, scrutinizing the woman's face keenly. But it never moves.

"What is it, my lady?"

"That terrible cry. It sounded like the wail of a hurt animal," answers Muriel, with a shudder.

"I heard no cry, my lady," says the woman, sullenly. "But they do say this corridor is haunted."

With a last glance at her impassive countenance, Muriel steps from the room and hurries swiftly out of sight, her head throbbing, her heart beating wildly.

She sinks upon a low stool, and lets her proud head fall until it rests upon her knees round which her hands are clasped. A fortorn figure, void of hope.

And now what is left her? How can she endure the daily intercourse with Branksmere—the chance meetings with madame. These last may indeed be avoided, as madame for the last week or two has elected to dine in her own apartments, using as a pretext that the dowager is failing fast; to attend whom is evidently an arduous task, as madame has grown singularly wan and dejected during this fortnight.

No sleep comes to her this night. Broad awake, she lies, hour after hour, with her eyes wide in the darkness, and her tired brain rushing through the arid plains of past griefs and joys.

The dawning of the morn finds her still with her eyes open, and staring eagerly for the first faint flecks of light.

* * * * *

The chill soft breeze that heralds the opening day has hardly yet arisen, however and darkness still covers the land. A figure, cloaked and hooded, emerging from the quaint old oaken door on the western side of the Castle, looks nervously round her as she steps into the blackness and tries to pierce it. Moving swiftly and unerringly, with light, firm footsteps in the direction of the wooded path to her right, she enters the line of elms, and makes for a dense bit of brushwood further on. Arrived at it she pauses, and in a "coo-ee" issues from her lips; it is answered presently, and the woman, drawing a tiny lantern from beneath her cloak, turns it full upon the man who has answered her call.

It is Staines, though it is easier to recognize him by his clothes than his features. Bruised, swollen, utterly demoralized in appearance, it is no wonder that the woman on first glancing at him gives way to an exclamation of horror.

"What is it? what has happened, then?" cries she, in a low tone. "I sent for you that I might learn how the affair fell through, but I had not expected this." Madame points expressively at his disfigured face. "Well, well, well!" she exclaims, impatiently, as he makes her no reply. "How is it with you?"

"It is all up," snarls he, fearsomely. "Nothing now is left but flight."

"What, you have failed, then?" hisses she through her teeth. "With the gold in your hands you have lost! Ach!" she gives way to a free curse or two in her own language, and stamps her foot with irrepressible passion upon the ground.

"Oh! to have toiled, and lied, and work-ed for—this!" cries she, wildly. "How I have labored to place Muriel Darcy under my feet that I might trample on her, crush her, and now—to be entirely balked of my revenge, and all through your imbecility."

"Hers rather. Had she not told Branksmere of her determination to leave him, she would have been well out of your path by this time. He would gladly have been rid of her, I believe, but she misunderstood him when she supposed he would make no fight for his honor."

"Well, you have lost your money," says she.

"Why! no. It appears she had made up her mind not to touch a penny of it."

"Hah!" She comes nearer to him and examines his features (which look rather mixed) in a curious way. "So that was why you did not make a greater stand," she cries. "When the money failed you, you cried off! You have been false to our bargain. Her frame trembles with passion. She goes nearer to him still, and turns the lamp, with an insolent air, on his bowed figure, and the generally craven appearance that marks him. "So he beat you!" she cries exultantly. "Beat you before her—your idea! Ach—the brave fellow!" She breaks into a loud, derisive laugh.

"Curse you, she-devil, hear me! I must—" he breaks Staines, fiercely.

CHAPTER XLV.

"Well!" exclaims Mrs. Billy, in a heartfelt tone. She sinks into a chair and looks from her husband's face with a stare. "What a cruel shock to him, poor fellow. I assure you the news has made me feel just simply crow. Such a thing to go and happen to him."

"It is a beastly shame," says Dick indignantly.

"What is? What's the matter?" asks Mr. Paulyn, sauntering into the room at Angelica's heels, with whom he is quite evident he is prepared now on speaking terms.

"Why, haven't you heard?" asks Mrs. Billy, with tears in her eyes, "about poor Muriel. The failure of that Cornish mine has ruined him."

"Bless my soul! cries Tommy. "What a terrible thing! Where is he? Who told you? It's a lie most likely."

"No such luck," returns Billy dejectedly. "It's only too true. Poor old chap! I had a line from him about an hour ago, and Peter has run down to him to bring him up here. He can't be left by himself, you know."

"So that young man has come to grief, hey?" calls out a gruff old voice from the hall behind. "Well, I don't care much of him myself," Sir Mutius by this time has entered the room. "Fools and their money soon part."

Mrs. Billy casts a glance at her husband, after which they both break into untimely mirth.

"Oh! you can laugh, can you," growls Sir Mutius, "when your chief friend is so sore smitten! Poor comfort he'll get from you, I faith, in spite of all your protestations. Well, Dick, I wish you joy of your affection for the young man, I've the less trouble now. How about you, Margery? He was a beast of a husband, eh?"

"Mrs. Billy caught a glance at her husband, after which they both break into untimely mirth.

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"Yes, and remember, Sir Mutius, marriage with a beggar means only misery," says Curzon calmly, who had entered the room during the old man's speech.

"It is a misery, then, Curzon? Is there no chance for you?" asks Angelica, who has run to him, and thrown her arms round his neck to give him a loving kiss.

"Never, never," laughs he, "in the way you mean. I went up to my lawyer about it this morning, and it appears when all is put down on paper, that he has about £400 a year. Nothing can be done," says Curzon, turning round again. "I've thought it all out, and in time I shall be reconciled to it. I shall forget that I have had some wealth—"nearly all! And one can work, you know; and there's many a fellow hasn't even £400 a year."

"No, by Jove," acquiesces Dick heartily, who hasn't a penny beyond what his brains will bring him.

"I dare say to some, therefore, that omens such as these would be cause for sorrow, pleading his own cause bravely, "though I agree with you, Sir Mutius"—looking at him with a kind smile—"that it really does seem unhappy. But that is the result of one's training."

"No, no, don't mistake me," says the old baronet.—"There is great scope for a young man intellectual and energetic with a little capital. You might go to New Zealand, for example—a fine opening there—or to Australia, or to Canada."

"Or to the devil!" supplements Billy cheerfully. "But after all, perhaps, none of us, however lucrative the post, would hardly care to see him there."

"You are flippant, William," growls Sir Mutius, frowning.

"What Sir Mutius means," says Curzon hotly, though his lips turn very white, "is, that he would be much more well out of this country because of Margery."

"I am very glad to hear it from your lips too, although I knew it before. My niece, sir, is a young woman of sense. She will marry well, if she marries at all."

"That is quite true!" The voice is Margery's, and a sudden silence falls upon the room as she leaves the high-backed chair she sat, and is looking with her beautiful eager eyes full at Bellew. "I shall do well indeed if I marry Curzon. Will you have me," she asks him softly.

"No—no," cries Bellew, pressing her back from him. "I understand the sacrifice, my— Don't make it so hard for me Margery; you are all so kind, so tender, and now, this from you!—myhest friend, no."

"Ah! murmurs she piteously, in a very agony of disappointment. "Why—don't you know?" she covers her face with her hands. "Take me away from this," she whispers, faintly.

"Yes, go. Late the garden—anywhere! believe her—believe every word she says," cries Mrs. Billy, pushing them both towards the door.

"Let me speak," cries she distractedly. "Oh! Curzon, there is something—a small thing—just one thing that I must tell you."

"That you never really cared for me! Why I know that, my love," replies he rather wearily.

"No, Oh! no." She stands back from him, and glances at him rather shamefacedly. The counsel comes a step nearer. "It is only—that I do love you so!" she cries suddenly, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Won't you have me for your wife, Curzon?" she whispers tremulously, and then in a moment she is in his embrace, their arms round each other, their eyes looking, as though they would read to the other's heart, and when at last their lips meet, ruin and trouble and possible poverty are forgotten, and a breath from heaven is there.

"How much you have borne from me," she murmurs softly. "I have thought it all out long ago, you see, but I never was quite strong enough until to-day."

"Until I told you that I had lost everything?"

"Yes."

"Then I am glad that mine failed," says this foolish young man, simply and truly, and from his heart.

"Hush! it is a very wise thing to say, I it?" murmurs Miss Daryl, thoughtfully. "And yet, do you know, I myself don't feel sorry."

"Of course, we shall have something," says he ruefully. "But £400 a year! It is penury."

"Hush, impudence," gayly, "with the love we can throw in."

"How I love you," he breathes, rather than speaks.

She laughs softly, and the dawn of a blush breaks upon her cheek.

"I know that," she says saucily. "If you don't, I shall have to see I trust you. But of one thing I warn you, Curzon, that I am not married to you yet, remember, and may a slip, you know."

"No danger, love, one is fairly caught."

"Caught!" stepping daintily behind a rose-bush. "Who said that word? Am I caught, think you? Well, a last chance then! If you catch me before I reach the yew-tree over there, I'll—"

Most unfairly she starts away across the velvet sward, straight for the desired harbor, giving him hardly time to understand her challenge. But love has wings, and before she has gone half the aged yew she is in his grasp, and once for all she owns him conqueror.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XLVI.

Mme. von Thirsk has fallen asleep. A glorious flood of October sunshine streaming into the library reveals this fact.

She looks anything but her best; to look that, one must be happy, and grief and she appear to be on friendly terms.

Lady Branksmere, who has entered the room in her usual slow, lifeless fashion, so lightly as to fail to disturb the heavy sleeper, in a rude, but not half bad way, sums the situation, and standing over her, stares down upon, and studies the face, so impenetrable as a rule, but now half bare and unprotected in its unconsciousness.

For a long time she gazes upon the woman, the expression of her dark eye, fixed her attention immovably and puts an end to her idle examination.

Stirred at last by a key. A well-sized key of a very ordinary type.

Lady Branksmere's lips pale, and her eyes grow bright. Not for one moment does her attention wander from the scissors lying on the table near, she cuts deliberately the silken cord, and possessing herself of the key leaves the room.

Not once does her heart fail her. And when she stands before madame's door and fits the key into the lock, and throws it open, and at last crosses the threshold of the forbidden chambers, no sense of fear, no desire to draw back whilst yet there is time, oppresses her. Only a longing to solve the problem that for so many days has been an insult to her.

She throws up her head, and it is with a sense of positive triumph that she steps into the first room and looks around her.

Muriel takes it in at a glance, and hastens toward another door, through which she has entered. It leads to a room, small, and evidently meant as a mere passage from the chamber she has left to the one she is partially open. Muriel has half crossed this ante-chamber, when a soft musical sound, coming apparently from some place near at hand, causes her to stay still. The voice of one singing. Yet hardly singing, either. The sound is sweet, and pathetic, and young!

Muriel's heart begins to beat tumultuously. A voice here, a woman's voice, and Mme. von Thirsk asleep down-stairs! What does it mean? Her face grows pale, the half-closed door, and steps lightly into the room.

At the far end of it, seated on a prie-dieu, with her face turned from her, is a girl—a pale, slender girl—dressed all in white. Her eyes are lowered, and she is playing in a curiously absent way with the blossoms amongst which her fingers are straying aimlessly, and is singing to them in that strange monotone that had startled Muriel.

Now she looks up. She stares straight at Muriel, with a look of a revelation. They are blue, but such an unearthly blue, and what is the cold dull gleam in them? And are they looking at Muriel, or at some object beyond her? Her fingers still play idly among the flowers, whilst these strange eyes of hers are wandering vaguely.

"Come to me, Muriel," she murmurs eagerly, so eagerly that Muriel ponders within herself as to whether she and this white, smiling girl may not have met before under different circumstances, that she betrays no agitation, no awkwardness at thus coming face to face with the hostess who has not invited her to her house, is strange in itself. She has advanced hurriedly at Muriel, with a smile upon her lips.

"More; have you brought more?" asks the pale girl anxiously, leaning forward, the eternal smile upon her lips. It seems to Muriel that she would be almost more than beautiful but for the nameless something that mars her expression.

She waves her hand about the room blithely, and Lady Branksmere following her gesticulations, sees that the apartment is literally crowded with flowers, of all kinds and all hues and tints. No crimson, red, or scarlet blossom lies among them.

"No, no, don't mistake me," says the old baronet.—"There is great scope for a young man intellectual and energetic with a little capital. You might go to New Zealand, for example—a fine opening there—or to Australia, or to Canada."

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"That you never really cared for me! Why I know that, my love," replies he rather wearily.

"No, Oh! no." She stands back from him, and glances at him rather shamefacedly. The counsel comes a step nearer. "It is only—that I do love you so!" she cries suddenly, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Won't you have me for your wife, Curzon?" she whispers tremulously, and then in a moment she is in his embrace, their arms round each other, their eyes looking, as though they would read to the other's heart, and when at last their lips meet, ruin and trouble and possible poverty are forgotten, and a breath from heaven is there.

"How much you have borne from me," she murmurs softly. "I have thought it all out long ago, you see, but I never was quite strong enough until to-day."

"Until I told you that I had lost everything?"

"Yes."

"Then I am glad that mine failed," says this foolish young man, simply and truly, and from his heart.

"Hush! it is a very wise thing to say, I it?" murmurs Miss Daryl, thoughtfully. "And yet, do you know, I myself don't feel sorry."

"Of course, we shall have something," says he ruefully. "But £400 a year! It is penury."

"Hush, impudence," gayly, "with the love we can throw in."

"How I love you," he breathes, rather than speaks.

She laughs softly, and the dawn of a blush breaks upon her cheek.

"I know that," she says saucily. "If you don't, I shall have to see I trust you. But of one thing I warn you, Curzon, that I am not married to you yet, remember, and may a slip, you know."

"No danger, love, one is fairly caught."

"Caught!" stepping daintily behind a rose-bush. "Who said that word? Am I caught, think you? Well, a last chance then! If you catch me before I reach the yew-tree over there, I'll—"

Most unfairly she starts away across the velvet sward, straight for the desired harbor, giving him hardly time to understand her challenge. But love has wings, and before she has gone half the aged yew she is in his grasp, and once for all she owns him conqueror.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mme. von Thirsk has fallen asleep. A glorious flood of October sunshine streaming into the library reveals this fact.

She looks anything but her best; to look that, one must be happy, and grief and she appear to be on friendly terms.

Lady Branksmere, who has entered the

A ROYAL SOLDIER

The Duke of Cambridge and His Work.

The post of Commander-in- Chief of the British army is a position which the greatest soldier of any other country or age might have been proud to hold. The Duke of Cambridge must not claim to take rank with the greatest soldiers even of to-day, but there is none among them who has a quicker eye for mistakes in tactics or strategy, nor one with a fuller mastery of all those portions of the military art which "The Duke," as he is always called throughout the army, owes his intimate knowledge of these things to an infinite capacity for hard work. That is a quality in which he resembles his uncle, Frederick Duke of York, the commander-in-chief of the Duke of Connaught, of whom Lord Wolseley once said, "There goes the hardest working officer in the army." The Commander-in-Chief has his duties no less than his honors and privileges, and the Duke of Cambridge has ever been ready to take his share of the one as of the other. No matter how arduous or continuous work may be at the War Office, he has never shirked his proper share of it, or thrown on other shoulders any of the burden that should be his. Indeed his fault, if any, is in the opposite way, leaning in the direction of doing for himself what might with equal advantage, be deputed to others. Seeing that the Duke's first commission was that of a lieutenant-colonel in the 5th Light Dragoons (now the 8th Hussars), and that he never did regimental duty in any rank lower than that of field officer, his acquaintance with the minutiae of drill is simply marvellous. He has a sergeant-major's quickness in detecting the least thing wrong in a line of many men, and any irregularity of accoutrement he notes as certainly as he does a blunder in tactics. All this is not because he sees so much the result of training and daily habit that one wonders how one distracted with the multitudinous e ills of royal estate should have leisure, inclination, time, or opportunity to so tastily and perfect himself in numberless small things that others only acquire with considerable trouble by some exercise of force; He did not, like his nephew, the Duke of Connaught, go through the various ranks of cavalry and infantry before reaching high command. He was gazetted cornet and a light dragoon was dated 1842, though he had held the rank of brevet-colonel unattached five years earlier. By 1845, the Duke was lieutenant, he had risen to be a major-general. Such rapid promotion neither merit nor hard work could have won, but the Duke's great claim to be a successful soldier by nature is that while going forward so fast he did not neglect to look back or to qualify himself for still further advancement by mastering the very elements and groundwork of military science. By patient and ceaseless application he had to acquire knowledge that he could not have gained in his practical experience. How hard that is every officer worth his salt knows, and how perfectly the Duke of Cambridge succeeded many a subaltern will bear witness. details has found out to his cost. I was once especially struck with this in the case of a small cavalry patrol that should have been watching an enemy's movements by "dodgy Dan Lysons" got round his adversary's flank on the Fox Hills, something more than twenty years ago. The cavalry officer had let his men dismount, and lie together, and had shown no enterprise in watching the wily enemy's movements. The Duke rode forward alone to see how the two fractions were guarded, then rode back to the subaltern and in round terms told him that unless he kept a better look-out, he would imperil a certain position by leaving it open for an enemy to penetrate. The enemy was in sight, but the warning had been given a little too late, for when the violetted dandy push forward they found Lyson's cavalry in ordering up the very rear indicated by the Duke, with guns and infantry close behind them. His Royal Highness has a reputation for excessive caution in strategic and tactics, but that is not his weak point, and as a critic of others he certainly has no toleration for lack of initiative or of boldness in enterprise. In order to qualify himself for a command in the field under conditions that were never realized, and to make himself independent of all advisers, he put himself through a course of military science that, as the result of which is apparent in the shrewd criticisms by which he sums up the achievements of the leaders of all ranks at peace manoeuvres. There are few who can do this in terser or more forcible phrases. Attaching great importance to discipline, he is perhaps, more considerate than he is of respect; but, at the same time, he has every possible consideration for the men, whom he will not have exposed to unnecessary hardships. Nor does he ask a soldier to fight against reviews in hot weather or sham fights that must necessarily have exposed the rank and file to serious discomforts, if nothing worse, he has never let his face fall resolutely—and rightly. For that the soldiers owe much to their commander-in-chief.

It is not very generally known, except to soldiers, that the Duke, among other means of acquiring mastery of his profession, attached himself to the staff in Gibraltar for six months before taking substantive rank, and that for two years after being a colonel of dragoons he acted as a staff officer in the Ionian Islands, which had not then been handed over to Greece. He was a major-general commanding troops in the Dublin district and an inspector-general of cavalry at headquarters previous to his term of active service in Canada. On returning from that campaign he was temporarily without any specific appointment until he succeeded in 1856, Viscount Hardinge, as general commanding-in-chief the military forces of Great Britain. But the two years of comparative freedom from military duties had not been wasted. He came to head-quarters equipped with a wide knowledge and a determination to do his best for the efficiency of the army. All who have been brought in contact with him there know something of the pains he took to be fair, difficult to speak of Tibetan life, 'with all its affection and jollity, as "family life" for Buddhism, which enjoins monastic life, and many of the lamas live with it, in seven thousand out of a total population of a hundred and twenty thousand, farther restrains the increase of population within the limits of sustenance by inculcating and rigidly upholding the system of polyandry, permitting marriage only to the eldest son, and forbidding the younger brothers to accept all his brothers as inferior or subordinate husbands, thus attaching the whole family to the soil and family roof-tree, the children being regarded as those of the husband, only the eldest son, who is addressed by them as "Big Father," his brothers receiving the title of "Little Father."

The resolute determination, on economic as well as religious grounds, not to abandon this ancient custom, is the most formidable obstacle to the success of the reception of Christianity by the Tibetans. The women cling to it. They say, "We have three or four men to support instead of one, and never have the dullness and monotony of European monogamous life! A woman said to me, "If I had one husband and he died, I should be a widow; if I have two or three, I am never a widow!" The word "widow" is with them a term of reproach, and is applied humorously to animals and men. Children are brought up to be very obedient to fathers and mother, and to take great care of their cattle and calves. The mental affection is strong. Husbands and wives beat each other, but separation usually follows a violent outbreak of this kind.

It is the custom for the men and women of a village to assemble when a bride enters the house of her husbands, each of them presenting her with three rupees. The Tibetan wife far from spending these gifts on personal adornment, looks ahead, contemplating possible contingencies, and immediately hires a field, the produce of which is her own, and which accumulates year after year in a separate granary, so that she may not be portionless in case she leaves her husband!

His opposition to the short service, on the contrary, has been so far justified that partial return to the old system finds advocates in some of our most able soldiers to-day. It is too late, however, to go back altogether, and, recognizing this, the Commander-in-Chief has set himself as the youngest and most energetic general in making the most of material as he finds it. Those who imagine that the Commander-in-chief sits on a chair of uncrumpled rose-leaves, taking his duties lightly, would be speedily undeceived by a glance at an insight into the Duke's daily routine at the War Office. He sets an example of hard work that is very rare among men of his reviews, inspections, or public ceremonies, he is rarely away from his office during the hours when other men are idle. All important movements of troops, their equipment, clothing, food, and drill are subjects in which he takes unceasing interest. And his knowledge of such details is not merely formal; nor is he content to accept any report brought before him without the most searching enquiry into reasons for all that is proposed or done. Adjutant-generals who have served under him, all bear testimony to this fact. With all his precision in matters of detail, however, he never harasses his subordinates. There is no person more welcome in their offices than the Duke, who is their Commander-in-Chief. He is in his room often from ten in the morning until six at night, and they know he is ready to see them even longer hours. But everything works smoothly under him; and, whether issuing orders or engaged in consultation with the staff officers, he has the happy knack of showing that he values the opinions and regards the feelings of all about him. All the qualities of the army have their faith in his justice with which he decides on all subjects of complaint brought before them, and how numerous these are few but those who are acquainted with the soldiers have any conception. Inventors bear testimony to the treatment they are certain of receiving if they submit their schemes to the Duke and have an opportunity of laying their schemes before him. He brings to the consideration of questions affecting arms and ammunition a scientific knowledge, great experience and shrewd, practical common sense. If any military invention has not met with its proper reward, it does deserve, we may be sure the fault does not lie with the Duke of Cambridge.

CAPE HORN'S POST OFFICE.

There is None Simpler—And It Has No Postmaster Attached.

In spite of improved modern methods of communication, the southern extremity of South America still retains its flavor of romance and adventure. The trip around the Horn, still necessarily made by sailing vessels because they cannot so easily tread the mazes of the Straits of Magellan, is no easier than it was in the early navigators, save that perhaps modern sailing ships are safer and more manageable than those of the sixteenth century. Even yet, however, it is not uncommon for a vessel to off to Horn for the better part of a month, and that curious international mail box kept at the Horn still has its uses.

Landsmen who have heard of this singular survival are tempted to doubt its existence, but sailors persistently affirm that ships rounding the Horn in a great mass of rock rising abruptly from the sea and forming a small island. Upon one of the ledges of this rock stands a covered box, which is visited from time to time by a region more than 500 miles from anything that resembles civilization. It is the custom of Captains passing round the Horn to send a boat ashore to see what it contains, take out whatever mail is going in the direction of the vessel, and drop in whatever it is desired shall go in the other direction.

The boat's crew runs across a highway, over an old cotton field, across a meadow, and into the woods. The men made breastworks of rails and dirt. At one spot they had to cross a stream, at another the banks of a winding creek. Here was where a brigade without the slightest cover rushed in to hold a gap in the line. The dead men lie just as they fell—fell dead to one wounded. The enemy used grape and canister from a battery planted on that hill, and the men fell in great confusion. Here along the breastworks the troops were lying down and fired from that position. Nearly every dead man still rests at the place in his attitude, though their faces seem half buried in the grass. Many of the muskets still rest across the breastworks. Here for 300 yards the ground is covered with the dead, some of the dead were struck in the face or throat.

With his back to the wall sits a dead man who probably lived an hour or two after he was hit. His knees are drawn up for a rest for his arms, and his head is thus supported. Next on his left is a captain lying on his back with his sword in his hand, and still holding the sword and that sword rests across the body of another dead man. The officer was struck fairly between the eyes and the old man was hit in the parted as if sounding a command when death came. We hesitate for a moment and then step over the breastworks and advance to the creek. It is now the middle of the afternoon, and the combatants. Night before last friend and foe filled their canteens here, sometimes allowed to fill, but generally they drank each other's presence. Here is the horror of the battle field. We knew it would be so, but were impelled to come.

The banks of the creek are nowhere less than two feet high; in some places they are five or six. The bed of the stream is six or eight feet wide, but in places it is much wider. Here and from six inches to a foot deep. On a front of half a mile all the wounded on both sides who could creep or pull themselves along, lay down to drink as soon as the fighting ceased. They reached the banks and flung themselves down. They filled the bed from bank to bank, lying in the water. Now it is low, and there may be a living man, but nine-tenths of the wounds perished last night. They fought each other for the water, and only the fittest survived,

AGRICULTURAL.

The Farmer's Year.

In spring we plough and seed;
In summer, weed and prune;
And garner in our golden meed
Beneath the harvest moon.

In spring, we watch for frost;
In summer, pray for rain;
And watch, lest all our labor's lost,
In autumn, frost again.

In winter by the hearth
We plan the coming year,
And laugh at Boreas' icy wrath,
Amid our well earned cheer.

The Bud Moth.

Fruit growers have to fear, in the bud moth, a pest which is capable of literally "nipping in the bud" a prospective crop of fruit, a graft, or a budded stock.

The pest makes its presence known early in the spring as soon as the buds begin to open, usually about May 1 on early varieties and a week or ten days later on late varieties.

Later in the season, in July, the work of the recently hatched caterpillars may be seen on the under side of the leaves. They feed upon the lower side of the leaf near the mid-rib, leaving the veins and upper epidermis of the leaf. As the area over which the caterpillar has fed soon turns brown, its work is quite easily seen. The number of leaves found thus affected in July and August will indicate whether the pest will be numerous the coming spring or not. The larvæ feed almost entirely upon one epidermis and the inner tissues of the leaf, leaving the net-work of little veinlets and rarely eating through the opposite epidermis which thus forms the floor of its feeding grounds. The veinlets and epidermis remaining soon turn brown and die; and as the epidermis is quite transparent the work of the larva is rendered conspicuous from either side of the leaf. Rarely more than one larva works on a leaf. Sometimes two leaves are fastened by the silk of the web, and the larva then works between the leaves feeding mostly on the tissues of one.

The larvæ continue to feed in this manner during July and August, and some may be found feeding in September. The area over which larva is fed is very irregular in outline and usually covers less than one-fifth the area of the leaf.

Previous to 1887, the principal method recommended to prevent the ravages of this pest was to hand-pick and destroy the nests. But by the time the work of the larva has progressed far enough to render its nest conspicuous, the insect has done its worst damage; the growth of the shoot has been checked, or if a fruit bud most of the flowers are destroyed.

Following the development of the insect, the next stage in its life history which presents itself is that of the young larva as it works upon its leaves in July and August.

The only chance then to reach the pest in this stage seems to be to get some poisonous insecticide upon the leaves just about the time the larvæ are beginning their work; so that as they extend their feeding grounds they must get some of the poison. This will prove rather a difficult thing to do in practice for several reasons. The poison must be applied to the under side of the leaves. It will need two or three applications to catch the earliest and latest larvæ which emerge. And on early varieties it is not advisable to spray the trees within at least a month of the time for picking the fruit.

Undoubtedly some of the larvæ could be destroyed by the spray, using paris green at the rate of one pound to two hundred gallons of water, and if fruit growers are spraying for fungus diseases like the apple scab they should spray as late as July 15. And as bordeaux mixture, the fungicide most commonly used, can be readily combined with paris green without decreasing the effectiveness of either, it would be advisable and profitable under these conditions to spray the trees in July with this condition for fungi and the young larvæ of the bud moth. But the best time to combat the pest, the most profitably and successfully in the opinion of the Cornell experiment station, is in the spring when a little poison can be easily sprayed upon the opening buds; and thus the little larva, hungry from its long winter's fast, will be quite certain to get the fatal dose at its first meal.

Clover Hay.

For several years past W. F. Brown of Ohio has followed this rule for curing clover:

We start the machine in the afternoon, and if we wish to cut only one or two acres, not until after 5 o'clock supper. There is no moisture on the clover at this time, and it is so late that it does not wilt at all that night, and so the dew does not injure it. The next day at 11 o'clock we turn it, and again at 1, and an hour later rake it up, and by 5 o'clock we have it all in cocks. The next day, after the outside is thoroughly dry, we open the cocks and invariably find them damp, but we shake them out so that sun and air have access to every part, and when this second moisture has dried out we know that our hay is so well cured as to be safe in the mow.

Should the day prove cloudy or a poor hay day, we do not disturb that cut the night before but leave it in the swath, for it will endure a long rain with but little damage in this shape, but if it has been dried and then stands out through a rain either in the cock or winrow it is greatly damaged.

I also took a good deal of pains in mowing the hay. We do not leave it in the mow in the great bunches which the horse fork drops, for it is almost sure to mold, but I have two hands in the mow and every load the heavy fork drops is taken apart and evenly spread before the next one comes. Managed in this way all parts of the mow settle alike and when we wish to take it out to feed it comes out as easily as though it had been pitched off by hand. Usually two men can do this as fast as it comes, but if necessary we let the horse fork wait a little, for I want this job done well even at the sacrifice of a little time.

Timothy hay does not require this second drying, but in good hay weather we can begin to draw in by one o'clock that which was cut the previous evening. I think that by the use of a tedder timothy hay could be cured in three hours if perfect hay weather.

Advance in Bee Culture.

The science which has ever kept the lead of practice in bee culture has discovered that the laws of breeding hold just as truly among bees as among our higher animals, that there is quality among bees, and that by selection we may improve our honey bees. Thus queen rearing, a thing entirely unthought of fifty years ago, is now an industry in itself, and bees are bred with all the care and success that waits on the best breeders of horses or cattle. More than this, these queens are shipped around the world. Men have studied out the requirements, so that now we have cages and food that make it safe to send bees to Australia and Japan.

Till the Ground.

It is time, says E. S. Teagarden, that agricultural writers should give up the prevailing theory that farm lands can only be kept from losing their fertility by the application of the fertilizing elements contained in the crops produced from the soil. The crop from 100 acres carefully fed to live stock and properly attended throughout, will not suffice to cover more than ten acres, and so ten years must elapse before the last ten acres receives any fertility from its own products, and by this time the first ten acres will have more than exhausted the fertility supplied by the application of the product of the entire 100 acres.

Rotation of crops is often pointed out as a means of keeping up the fertility of cultivated lands. But neither the use of the home made fertilizers nor rotation of crops, nor both combined, can either preserve the fertility of the soil nor restore it when exhausted under the prevailing system of farming. There seems to be an almost universal fear among writers of agriculture that the soil is in imminent danger of losing its fertility why should it be supposed that the great Creator has supplied only a limited amount of the fertility that is indispensable to the production of the fruits of the earth when it is so manifest that a great abundance of soil and air has been provided?

All the fertility that usually goes to waste on most farms ought to be saved and used. But something more must be done to restore lost fertility and to prevent the depletion of soils so widely felt. If nature has supplied in the earth and in the air an abundant supply of fertility then the fact that depletion of soils has taken place proves conclusively that improper methods have been employed, and further that if proper methods were employed that there would be a constantly increasing yield of crops and a continuous increase in the fertility of the soil.

Who ever heard of the depletion of soil from the growth of timber? If a continuous "cropping to grain" impoverishes the soil necessarily why is it that a continuous and constantly increasing growth of timber does not impoverish the soil and cause the loss of timber growth? Who does not know in the timbered regions of the country that newly cleared lands are always rich in fertility and that good crops are always grown?

It is plain that the shade of the forest and the roots penetrating the soil preserve moisture and mellowness of the soil to great depths and this condition favors the combined action of the earth and the air in forming from the raw material in both the available fertility required by plant growth.

M P

The decay of leaves supplies a small part of the fertility, but it is an inconsiderable amount as compared with that demanded by the large growth of timber and the constantly increasing demand of a constantly increasing growth year after year.

What then is to be done to imitate nature in the production of timbered growths? The answer is to supply the conditions of mellowness and moisture of soil during the season of crop growth and all else will follow. He must not be content to "till the ground" by "scratching" a shallow surface of the ground.

Deep plowing each season and occasional sub-soil plowing coupled with proper and frequent cultivations and thoroughly subduing the weeds—the greatest hindrance to crop production—will accomplish all that is desirable and possible.

Making an Orchard.

An essay on fruit culture in the province of Quebec recommended for publication by the council of agriculture says that some farmers object to making an orchard because they think they cannot spare the land, whereas, a well-tended orchard will be the most profitable part of the farm. A careful ploughman with an orchard or garden plough need not injure the trees, and the more the land is manured and worked on the surface the better it will be for them. A crop of roots can be taken off annually for the first seven or eight years, and afterwards a fair crop of hay. Three feet round each tree the soil should be kept loose and clean and top dressed with manure.

Every three or four years a trench about two feet wide and two or three feet deep may be dug, say four feet from the stem the first year, and a little further away each time the operation is performed. All roots found in it should be cut away and the trench filled in with a good compost of rotten manure and fresh earth or sods cut from an old pasture and chopped up fine; especially is this advisable where the land is poor be cause numerous young fibres will push into the fresh compost and acting as feeders, will cause the production of more abundant crops of fine fruit.

In the building up or formation of a tree which is expected to be large, handsome and fruitful, we should ever bear in mind that overcrowding of the branches is the greatest evil, and that a thorough, determined and courageous use of the pruning knife is absolutely essential. All cuts should be made smoothly, and close to the branch from which the shoot is severed, so as not to leave a spur which will rot and communicate its decay to the body of the tree.

The proper time for pruning has been frequently discussed, and a good deal of difference of opinion expressed, but experience gained by practice proves that the time when the sap is in the best condition to effect the healing process is the best time, and this will be in the early summer; the wounds in the bark made at this season heal with surprising rapidity.

In damp places or seasons, orchards are liable to become infested with moss or other lichens, and the trees soon become barren and sickly, unless some remedial means be adopted to destroy the pests; this may be affected by scraping the trees (not too deeply), and giving them a coating of wash made with fresh lime, and soot or wood ashes; this will render the trees unsightly for a time but will effectually destroy the moss.

None but A 1 fruit should be shipped, and these very carefully selected for the purpose, as such only are saleable at remunerative prices. In placing them in the barrels great caution must be observed as the sample is easily spoiled by being carelessly packed. A layer of fruit of uniform size should be placed first in the bottom, nose downwards, then the bulk put in slowly, now and then giving the barrel a blow or gently shaking it so that the fruit will be compact together, a very important matter, because a package in which the fruit rattles on its arrival is condemned at once by the buyers. When the barrel is level-full, another layer of choice fruit should be placed on top, stems downwards, the head put on and a screw press used to press it into its place, where it must be securely nailed and the hoops put on. The success or failure of the shipment depends upon the tightness with which the packing is done, much fruit having been lost for want of attention to this particular. The barrel should be branded with the name and quality of the fruit it contains.

A Marvellous Child.

The marvellous child mentioned in the Chinese classics, who, at four years old, was able to recite the 360 verses of the T'ang poetry, as well as the Ancient Book of Odes, has been eclipsed by an infant prodigy of the same age who has presented himself at the recent Licentiate Examinations in Hong Kong as a candidate for literary honours. The Fanyu Chehsien personally examined this tiny candidate, and found that the child could write a concise essay on the subject that had been given him, although, of course, in an infantile scrawl. It is observed by a local commentator that it now remains only for the Literary Chancellor to "pass" the prodigy ere he can be styled as "having entered the portals of the Dragon's gates," that is, obtained the degree of Siu-ts'ai, or Licentiate.

Would Not Deny It.

Her Father—"You wish to marry my daughter, I understand."

Her Adorer—"I do, sir."

Her Father (severely)—"My wife tells me that you are a fool."

Her Adorer—"Well, I suppose I am."

Very Suspicious.

Friend: "Why, Elvira, what's the matter?"

Elvira: "Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death. I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet."

"She doesn't?"

"No, not a word. She must be in love with my husband."

HOUSEHOLD.

The Little Arm-Chair.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But he sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the words so often said,
"No fear of our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to scold, to kiss and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent o'er a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.

A Dainty Room.

Although almost everyone likes a pretty room, the bedrooms of the average farm-house are bare and unattractive; containing as a general thing, a nice-looking bedstead, dresser and commode, but no unnecessary article of furniture, or decoration.

Knowing, however, that farmers' wives and daughters appreciate nice surroundings, and do not go without them from choice, but because the hard-working farmer has "no money to spare for fixings," I would like to tell them how a room can be made pretty and inviting by a very small outlay.

To begin with, a room should have a predominating color in all its appointments. We will call this the "blue room," and furnish it accordingly.

Unless the woodwork is already white, or cream color, it will not look well with blue, and should be repainted. Do not use ready-mixed paints; they are generally unsatisfactory. A small can of white lead, and half a gallon of linseed oil, will be more than enough for the woodwork in a bedroom of ordinary size. If you wish to paint your room in two colors, and it will be much prettier that way, you will also need a ten-cent tube of blue paint, such as artists use for painting in oil colors.

Take part of the lead into something large enough for stirring it thoroughly, and thin it with oil until it is as thick as cream. Mix a very little of the paint from the tube in about half a cupful of oil and add this to a small part of the first mixture a little at a time until a pale, delicate shade of blue is obtained, and your paints are ready for use.

Use but little of the blue paint. If there are beaded casings in the room paint the center of the beading and the centre of the head blocks, blue; if plain casings with mouldings are used, the mouldings around the casings and at the top of the base-boards will be enough to suggest what the prevailing color of the room is to be, and give a nicer effect than if more of the blue paint is used.

Select paper that will harmonize in color and is suitable for the room. You can get it, pretty and servicable for seven or eight cents a roll.

If the carpet that was in use here will not match in color with the rest of the room, do not put it down, but buy enough blue denim, such as overalls are made of, to cover the floor; sew it with the seam on the right, or darkest side of the cloth, so it can be put down with the lightest side up, and you have a carpet that is both cheap and pretty and one that has the additional virtue of being stylish, at present, in large cities. It will look better, and also be warmer, if put down over an old carpet or heavy paper.

If you have never seen denim used in this way, you may perhaps be prejudiced against it; but it is really very pretty, and, when stretched over an old carpet to give it additional thickness, looks so well that the uninitiated would never guess what material it is.

You, of course, have shades for the windows. Thin curtains should be used over these. White muslin with large dots make very pretty ones; or, if something cheaper is desired, cream-colored cheesecloth should be used. These should be long and full. Do not use rings to fasten the curtains to the poles, but turn a hem about eight inches wide; at the top of the curtain put a second row of stitching just far enough from the first so that the pole can be run in between them, leaving the edge of the hem standing up above it like a ruffle.

The top of the dresser and commode should each have a cover of the white muslin, lined with blue silesia. These should be made a foot longer than the top of the dresser or commode, hemmed on the sides and ruffled across the ends. The ruffle, of course, is not lined, but should be three or three and one-half inches wide, with a row of pale blue feather stitching, or "herring bone," at the top of the hem; there should also be a row of the feather stitching across the ends, and up the sides of the cover. Hem the cover and lining separately, and tack them together at the corners, to save work when it is necessary to wash them.

Make a splasher also of the blue silesia and white muslin, thirty inches long by twenty wide. The muslin should be shirred at the top and bottom, so it will be quite full. It should be the width of the hem wider than the lining, so that the hem will stand up above the shirring like a ruffle when it is done. The ends should be hemmed and feather-stitched with blue to match the cover of the commode. The lining should be plain.

A large square pincushion should also be covered with the muslin and silesia. This can be finished with one wide, or two narrow ruffles of the muslin. Pillow shams may also be made of the silesia and muslin, and are very pretty if some design is worked on them from dot to dot, in the old-fashioned "cross stitch."

Now add to the room any little articles of decoration you may have, loop back the window curtain with a bow of pale blue ribbon, and take a survey of the room. I think you will feel well repaid for the expense and trouble.

Dressing-room "Dont's."

Don't—unless your arms are white and rounded—wear only a little puff on the shoulders in your party dresses. Have your sleeves made in one or two big drooping puffs, to reach almost to the elbow, where they will meet the long gloves of the same shade. You will look quite as stylish and dressy.

Don't—if you have a pale complexion—wear a light gray or tan hat, because it will give you the effect of being sallow. If you must have it a light shade to match your dress, line the inside with dark velvet, which will make your skin look fair. Apropos hats, the rule holds good that an untrimmed brim is trying to all save the most youthful faces, whereas a pleating, or even a fold of velvet, imparts a look of softness.

"Don't—if you are very thin or very stout, or if you even suspect yourself of a tendency either way—be beguiled by your dressmaker into having an Empire gown. It is a style which suits one woman out of ten, and the other nine are simply foils to set off her charms.

Don't—if your feet are short and broad—squeeze them with agony into the shortest shoes you can put on. If you wear a 3B, get a 3½A and see how much slenderer and better shape your feet will look.

Don't—if you are blonde, brunette or medium—be afraid of wearing yellow. There is surely one shade of that color which will suit you and bring out all the pink in your skin; if you are sallow, it would make you look white.

Don't—cover your face with one of the purple veils. Very few colored veils are to be trusted as being becoming, while black and white are always in good style.

Don't—copy everything that you see in the fashion. Suit your own figure and face, and among all the varied designs you will find something that will give you an individuality of your own. Remember that the lovely ladies in fashion plates are all Venuses, which few of us are.

Sanitary Precautions.

The sanitary condition of the household is a subject on which one should never weary of expatiating. At this time more than usual care needs to be exercised, for as the warm days come the disease germs propagate with great rapidity and before long will get the upper hand of the careless housekeeper. Look to the cellar, see that there are no vegetables or fruit in a half-decayed state, clear out odds and ends of all sorts, sweep, scrape, scrub if necessary, brush out, dust all ashes from the heater, that have accumulated during the winter and hang around on the cobwebs, for they are nurseries of disease. "Dark spots on the wall should be cleared off and whitewashed. Lime is a great purifier, and copperas-water is invaluable for killing disease-germs. Two or three pounds of copperas dissolved in half a barrel of water and used with a sprinkler around drains and low places where the water settles out of-doors, may save a doctor's large bill or a break in the family circle. Pour a few pailfuls of copperas-water down the sink and through the pipes, deluge water-closets with it and scatter it in all places where there are bad odors.

Keep a can of potash on the shelf over the kitchen-sink, drop a few crystals into the sink and let the water dissolve it and run away through the pipes, watch all damp corners; if the walls are water-soaked and paper falls off, leaving a colony of well-developed fungus-growths in various shades of blue and black, scrape the walls, get a little Portland cement, mix it with water and put it on with a white-wash brush. Work rapidly, mixing a small quantity at a time, and this will not only give the walls a hard finish but will make them as water-proof as a china cup.

Some day, when we know a great deal more than we do now, all of the plaster on our walls will be made of this sort of material, stuff that water cannot get through; then we will have no further trouble with paper falling off and growing damp and discolored.

More people die from carelessness and stupidity in the world than from any other cause. It is too much trouble to keep things clean, and because the enemy doesn't come with a roaring noise and brandished weapons, nothing is thought about it. A stitch in time saves nine, and a little care early in the season may save doctors' large fees and not unfrequently undertakers' larger bills.

Summer Cookery.

The garden now affords the main part of the three meals and it takes the housewife a large share of her time to gather and prepare the vegetables or the fruit and berries; if she cans or dries the surplus she is the busiest of women.

Green peas too often lose their flavor by the wrong way of cooking them. Mrs. Lincoln says: Wash the pods before shelling, then the peas will require no washing. Put the peas into a colander and sift out the fine particles. Boil the pods ten minutes, skim them out and add the peas. Boil fifteen minutes or until tender; when nearly done add the salt. Let the water boil nearly away and serve without draining. Season with butter, cream, salt and a little sugar. Old peas should be cooked until tender and then rubbed through a sieve and served as a vegetable. Peas are nutritious but they are indigestible unless the hull be broken before they are swallowed.

Huckleberry Pudding.—Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one half pint of milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter, one and a half cups of flour; beat thoroughly. Have one pint of huckleberries washed and dried, dust them well with flour; add with one teaspoonful of baking powder to the pudding, mix quickly, turn into a greased mould and steam one hour.

Lemon Custard.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light with one cup of granulated sugar; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Mix two tablespoonsful of flour, smooth with a little cold water, then add one-half of a cup of hot water and stir until perfectly smooth. Add this carefully to the eggs and sugar. Line a pie plate with paste and bake. Fill with the custard and bake in a moderately quick oven until done. When done and cool, cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and sugar or if the whites of the eggs are preferred in the pie, beat them with the yolks.

Orange Layer Cake.—Two cups sugar; two cups flour; one-half cup water; yolks of five eggs, whites of three beaten to a stiff froth; one teaspoonful of baking-powder; juice and grated rind of one orange. Bake in two tins. For filling, use: Whites of two eggs, one cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one orange.

Currant Drop Cakes.—Cream one cup of sugar, and one-half cup of butter together, add one egg beaten, and a level teaspoon of soda dissolved, in two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream, butter well mixed with two and a half cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon of flavoring. Drop the batter in spoonfuls on pans and press a few currants on the top of each cake. Bake in a quick oven.

Velvet Lemon Cream.—Boil a pint and a half of milk with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the thin rind of a lemon, and, if liked an inch of cinnamon stick. Beat four fresh eggs, mix them very smoothly with two dessert-spoonfuls of corn-starch, stirring them all the time; pour the boiling milk over the mixture into a pan, add to it one-half a package of gelatine that has soaked in one-half pint of cold water: stir all over a slow fire till it thickens, then pour it into a mould.

Maryland Biscuit.—Add one teaspoonful of salt to one quart of sifted flour then rub two tablespoonfuls of lard thoroughly into it with the hands. Mix with one cup of cold water to a very stiff dough, adding the water gradually while stirring and kneading all the time. Knead ten minutes, then beat hard with a biscuit beater or heavy rolling pin for full twenty minutes. When finished the dough should be light and puffy, and have begun to blister. Now form into small round biscuits by pulling off pieces of dough suddenly as with a snap and pinching quickly into shape. Be sure and not place them close together in the pan as each biscuit must be distinct. Prick lightly with a fork and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When done the tops and bottoms only should be a most delicate brown. The biscuit should be of fine, even grain and have a slight crack around the sides.

Drawn Butter.—This old-fashioned sauce is excellent with many dishes and should be made about 15 minutes before dinner time. Put a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, into a sauce-pan and stir them until they bubble; then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water a saltspoonful of salt and a quarter of a saltspoonful of white pepper and stir the sauce until it is at the boiling point. When the sauce boils draw the saucepan to the side of the fire where its contents will keep hot without boiling, and stir into it, one at a time, three tablespoonfuls of butter, cut in small pieces, taking care that each one is entirely mixed with the sauce before adding another. As soon as the butter is stirred in, serve the sauce in a hot sauce-boat.

One of the greatest insults expressible in the Japanese language is the word "Hovenkukidojo," or a boneless fish. In the heat of the last elective campaign for the imperial diet the Nishin Shingishi had used this epithet, which really does not mean more than "a fellow without character," in speaking of some gentleman of the other party. A libel suit followed, and the editor of the Nishin Shingishi was condemned to one year's penal servitude.

CROSSING AT THE CAPE.

A Winter Experience in the Straits of Northumberland.

"What capes?"

"Why, Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick and Cape Traverse in Prince Edward Island, to be sure."

These capes stretch out to within nine miles of meeting each other, and the waters of the Straits of Northumberland flow between.

"Well, it is an easy matter to cross over that nine miles of water," you say.

That depends, gentle reader. If it is summer time you can engage a couple of sturdy boatmen to row you across, or if you know how to handle a boat yourself you can set your sail and be over in an hour or so. But if the time be midwinter, how will you get across then? There's the rub. Navigation in the straits is then stopped. The weather is cold, and instead of the gentle summer breeze the northern blasts sweep by; and where your little craft gently glide in summer you now see ice piled up in mountains or carved into fantastic shapes and hewn into caverns and jagged precipices; ice spread out into plains or ground up into lolly.

How will you cross now? Rowboat, sailboat, ship, steamer, will avail you nothing. What will you do? "Walk over or skate over," you say. You cannot do either. All the ordinary modes of locomotion fail. Shall I tell you how I got over?

It was the last week in January. I arrived at Cape Traverse by rail late Monday evening. On Tuesday and Wednesday the weather was so very cold and stormy that it was considered altogether unsafe to attempt to cross. Thursday morning was finer, and the word was given to make a start. A number of passengers had gathered at the only hotel at the Cape awaiting an opportunity to go over. There is a great bustle about eight o'clock. Drivers, passengers, boatmen—all are astir. The baggage is piled up on the freight sleds, and the passengers in all varieties and styles of wrapping—fur coats, blanket coats, long coats and short jackets—are crowded into the sleighs. The whips crack, and with bells a-jingle, off the horses gallop, a mile and a half straight out on the broad (stationary) ice. We reach the edge of the moving ice. Whoa! What a swirl and crashing and grinding of ice, snow and water away ahead as far as the eye can reach. Surely it would be a tempting of Providence to trust one's self in the treacherous mass.

In the meantime the ice boats have been run out. And such boats! each one about sixteen feet long, two wide, two deep and without keel, but having instead a pair of iron runners or skates four feet in length fastened on the bottom. Her majesty's mail and the baggage are stowed away carefully down under the thwarts. The passengers are distributed among the boats. Our boat has six, besides the four boatmen.

A little opening of clear water shows itself for a few minutes; our frail craft is launched and we are aboard. After a row of twenty or thirty yards a huge clump of ice is encountered. We all clump upon it and the boat is dragged up. The passengers are then placed three on each side of the boat with two boatmen at the bow and two at the stern. Now every one of the company puts over his head the looped end of a strong leathern strap so that it will bear on his outer shoulder, the other end of the strap being fastened securely to the boat. Off we go—every one pulling. The ice is very rough, but up we are going over a huge mound; now we are descending on the other side. In a few minutes we reach a long stretch—about a mile—of smooth ice. This is the chance for a fast spurt, for we must remember that we are running for life. All this time the ice that bears us is moving rapidly with the current toward the wide part of the straits—out to sea. If we get carried out there our chances of reaching land alive are very slight indeed, and we all know that. Away then we run over the glassy surface, someone every now and then tumbling down and getting pulled up again. Run, run, my lads. Now is the time to show the mettle of your pastures.

"We are going too fast," one traveller gasps out.

"There is no time to lose," answers the head boatman; "the current is very strong, and we are gaining but slowly."

One of our passengers is a great, stout sea captain. Before we started he seemed inclined to boss everybody. But now since we began running he has become quite silent. All at once he exclaims: "By Jupiter, I can stand this no longer," and throws himself down on the ice quite blown and exhausted. He protests that he cannot walk another step, and is puffing like a porpoise. We are now at a full stop, and what are we to do? No words of encouragement or threat will avail, and we are obliged to put the two hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois weight of the brave captain into the boat and start again on the run with our additional freight.

The smooth ice is crossed, and we are again in the clumps—pull—drag up—slide down—steady. Now keeping our boat from oversetting, now throwing off the straps from our shoulders and launching our craft into the waters and pulling it out again perhaps two hundred times; now one passenger suddenly breaks through the ice and goes down in the water up to his knees, until brought up with his strap or by catching the side of the boat; now another gets up to the waist. Now we are in the lolly—broken ice and snow all mixed, slightly frozen over—too weak to carry but very stiff to break and force the boat through. One, two, three, four, five hours have passed since we started and still some distance from land. Every now and then the boatmen ascend some high peak of ice that they might better see what opening it is best to take. We are all wet and cold, and two of our number have their faces and noses frostbitten. The wind is blowing hard from the north-west. Oh, how cold!

At last we reach the broad ice, a mile from the Cape Tormentine shore. There are sleighs with warm fur robes out to meet us; and there are warm fires and a warm dinner awaiting us at the little hotel. What an appetite everyone has and what cheery conversation at the table! The events of the day are recounted with many a laugh and joke over the mishaps, the tumbles, the duckings, the ups and downs that befell us on our journey.

On occasion it takes ten or twelve hours to get over, but generally from two to five hours. And the boatmen—what fine, stalwart men they are; cool of head, strong of limb and stout of heart! They know all about the currents, winds and tides and weather probabilities of the region. They absolutely refuse to go out except these are favorable, and the trips are generally made without disaster. Many years ago a boat left Cape Tormentine, and had proceeded to within a half a mile of the shore when a violent snowstorm arose. The men turned up the boat on the ice for shelter, and were carried out into the strait. Their only food for several days was the flesh and blood of a dog they had with them. Among the passengers were two medical students returning home from Harvard. One of them died at the close of the third day and the other was dreadfully frozen. Land was made on the Nova Scotia coast on the fourth day. Most of the survivors lost their fingers, toes, hands or feet.

A government steamer plies at irregular intervals during the winter between Pictou, N.S., and Georgetown, P.E.I., a distance of about forty miles. This craft was built of iron expressly for the purpose, after a Swedish model, and is an excellent boat. Sometimes she is a week or more on the passage, being carried hither and thither by the drifted ice. Of course this occurs but seldom, and the round trip is sometimes made in a day.

It is in contemplation to construct a tunnel between the capes under the waters of the straits. In fact, borings were begun last summer. The Canadian Government has engaged Sir Douglas Fox, the eminent English engineer, to report on the feasibility of the proposed enterprise.—[J. F. Mellish, in N. Y. Independent.

BRIEF AND INTERESTING.

There are about 370,000 acres under tea cultivation in British India.

Women are employed at railway switches and crossings in Italy, because they do not get intoxicated.

There were but 87 nautical miles of telegraph cable in 1862. The length of such cable now is no less than 130,000 miles.

The Caspian Sea is the largest inclosed body of water in the world. It varies between 740 miles in length and 200 miles in breadth.

In some parts of Russia the snow actually is preserved in great straw, sand, and manure-covered heaps, as a means of irrigating the land during the summer heats.

The London Fire Brigade comprises 825 officers and men, with 48 land steam-engines, nine river steam-engines, and 78 manuals, 38 miles of hose, and upwards of 13,000 hydrants.

The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city are worth millions. There are more than 50,000 persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away.

Lost children in Japan do not long remain astray. It is the custom for parents to label their children with their addresses, so that in case they go astray any wayfarer may send them home.

Of the total crime of Great Britain, about one-third is committed in the Metropolis.

The clock for which Big Ben at Westminster strikes the hour is the largest in the world.

In Italy, France, and Austria only from four to six per cent. of the criminals are well educated.

The railway companies of England and Wales own over 250 square miles of the surface of the country.

The total number of dentists in the United Kingdom is 4,817, as against 4,896 for 1882, being a decrease of 79.

When onions are being cooked, the strong, disagreeable odour may be lessened by placing vinegar on the stove.

The best quality of dynamite is a mixture of 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine and 25 per cent. of a silicious earth known as kieselguhr.

The Queen has signified her intention of giving a cup valued at 100 guineas, for competition at the Royal Yacht Club Regatta, to be held at Plymouth in August.

"Abolish the drink," remarks the Rev. J. W. Horsley, at one time chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, "and all the police courts but one in the Metropolis may be closed."

At Redditch, England, 20,000 people make more than 100,000 needles a year, and they are made and exported so cheaply that England has no rival, and practically monopolises the trade.

The total weight of the atmosphere surrounding the globe amounts to the trifling total of 5,240,000,000,000,000 tons.

The greatest portion of the "canary" seed eaten by English pet birds is grown in Turkey, where the crop is generally very profitable.

Finely-arched foreheads are often seen on stupid persons; the deficiency is generally apparent in the scantiness of their eyebrows.

It is estimated that there are in the United States for each 100 miles of railway 120 locomotives, 17 passenger cars, and 714 good vans.

The Mikado, desirous of improving the physique of the Japanese, has recommended to them a meat diet, instead of the usual fish and rice.

The number of workmen's daily tickets issued by London railways during 1889, the last year for which the returns are available was 18,912,835.

The Roman Catholic Church has twenty-five churches in America composed almost exclusively of coloured persons, with a total of negro communicants of about 121,000.

Before a fire company in Berlin starts for a fire, the members are drawn up in line; and in military fashion salute their captain, then off they run, having lost perhaps a minute by this foolery.

The net income of all the Welsh beneficed clergy, taking into the account not only the rent-charge and glebe, but also pew rents, Easter offerings, fees, and every other source of revenue, amounted last year to less than £183,000.

In a pair of fine shoes there are forty-four pieces, thirty tacks, twelve nails, and twenty buttons, beside silk and linen thread. These pieces are put together with marvellous rapidity, and as a test a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.

There is one way of telling the speed of a railway train which old travellers claim is almost infallible. Every time the car passes over a joint in the track there is a distinct click; count the number of these clicks in twenty seconds, and it is said you have the number of miles the train is going per hour, as the length of the rail is uniform.

The smallest professional child pianist in the world recently made his debut in St. Petersburg. The little musician's name is Raoul Koczalski; he is only five years old, and his legs are so short that his father has to work the pedals for him. Master Koezalski plays only Chopin, and his execution is said to be equal to that of the great pianist himself.

The direct road to Balmoral Castle, the Queen's Highland Residence, is by the little town of Ballater, celebrated as being the favorite starting point for excursionists among the neighbouring mountains.

It is estimated that the total loss incurred through the Panama canal is £38,000,000. The French gain from the Suez is put at £57,560,000. What would not the Panama have been worth if only properly completed?

There are in the United States and Canada about 500 tramways electrically operated with a mileage of 5,250 miles, and operating 9,650 motor and trail cars. These lines are said to represent an aggregate investment of about $230,000,000 sterling.

In the manufactures of Great Britain alone, the power which steam exerts is estimated to be equal to the manual labour of 4,000,000,000 of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Three hundred and forty towns in Germany are now connected with telephones. There are 68,000 telephone offices, through which pass on an average 753,000 conversations a day. Of these, Berlin alone contributes 182,000.

The pearl shells found on the coast of Western Australia are principally used for the manufacture of buttons. The shells fetch from £20 to £40 per ton, according to quality and market value. Mother-of-pearl in Australia is subject to an export of £2 per ton.

About 9,600,000 kids are slaughtered in Europe annually to supply the one town in France where gloves are made. This slaughtering of kids is nothing to do with the massacre of the innocents that come in when you buy French gloves and think they are Dent's.

Coral fishing is gradually decaying in the Island of Sardinia. The fact is attributed by some to the exhaustion of the old coral reefs, whilst others say that it is due to the competition in the market by the selling of coral of inferior quality, fished in enormous quantities on the coast of Sicily, and sold at an extremely low price.

A Valued Playmate.

Little Johnny: "I'm awful sorry your parents is goin' to move."

Neighbour's boy: "Is you?"

Little Johnny: "Yes. Now whenever I break a window or anything, I can't tell mamma you did it."

CHOSE THE BIGGEST FORTUNE.

He Found no Difficulty in Transferring His Affections.

Apropos of international marriages wherein the "dot" is the first consideration, the girl herself being merely a necessary adjunct and her own personality quite immaterial, the following story printed by the New York *Tribune* as coming from Russia may well point a moral and adorn a tale: A very rich western family went abroad not long ago, accompanied by two daughters and a friend whose plain and perhaps insignificant exterior gave no evidence of her golden worth—for she had a large fortune in her own right. Having been left an orphan the year before at the age of 30, and being of a meek and quiet disposition, she had attached herself to this particular family, who were old friends of her parents, and more through force of circumstances than anything else she had accompanied them abroad; where to the outside world she enacted the role of an

INSIGNIFICANT FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

The two other girls, had very decided social aspirations, and as they were very pretty and had the reputation of being considerable heiresses they were surrounded by impecunious young noblemen in plenty. At St. Petersburg they even succeeded in capturing a young Russian prince, who, after remaining in undecided allegiance to them both for several weeks, finally fixed his affection upon the older and handsomer of the two sisters. Thereupon the youngest, whose fancy had been more or less captivated by the handsome person and equally attractive title of the young Muscovite, but who had wit enough to see that his attentions were anything but disinterested, took occasion to mention in the hearing of the young man that their friend, Miss S., had

A MUCH LARGER FORTUNE

than either she or her sister could ever hope to possess, and that it was, moreover, entirely at her own disposal. The prince heard, but gave no sign for several days; then his attentions to the older sister grew noticeably fewer, and poor shy little Miss S. looked up in pleased surprise as the handsome young man began to honor her with his notice. Miss Marplot was just beginning to wonder whether she ought not to confess her share in the performances to the parties interested, when one day at luncheon Miss S.'s own maid brought in a letter from her mistress saying that the latter had been married that morning to Prince M. at the American legation, and that under the circumstances it would be best that the other legal formalities should be completed at the Hotel——, where she had engaged rooms. Of course, as she was an independent woman of 30 there was nothing to be said. "Who could have fancied she was so sly?" sighed the would-be mother-in-law of a prince.

Developing Electrical Inventions.

The industry of the world, whether mechanical, electrical or chemical, is based on the invention of some inventor, and may be very old or very young, as the case may be, but the great fact is nevertheless the same. The extraordinary developments that have within very few years taken place in electricity have shown the world what an inventor can do when his genius is used in the right direction and backed up with a good technical education. There is hardly any one that requires such a thorough scientific training as our electrical engineer of to-day, and this fact is recognized more and more as time advances. It is a young industry, and, like the men that work in it, young, vigorous and pushing. Capital to the extent of many hundred millions has been invested and is continually going in for new and various applications of the science.

Nothing is too good or sacred here, and a thing that a year ago was considered perfect has to-day to give way for something still better. One would naturally think that it would be a very risky business to engage in, but this does not seem to be the case, judging from the ease with which capital can be secured for it. This is a fact, because every electrical concern keeps up with the times and does not stand still. Problems relating to measuring, transforming, transmitting, heating, etc., have been presented and quickly solved in many different ways and so far very satisfactorily. Once, now and then, the inventor comes across a stubborn and intricate question, and it looks as if all the skill and patience bestowed upon it were thrown away for nothing. They have to be solved, nevertheless, it being too important to let rest, as every new departure means honor and increased business to those who are working on it.

In this category we have to class production of electricity direct; an economical way of storing it, which probably will be radically different from the present way, electric traction without any overhead construction, and a more reliable lamp, with the same or higher efficiency than the present makes for out of door illumination. They are very hard to solve, some of these problems, and they require both capital and intelligent labor if anything good shall be accomplished. There are capitalists willing to invest money in just those things, but how shall the inventor know where they are? That is another problem, and sometimes almost as hard to solve as a difficult electrical one. This obstacle ought to be done away with in some way. An engineer is very seldom also a business man; he has in fact no time to think about money matters, and must consequently be associated with some one who understands that part of the business, which indeed is very essential, if eventually the problem is successfully solved.

It seems to me, nevertheless, that an institution of high rank, like the Franklin Institute, or the electrical press of the country, could fill that part, if a popular inclination were directed in that direction. These institutions come in contact with men of just those classes in question, and the great benefit that would be a result (if carried out) is too obvious to need any arguing. An inventor would then know exactly where to turn when he has anything new in the departments mentioned. I think in any case that it would be to advantage to have the question ventilated in the electrical press, when undoubtedly several new points would come up, throwing further light on the subject.—[G. Emil Hesse, in the Electrical Age.

Drunken Oysters.

"I do believe," said an oyster-grower to a reporter, "that whisky will make anything drunk. The latest experience I have had in that line was with an oyster bed that I have down in the bay. I have seen cats spoiled in their growth by whisky, and dogs kept small, I have seen talkative poll parrots bowled up until they fell off their perch, and lay squeaking and ha-ha-ing at the bottom of the cage in the most delirious manner; but I never saw an oyster bowl up except in restaurants, and even then the oyster didn't know it. I resolved to see what effect whisky would have on a small bed that I had for my own personal use. I got some malt whisky one morning, and went down to the bed. I let in fresh water, and then poured in a little whisky. Next day I did the same thing, only I used more whisky. The whisky told on those oysters in a minute; it was too much for their nervous system. Whenever you touch an oyster's shell, it closes up mighty quick and tight. I saw one lolling partly open, and put my finger down to touch it. It feebly closed up and then opened again. I tried it several times, with the same effect. The oyster was not dead, it was simply too drunk to know there was anything dangerous in this world. This condition of things lasted several hours, when the oysters would regain their wisdom, and close up tight at the slightest disturbance of the water."

The Army summer manœuvres will this year be held on the borders of Berkshire and Wiltshire, most probably in September. Swindon will be the centre of the manœuvring ground.

JAS. MILNE & SON.

—:o:—

We have every cause to feel grateful.

—:o:—

Our Spring and Summer trade has been a big increase over last year's business.

The only reason we can give for this is that we give the best Goods for the least money of anyone in town.

During the next month, we want to move out everything in the way of Summer Goods. Everything goes, and at a price which will pay you to buy.

With the brilliant prospects for a good Fall Trade, we have bought very heavy. Don't buy Fall Goods until you look through.

Remember, we sell no Cheap Shoddy Goods and all Goods not as recommended can be returned.

All Farm Produce taken in exchange.

JAS MILNE & SON.

IN STOCK!

—:o:—

—ALL THE—

South American Remedies

SEELY'S PERFUMES.

PURE PINE TAR,

in Imperial Pints and Quarts.

PARIS GREEN,

tested and guaranteed strictly pure.

TANGLE FOOT, sticky Fly paper AND WILSON'S POISON Fly PADS.

Johnson's Pure Mixed Paints,

Paint Oils, White Lead, etc., always in stock at the lowest prices,

PARKER'S DRUG STORE.

Insanity in every country is more prevalent among unmarried men than married persons. Marriage, it would appear, brings people to their senses.—Boston Transcript.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says:—"I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Sold by all Druggists.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterous. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Sold by all Druggists.

Feed a Cold

Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

strengthens Weak Lungs, checks all Wasting Diseases and is a remarkable Flesh Producer. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,

STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
Mail........5.40 a. m	Mixed......10.46 a. m
Mixed......5.28 p. m.	Mail.........3.00 p. m

HOME MATTERS.

Threshing machines have again started on their rounds.

Mrs. Gousnell, from Rochester, is visiting at A. L. Hough's.

Miss May Milne is visiting friends and relatives at Belleville.

Miss A. Green is visiting her sister Mrs. W. H. Calder, Peterborough.

Miss A. Weese, of Columbiaville, Mich., is here on a visit to her relatives and friends.

Mr. Wm. Aubin and wife, of Kingston, spent Monday in town visiting old acquaintances.

"Tricky" Kennedy, of the firm of Jas. Milne & Son, is spending his vacation at Marmora.

The man who says the world owes him a living always has an up-hill time in collecting the debt.

Will Gray, son of the Rev. J. M. Gray, left on Tuesday for Manitoba, to assist his brother on the farm.

Miss Frankie Reid arrived home Saturday after spending a couple of weeks in Belleville and Big Island.

The Misses Pearson, of Belleville, after being the guests of Mrs. Dr. G. H. Boulter for some days, left for home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Geo. Lagrow is on an extended visit to relatives in Gananoque. She will also visit The Thousand Islands and Niagara Falls.

During the thunderstorm of Wednesday morning of last week, Mr. W. M. Bush living about a mile and a half south of the village, had a fine cow killed by lightning.

Mr. Jno. Lanktree, who has been in Chicago for some time, arrived home on Friday of last week. He left here some eleven years ago. He reports times very dull in Chicago at present.

Mr. Jas. Boldrick made a recent good catch of three bass in Crow Lake, two weighing 5 lbs. 1 oz, each, and the other 3½ lbs. A bass weighing 5 lbs. is rarely caught in this section.

Mr. W. Wickett, of Foxboro, who has been visiting his brother Mr. T. H. Wickett, of this place, left on Tuesday for Peterboro' where he has secured a position with the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

F. R. Parker, B. A., was in Toronto for the past few weeks as one of the examiners on second and third class papers. He arrived home on Tuesday. The list will probably be published about the 12th or 14th Aug.

The social at Miss Cosbey's on Tuesday evening last was a very pleasant and successful one, though not so largely attended as some previous ones on account of the distance from the village. About $14 was realized,

On the evening of the East Toronto cricket match, the 17th inst, the Stirling cricket club intend giving a concert in the Music Hall. The club has secured some of the best talent in Toronto for that evening. The posters will be out in a few days in which full particulars will be given.

We have received from Mr. L. K. Cameron, Queen's Printer, Toronto, a copy of the Statutes passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature. It is a volume of some 650 pages, and shows that our legislators try to earn their money. Of course a large part of the volume is filled with what are termed "private bills."

The prize lists for the North Hastings Fall Show to be held at Stirling on Sept. 26th, have been issued. Along with them has also been sent out an entry sheet, which will be a convenience to those entering animals or articles for exhibition. The list is larger than before, and a larger number of special prizes are offered.

On Wednesday a couple from "way back" came into the village, on matrimony bent, and put up at the Scott House. Having procured a license from Mr. Butler, they asked for a Methodist minister, and intimated that no other need apply. A person went out to get a minister, and finds that both Methodist ministers are out of town, and brings in the English church minister, and the couple are married, supposing it was a Methodist, and go home happy.

Among the old residents of Hastings county whose names have been published as over eighty years of age, there are some whose names have not yet appeared. Among them is Mr. Emanuel Maybee, of this village, now in his 83rd year. He was for many years a resident of Rawdon, where he acquired considerable property, and some years ago came to Stirling to spend the remainder of his days. Mr. John Declair, we believe, is also over eighty years of age, and is hale and hearty.

The list of names of those who passed the recent examinations held here for entrance to High Schools will be found elsewhere. It will be seen that out of 63 who wrote 26 were successful, or only about 40 per cent. At Belleville there were 190 candidates and 112 were successful, or nearly 60 per cent. At Tweed there were 33 candidates, and 19 were successful, or over 60 per cent. The question has been asked us why is the percentage of the candidates who tried at Stirling so much lower than elsewhere. Can anyone explain it?

The next cricket match will be played between East Toronto and Stirling on the Stirling grounds adjoining the High School, on Thursday Aug. 17th. The East Toronto club is one of the best in the city, and no doubt this match will be the greatest exhibition game of cricket ever played in Stirling. The boys have settled down now to hard practice, as they intend to win this time. Spectators will be admitted free. No small boys will be allowed on the grounds. The I.O.O.F band will be in attendance during the afternoon.

The Inland Revenue Department, having last fall secured convictions against manufacturers of threshing machines for sending out with the machines measures which were uninspected and stamped, it may be expected that weights and measures officers will now be keeping a sharp lookout for the measures used by the grain threshers. It will be remembered that in the test cases made by the Department, the courts held that what the manufacturers called boxes were measurers within the meaning of the Weights and Measures Act, and that the grain threshers were "traders" and therefore subject to the provisions of that Act.—*Intelligencer.*

Examination for Admission to High Schools.

The following are the names of the candidates who wrote at Stirling, Madoc, and Bancroft, who have been successful. Those to whose names D is prefixed have, for the superior character of their answers, been awarded diplomas. The letter R is prefixed to the names of those who did not attain the full standard required for success, but, whose failure was not so serious as to prevent the Board of Examiners from recommending them for admission:—

NAME.	TEACHER.	SCHOOL.
McDonnel, Mabel,	D. Sager,	Stirling.
Macfarlane, Annie	"	"
Rogers, Bertha,	"	"
(D)Girdwood, Fred.,	"	"
Reid, Victor,	"	"
(R)Campion, Bessie,	"	"
Hostler, Sarah,	E. Richardson,	Madoc.
Bristol, Wesley,	"	"
Seymour, Theodore,	"	"
(R)Dunn, Beatrice,	"	"
(R)Richmond, Ethel,	"	"
(D)Campbell, Olive,	Miss Hales,	Queensboro.
(D)Diamond, Minnie,	"	"
Wiggins, Nannie,	"	"
(R)Jeffs, Jenny,		
Burkitt, Ida,	Miss Baldwin,	Springbrook.
Bird, Martha,	"	"
Mason, Minnie,	"	"
(R)Mason, Sarah,	"	"
(D)Bowen, McLaren,	K. Mark,	Marmora.
(D)Carscallen, Grace,	"	"
Rainie, Emma,	E. T. Williams,	Wellman's Corners.
Meiklejohn, Lindsay,	"	"
Totten, Lorne,	"	"
Fargey, Annie,	J. B. Morton,	"
McAvoy, Owen,	"	"
Foley, Sarah,	B. E. Cummings,	Sine Settlement, Rawdon.
Tucker, Cora,	"	"
Gay, James,	"	"
Green, Chas.,	"	"
(D)McDonald, Soph.,	Miss Gunter,	4 Rawdon.
Somers, Maud,	"	"
Salisbury, Jessie,	A. J. Meiklejohn,	Moira.
Foster, Lorne,	"	"
(R)Smith, Janet,	C. Demill,	19 Sidney.
Kavanagh, Theresa,	Miss Madigan	Dungannon
Jarman, Hedley,		Bancroft.
Smith, Willie,	Miss Swayne,	Egan Creek.
English, Nellie,	Miss Greaves,	8 Madoc.
Timmerman, May,	J.O. Herity,	12 Huntingdon
Christie, Geo. A.	Miss Countryman,	Best's, Madoc.
Gordon, Fred.,	"	"
Harrison, Ed.,	E. Shrigley,	Bridgewater.

The failures were, for the most part, in grammar, and history, more especially in the former. The greatest number of marks gained by any candidate was 544, by Olive Campbell, Queensboro, and the next was 528, by Grace Carscalleu, Marmora. Teachers are recommended to make a careful study of the examination papers.

The Cheese Market

At the Belleville cheese board on Tuesday 1600 boxes white, and 140 colored were offered. The sales were 50 colored at 9⅝c., and 70 white at 9 3-16c.

At Campbellford, on Tuesday, only 613 boxes were offered, 112 being colored. The white was sold to Warrington at 9 5-16c.

The latest Montreal markets say that cables are somewhat encouraging, both white and colored having advanced sixpence. The finest colored is quoted at 9¼c. to 9⅜c.; finest white 9⅛c. to 9¼c.

School Board Meeting.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Stirling Board of Education held August 1st.

Members present, J. Boldrick, Chairman, J. Milne, Dr. Boulter, A. Chard, M. Bird, Dr. Sprague, D. Martin and Dr. Parker.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

Moved by A. Chard, seconded by Dr. Parker, that this board make a requisition on the village Council for the sum of Twenty six hundred dollars, for the maintenance of the schools, in the proportion of $1609 for the Public and $991 for the High. Carried.

The following accounts were on motion ordered to be paid:

Dr. Boulter, supplies to	High	School	$15.15
" "	Public	"	.40
Dr. Parker, "	High	"	12.15
" "	Public	"	3 25

Moved by A. Chard, seconded by David Martin, that the Secretary inform the E. & C. Gurney Co., of Toronto, that the furnace purchased from them in 1887, for the High School is worn out prematurely, owing to faulty material, necessitating the purchase of a new one.

On motion the board adjourned.

J. S. BLACK, Sec.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The farmers are about through with their haying which is a heavy crop this year, and some have harvested the bulk of their fall grain. The fall grain is a fair crop. The spring grain will not be so good owing to the wet spring and drought since, although we are faring better than those farther south.

There have been some big pickings of wild raspberries near here this year,—bushels of them.

Apples, pears, etc., will be a light crop here this year; and potatoes are few in the hill.

John Lancaster of this place buried his youngest child last Saturday.

There were two quite serious accidents in the neighborhood recently, J. C. Morden, who is 86 years old fell off a ladder and injured his foot, and J. W. Turner fell off a load of rye (it wasn't old rye) on some stones and cut his head and shook him up generally. They both seem to be mending.

Halloway has gone into the ice cream business; go and try some.

Chatterton, July 31. R. V. W.

The Thompson Failure.

A special despatch from Brockville, dated Aug. 1st, says:—A meeting of the assignee and inspectors of the insolvent estate of Thompson Bros., produce dealers and cheese exporters, of Prescott, was held in Prescott yesterday and to-day. Mr. Murphy, president of the Brockville Dairymen's Board of Trade, who was one of the inspectors, arrived in town this afternoon and informed your correspondent that several of the creditors having refused to sign the deed of composition arranged at the meeting on July 18, the whole estate has been placed in the hands of the assignee, who will proceed to settle up the estate. This is considered here to be a very unwise move, for whereas the creditors might have realized 20 cents on the dollar, they are now not likely to get anything.

"TOILETTES" for September is to hand, filled with beautiful and original designs for ladies costumes. This number also contains a supplement. It is the leading fashion magazine of America. "Toilettes" Publishing Company, 126 West 23rd Street, New York.

The *Intelligencer* of Friday last says:—"A gentleman who was present at the trial of Charles Butler, jr., the piano swindler, stated to a reporter to-day that he was arrested in November last; charged by one Perry, of Salem, N.Y., with obtaining notes under false pretences. While he was tried for grand larceny under section 566 of the penal code, he was really sentenced for his contempt of court. Although Butler is a dangerous man to society and is probably safer in gaol than out of it, a friend states that the trial was a farce and that he was not given a chance to defend himself. Butler claims that the lawyer he engaged from Greenwich, N.Y., through a friend named Philps, was in league with the police, and rather than assisting him to keep out of gaol, aided to draw the net closer around him. He is now serving three years in Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N.Y., in addition to the fine of $500. He has engaged Counsellor Hull, Fort Edward, N.Y., to carry the case to the Court of Appeal, and is confident that he will secure his release. A warrant is waiting for Butler should he return to Belleville."

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

A WISE KING.

—:o:—

Solomon said there was a time to mourn and a time to rejoice; a time to work and a time to play. We don't envy the man who sees nothing in the distance but money and death; wishes for no holidays nor takes any. We hope his ending may be peaceful. We are taking our holidays, alternately, at Crow Lake, with all the change and rest it means. Rejoicing over our successful summer trade, and hopeful of the large trade this fall, we expect to do, we are piling the Goods in now, Splendid inducements, great bargains are being offered in Summer Stocks.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

22 LBS. of good Sugar for $1.00.

JUST RECEIVED, a New Line of **25c. TEA.** Best value in town, at

ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, Watermelons, PEACHES, PEARS, PLUMS, TOMATOES FRESH EVERY WEEK, AT

FRUIT JARS!

We have just received our third shipment of Ten Cases. We are bound to supply you.

For the best value in all kinds of Crockery, go to

G. L. SCOTT'S,

STIRLING.

REPAIRS!

—:o:—

Those wanting repairs for the Massey-Harris Co'y. Machines, or Sawyer & Massey Threshers, will kindly leave their orders at once, as anything I have to send for to come by express, purchasers will have to pay all costs.

REPAIRS CASH.

E. F. PARKER.

STAPLE GOODS!

—:o:—

Buying these Goods on the best CASH TERMS, independent evidence goes to show that we sell them at least ten per cent. cheaper than the average dealer.

Grey Cottons.	Denim.
White Cottons.	Cottonade.
Flannelettes.	Ticking.
Flannels.	Pillow Cotton.
Ginghams.	Sheeting.
Check Shirtings.	Towels.
Oxford Shirtings.	Towelling.

Table Linens, &c.

Our doors are wide open. We will be pleased to see you.

GEO. RITCHIE & CO.,

BELLEVILLE.

A District Convention.

The Sabbath School Association of Ontario has, within the past five years, developed a much more aggressive policy. Formerly it was satisfied with holding an annual convention, and that it has been able to do this for nearly thirty years shows how much these gatherings are appreciated. Now it aims at the establishment of new Sunday Schools by summer campaigns in sparsely settled parts of the province, and each year secures a number of volunteers—ministers and laymen—who devote their holidays during July, August and September to this work. Then, as the Provincial Convention cannot be attended by all, District Conventions are now held each year, several counties being grouped for this purpose. The latest phase of the Association's work is the mapping of the Province into district sub-committees; so that the members of the central executive committee residing within a certain radius, may meet for the purpose of conferring as to how in that radius the Association's work may the more effectively be done. The first meeting of "No. 3 Eastern Ontario"—the Counties of Frontenac, Lennox, Addington, Hastings and Prince Edward, with the cities of Kingston and Belleville—is to be held at Napanee, on Tuesday, 8th of August, at 2:30 p.m., and in the evening a public meeting will be held, to be addressed by well known, practical Sunday School workers.

Men's Odd Pants.

The pants belonging to a suit always wear out first. If you need a new pair to finish out the coat and vest, the Oak Hall, Belleville, always have a complete assortment. We are a strictly one price establishment, and men from outside towns may send mail orders with perfect safety, for any price pair of pants they wish. State color and give waist measure and length of leg.

The cases of Patrick Boyle and John Anderson, which have occupied the attention of Judges Lazier and Fraleck for nearly four days, were finally disposed of on Monday last. Boyle was charged with robbery from the person of D. Brown, hotel-keeper at Springbrook, at Marmora, on June 13th, the sum of $72. He was found guilty and allowed to go under suspended sentence if he took the pledge and abstained from drinking liquor one year. If during that time he is arrested and found guilty of any wrong doing he is liable to be brought up for sentence on the above charge. Boyle and Anderson were jointly charged with the robbery of $8 from the person of Simeon Styles at Springbrook on May 20th. They were also charged with breaking into the house of Styles on May 23rd and stealing therefrom a pocket book and a silver watch. On the same date it is alleged that they broke into Simeon Styles barn and stole a rig and harness The defence set up that the watch and rig were loaned to them by Styles and that they did not break into any premises. The accused were acquitted on all charges. W. P. McMahon and C. D. Macaulay ably conducted the case for the defence. Geo. E. Henderson represented the crown.—*Intelligencer.*

Black Lustre Coats.

Clerical men, and all those who like to wear black, and yet have something cool during this hot weather, should call at the Oak Hall, Belleville. We have black russel cord coats in three lengths, having had them especially made for our trade.

Will Bear Close Inspection.

Boys' clothing is now bought ready-made altogether. The Oak Hall, Belleville, have been making a specialty of this line for years. Every suit in our boys' clothing department is strongly made from first-class stock. More than that, they are very handsomely trimmed and are extremely low in cost.

The Northwest Legislature has been called to meet August 10.

The Rathbun company have discharged over one hundred of their employees at the Deseronto works.

One of the most curious of farms in the United States, and one of the most profitable, is a frog farm in Illinois. There seems to be a growing demand for frog-food over the border, and Canadians as well as their neighbors, aid in supplying it. Last year several hundred dollars' worth of frogs were sent from Ottawa to New York, and large quantities are shipped every year from Rice Lake packed in ice for the American market.

Neuralgia must go! "Harper's Arabian" Balm will stop the pain at once. At Parker's Drug Store.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" is the best Liniment, the largest Bottle and the smallest price, 25 cents at Parker's Drug Store.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by all Druggists.

Rheumatic sufferers look! "Harper's Arabian Balm" will give you speedy relief. Call at Parker's Drug Store and get a large bottle 25 cents.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swoollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" is the cure for Cuts, Wounds, Swellings, Toothache, Faceache, Lumbago. For Rheumatic pains has no equal. Will keep down Inflammation. At Parker's Drug Store.

Keep a bottle of Harper's Arabian Balm in the house The best Liniment. 25 cents.

All pains and aches must go. Harper's Arabian Balm cures.

Use Harper's Arabian Balm for caked bag in cows.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" cures sore shoulders, Saddle Galls, &c., on Horses.

Try Harper's Arabian Balm on your Bunions. You will get relief.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on July 28th, NETTIE L. LANCASTER, aged 6 months.

In Stirling, on July 29th, ELLEN ALCOMBRACK, wife of John W. Alcombrack, aged 47 years and 11 months.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 65c. to 68c.
Barley, 35 to 40c.
Rye, 40 to 50c.
Oats, 25c. to 28c.
Pease, large, 60c. to 65c.
Pease, small, 55c. to 58c.
Buckwheat, 35 to 42c.
Butter, 20 to 20c.
Eggs, 10c. to 11c.
Potatoes, per bag, 60 to 75c.
Pork, $7 to $8 per cwt.
Apples, per bag, 50 to 60c.
Lard, 15c. to 15c.
Chickens, per pair, 25c. to 40c.
Ducks, 8c. to 9c. per lb.
Geese, 6½c. per lb.

The News-Argus to Jan. 1, 35c.

OUR GREAT SALE!

Art Muslins, 8 and 10c. Sale price 5c.
Art Muslins, 15 and 18c. Sale price 10c.
Plaid Dress Goods, 18c. Sale price 5c.
Ladies' Straw Hats 50c. to $1.75. Sale price 20c.
Ladies' Hose, Stainless, 4 Pairs for 25c.
All Wool Tweeds, Heavy, for 30c.

NOTE.—You can buy your Dry Goods from 10 to 50 per cent. cheaper from us than you can from any other Store in Stirling.

Buy from the Store that has brought down the prices and that will keep them down. Think of what prices were before we came here, Thread at 5c. a Spool, and other things in proportion.

W. H. SMILLIE & CO.,

STIRLING.

Stirling Tin Shop.

H. & J. WARREN.

Cheese Vats, Milk Cans,

FACTORY FURNISHINGS,

-:TINWARE, STOVES,:-

Shelf Hardware,

-:Fence Wire, Nails, Shovels,:-

SPADES, FORKS, HOES,

Rakes, Paints, Oils, White Lead, Mixed Paint, Glass, Putty, Coal Oil and Machine Oil.

EAVETROUGHING, ROOFING,

Steam Fitting and General Jobbing done on shortest notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

H. & J. WARREN.

FROM 13 TO 9.

—:o:—

We are offering at 9c. per yard, about 1,000 yards of PRINT, which formerly sold for 11 to 13 cents per yard. Call early and secure your choice, as they are going off rapidly.

P. WELCH & CO.

Springbrook, May 23rd, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WALL PAPER IS OUR HOBBY

—:o:—

WE'VE received **50,000 ROLLS** of New Goods this Spring. These were ordered previous to the recent advance in the prices of Wall Paper, and you may depend upon receiving just such values as we have received through shrewd buying.

That our Papers are always choice and very cheap, any of the many who are constantly using our Wall Hangings will tell you.

That our Wall Paper Trade is the largest between Toronto and Montreal is an established fact, and we defy contradiction.

Our New Papers all have Borders to match. Our salesman, MR. CHARLES HENDERSON, formerly of New York, is an expert in Wall Paper, and will gladly offer you any suggestions you may wish.

If you cannot get to see our line, write us, and we'll be pleased to **send you samples.**

We will allow 10 per cent off the amount of your Wall Paper purchase to pay your expenses in visiting Belleville.

We refund cash for all papers returned.

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,

IMPORTER.

Books, Stationery, and Wall Papers. Wholesale and Retail.

DR. BENN'S MOTHER-WORT PILLS NATURE'S UNFAILING HELP.

AT ALL CRITICAL PERIODS AND CHANGE OF LIFE. Sold by all Druggists, or by mail price 50 cents, six boxes, $2.50. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

The News-Argus to Jan. 1, 35c.

HARDWARE!

PURE PARIS GREEN.

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SNATHS, CRADLES, BARLEY FORKS.
SCREEN WINDOWS AND DOORS.
HARVEST MITTS, MACHINE OIL.
COAL AND PINE TAR.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, AND MIXED PAINTS.
BINDER TWINE.

—.o:—

Plenty of PINE and CEDAR SHINGLES for sale.

—:o:—

To those building I would say that I will sell lower than Belleville or Trenton.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

A fresh supply of Canned Fruit from the Picton Canning Factory.

Calls, at all hours, punctually attended to.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

RIPANS TABULES

- A -

STANDARD AND PROVIDENTIAL FAMILY MEDICINE

THEY BANISH PAIN, THEY PROLONG LIFE

A Trial Bottle 15 Cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER

is the latest triumph in pharmacy for the cure of all the symptoms indicating KIDNEY AND LIVER Complaint. If you are troubled with Costiveness, Dizziness, Sour Stomach,

MEMBRAY'S

Headache, Indigestion, POOR APPETITE, TIRED FEELING, RHEUMATIC PAINS; Sleepless Nights, Melancholy Feeling, BACK ACHE, Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure

KIDNEY AND

will give immediate relief and EFFECT A CURE. Sold at all Drug Stores. Peterboro' Medicine Co., Limited, PETERBORO', ONT.

LIVER CURE

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT

LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1893. Vol. XIV, No. 48.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year,

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. J. MEIKLEJOHN, M.D., C.M.

OFFICE—THE HOUSE RECENTLY OCcupied by Dr. Faulkner, Front Street, Stirling.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:—Over Stickle's Store, Stirling.

C. D. MACAULAY.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., OFFICE, Bridge Street, Belleville, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, COMMISSIONER, &c., will be at his office over Boldrick's store, Stirling, on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

CHARLES BUTLER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. C. E. PARKER, R. S.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,

DENTIST

Trenton last half of every week. Will be at the Scott House, Stirling, from 9 a. m. Monday, until next morning. Complete facilities for all Dental work, with gold, &c.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling professionally, on the second and last Fridays of each month.

The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth. Rooms at Scott House.

Dr. Wm. S. Cook, V.D., V.S.,

Stirling, Ontario.

GRADUATE IN HIGHEST HONORS AT the Toronto Veterinary College. Graduate in highest honors at the Toronto Dental School. Registered member of the Veterinary Medical Society. Treats all diseases of the domesticated animals in the latest scientific and modern principles.

Dentistry, Castration, and Surgical Operations, a specialty.

All calls day or night, Telegraph or Telephone, promptly attended to.

Office opposite Lagrow's bakery and grocery. Consultation free. Charges low.

SALE AND LIVERY STABLES.

J. J. KNOWLES.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAS NOW A COMplete Stock of Watches, Clocks, Wedding Presents, Silverware, and everything desired in his line. Repairing done on shortest notice, and all work guaranteed. Next door to Jas. Boldrick & Son.

I am now selling B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles, and as I have received instructions from that gentleman, I am in a position to declare that I can fit any person in the shortest possible time, and in most instances with the first pair. This is no idle boast. Why buy of pedlars when your own local Jeweler can supply you for quarter the price and give satisfaction? I sell B. Laurance's Spectacles from 50cts. per pair and guarantee them for one year. Come and see them, and be satisfied that the sight of old age can be equal to the sight of youth by wearing these invaluable aids to vision. J. J. KNOWLES, Jeweler and Optician, Stirling

DR. HARTE'S

CELERY

IRON PILLS

NUTRATIVE, TONIC, NERVE RESTORING

Whatever enriches and purifies the blood, also tones up the system and fortifies it against the numerous dangers of malarial and contagious diseases so often fatal where the system is run down. If anyone feels concious of weakness use a box of Celery Iron Pills. Druggists and dealers, or mail. Price 50cts., or six for $2.50. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

THE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, nearly new, and large barn, with an acre and a quarter of land, on Church street, in the village of Stirling, known as the Ashley place. Terms easy. Apply to E. W. BROOKS, Glen Ross.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

To DEC. 31, 1893, for 35c.

PANTS **BOOMING!** **PANTS**

We are making a Clearing Sale of our PANTINGS for the remainder of this month, and are offering some Great Big Bargains in SCOTCH, ENGLISH and CANADIAN PANTINGS. See our Window. Your choice of $6.00 PANTS for $4.50, and we have some worth $7.50 for $6.00, &c. Don't fail to see them, as money saved is money earned. Come early and get your first choice at

FRED. T. WARD'S,

THE PEOPLE'S TAILOR AND FURNISHER.

OUR $7000 STOCK

OF NEW, BRIGHT, STYLISH AND SEASONABLE

BOOTS & SHOES

IS BOUND TO GO.

We bought cheap. We sell cheap.

Ladies' Fine Oxfords in all Colors, from 75c. up to $2.00.

Ladies' Button Boots from 75c. up to $3.50.

Ladies' Slips from 18c. to $1.00. These Slips are less than the wholesale price. They are going fast. Catch on to the Special Bargains.

Men's Plow Boots from 95c. up to $1.60.

5 per cent. discount for spot cash on all purchases over $1.

EGGS WANTED.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Come and see

our

SAILOR HATS!

C. F. STICKLE.

To the Farmers and Their Wives of Hastings County and Vicinity.

I want to insure your lives in a First Class Company. I want to insure you on a plan where you don't have to die to win—where you draw the money yourselves at the end of a certain time, or, it would be payable at death if it should happen sooner.

I want to give you something that you will thank me for a few years from now.

I want to give you something that will act as a BEACON LIGHT ahead of you, inducing you to live.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, you may think this a homespun Ad. of mine, but its my own language, and such as I use every day, so it comes honestly. Particulars given cheerfully by

J. G. DAVISON, Auctioneer,
S. ROUGHTON,
SPECIAL AGENTS.

S. BURROWS,
GENERAL AGENT.
OFFICE FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

STIRLING FOUNDRY.

The undersigned wishes to draw the attention of farmers to his stock of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS,

GANG PLOUGHS,

Double Moldboard Ploughs,

CORN CULTIVATORS

(with Hiller attachment).

LAND ROLLERS, 30 AND 36 inches,

FARM & SCHOOL BELLS,

ROAD -:- SCRAPERS,

REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS OF PLOUGHS.

REPAIRING AND GENERAL JOBBING

DONE ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Agent for the Celebrated Wilkinson Steel Plows and Sylvester Bros' Light Steel Binder, Mowers, Horse Rakes, Spring Tooth Harrows, Root Cutters, Patent Clothes Reels; also the Richmond Pea Harvesters,—can be attached to any Mowing Machine.

FOR SALE.—Nearly an acre of ground, with good young orchard thereon, situated in Stirling.

W. J. GRAHAM.

NOTICE.

A BUGGY HAVING BEEN LEFT IN MY Barn, on lot No. 8, north side of Front St., Stirling, notice is hereby given that the owner can have the same by proving property, paying for this advertisement and for storage on the same. A. GLASS.
Stirling, July 26, '93.

More Room.

As the trade of the Oak Hall, Belleville, increases so do their premises extend. They are now fitting up the 2nd story for a men's overcoat department. This firm have greatly increased their business during the last few years, which goes to show that customers appreciate the establishment that sell only good clothing.

Thoughts from Master Minds.

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.

Going gently about a thing won't hinder its being done.

I am always content with what happens, for God chooses better than I do.

We have nothing to do with our past, but to get a future out of it.

Science ever has been, and ever must be, the safeguard of religion.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

There is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly in two words—industry and frugality.

There is no such thing as chance, and what to us seems accident springs from the deepest source of destiny.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

There is only one greater folly than that of the fool who says in his heart there is no God; and that is the folly of those who say, with the heart that they do not know whether there is a God or not.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Hold fast to the Bible as the anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

Mackintosh Coats.

Nearly everything in the shape of a waterproof coat is called a Mackintosh. Why? Simply because they are celebrated makers. You never find this firm's name on a poor garment. The Oak Hall, Belleville secured a bargain lot of this line of coats. They are a genuine Mackintosh coat and you can buy one for $8.00, only the price of the poorest imitation.

Britain and Germany.

But, although there is no longer any danger of war from the foolish proclamation of an unlawful blockade, the moral consequences of the incident will be lasting and momentous. The eagerness of the French Government, which, in this respect, did but reflect the temper of the French people to do England an ill turn, has been unmistakably revealed, and a reciprocal feeling of distrust and animosity has been kindled in the English mind. On the other hand, the promptness with which Germany came forward to combine with England in curbing French insult and aggression, has done more than any other event which has occurred in 80 years to revive the friendliness of those epochs when the victories of Frederick the Great foreshadowed the British conquest of Canada, and when Englishmen and Prussians fought side by side at Waterloo.

Public sentiment is a tremendous force in a country like England, where the people practically rule. The day may come when France will find that the revolution in English feeling with regard to Germany, which is an outcome of the Siamese affair, in its possibilities of harm, far outweighs any gain of territory on the left bank of the Mekong.

The Behring Sea Case.

The report published last week that a decision had been reached in the Behring Sea arbitration is said to have been a little premature, though it is likely to be a correct forecast of the verdict of the tribunal. The arbitrators are still sitting in Paris with closed doors, and no part of their conclusions, if any, have been as yet announced with authority. August 14th is the date on which the award is expected. The points of the contest were as follows:

UNITED STATES CLAIMS.

1. Dominion and right to legislate against foreigners in two-thirds of the Behring Sea.
2. A right of property in wild animals which resort for a certain season of the year only to United States territory, derive no sustenance therefrom, and during the greater part of the year live many hundreds of miles away from that territory in the ocean.
3 The right to protect the alleged right of property by search, seizure and condemnation of the ships of other nations.
4. Failing the establishment of the right of property, the United States claims a right to protect the seals in the ocean, and to apply, in assertion of the right, the like sanctions of search, seizure and condemnation.
5. Failing these assertions of right, the United States claims that rules shall be framed in the interests of the United States alone, which shall exclude other nations from the pursuit of fur seals.

BRITISH CLAIMS.

1. Freedom of the seas for the benefit of all the world.
2. That rights of property and rights in relation to property, be confined within the limits consecrated by practice and founded on general expediency in the interests of mankind—the three mile limit.
3. That apart from agreement, no nation has the right to seize the vessels of another on the high seas in times of peace, for offences against property, excepting piracy.
4. & 5. That any regulations to be established should have just and equitable regard to all the interests concerned.

Tobacco Slavery.

Entering a gentleman's office one day, I found him smoking.

"Ah! Mr. Blank," I said, "what would you give to be free from your tobacco habit?"

He paused a moment, and then answered: "I would give every dollar I have in the world."

"Then, why do you not abondon it?"

"I cannot do it; the habit has so enslaved me that I cannot throw it off without more suffering than I am able to bear."

A schoolmate of mine from a distant city has been recently at my house for a week, and one day he told me that for fifteen years he had been a miserable bond-slave to the tobacco habit. Many times he had attempted to emancipate himself from its thraldom, but the agony he endured from the want of the cigar was so great that he could not persist. He was fully sensible of the folly of his way of life, of the degradation to which he subjected himself, and of the bad example he was setting before the young, and he longed to be free; but he could not endure the suffering which, for a time, would come from a reform. At last he said, he resolved that with divine help, which he earnestly invoked, he would be free, let come what might. The suffering he endured was indescribable; but he persisted and came out conqueror. Once, in a paroxysm of agony, his hands were clasped together spasmodically, and there came out blood under the finger-nails which had penetrated the skin. After the struggle was over, and he had succeeded in emancipating himself, his joy at his deliverance was very great. There was not money enough, he said, in the Bank of England, which, if offered to him, would induce him to go back again to his former way of life.

Young man, you say you can stop any time you please. Stop now, before you reach the degree of slavery and suffering which this man reached.

Young lad, you see what is before you if you take up the tobacco habit. Choose now—will you be a slave or a free man?

Stay in the Country.

Rev. Thos. Dixon, jun., of New York in a recent sermon, spoke as follows regarding the rush from the country into the city.

There is a poverty that is respectable. There is a poverty that is the mother of greatness. It is not of this poverty that I speak to day. The cradles of the poor have been those that have rocked the greatest men of the earth. But by this we mean a decent poverty in which there has been coarse food and coarse clothing and yet food enough to keep hunger from the door, clothes enough to keep the cold from the body. Poverty that means hunger and cold and nakedness and rags is a curse and only a curse. It is this shadow that falls across the streets of the city as nowhere else on the earth to-day. There are poor people in the country, but they are millionaires in all that constitutes a life as compared with the poor of the city.

It is a continuous amazement to me that people should leave the country and crowd into the city, the city which Carlyle graphically described, "The great foul city rattling, crawling, smoking, stinking, a ghastly heat of fermented brick work, pouring out poison at every pore." And yet they come in tens, in hundreds, in thousand, in tens of thousands every year, crowding the already crowded trades, crowding the already crowded dens in which human beings live like beasts. They leave clear skies. They leave pure air. They leave kindly friends, sympathetic neighbors. They leave earth, in other words, for hell, and still they come.

Could not some kind angel whisper to them when they make up their minds to leave the old country home that they are taking their departure from earth and hope and descending to the lower regions? The only possible explanation is that they are ignorant. They do not know the city. They do not know what it is. They do not understand until it is too late to retrace their steps. It is simply impossible with language to adequately convey to the average mind the facts in the condition of the life of the thousands who live in our cities. Their poverty is indescribable; their wretchedness something unthinkable.

News Notes.

A farmer in Essex county has threshed 480 bushels of wheat from twelve acres.

Mr. Gladstone has announced that there will be an autumn session of Parliament.

Reports show that on the whole the crops in Quebec this year are better than last year.

The southern counties of England are reported to be suffering from a terrible plague of wasps.

The 7th Fusiliers team of London, has won the championship in the military rifle league matches.

Canada's fishery exhibit at the World's Fair is said to be among the finest, rivalling even that of Norway.

The export shipments of grain from Montreal so far this year are said to have been the heaviest on record.

At Buffalo last week the California mare Hulda trotted a mile in 2.08¼, the fastest ever recorded in a race.

There have been 6,666 deaths from cholera in Mecca and 2,318 in Jedda since the present epidemic broke out.

The Russian Government is closing all schools in the south of Russia on account of the prevalence of cholera.

It is reported there are 100,000 men out of work in New York city, including both union and non-union men.

By the sinking of a steamer in Lake George at Pearl Point, N.Y., on Thursday night of last week, nine lives were lost.

A Pennsylvania man is prospecting for coal at Kettle Point, Ont. He is looking around for capital with which to sink a shaft.

Saigon papers say that during the encounters with the French on the Mekong River on July 20, 300 Siamese were killed, while the French losses were slight.

Just before leaving London for a holiday on Friday, Lord Rosebery said;—"We were nearer a war with France a week ago to day than at any time since Waterloo.

Three people were killed outright and fully 25 more or less injured by a railway wreck on the Lake Shore Railroad eight miles west of Fremont, O., on Saturday.

The steamship Straits of Gibraltar, from Glasgow for Montreal with coal, has been wrecked by running aground in the Straits of Belle Isle. A passing vessel saved the crew.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says that the crop in the Northwestern States will be about three-fourths of an average. In Manitoba the crops promise to be exceptionally good.

A serious wrangle occurred at Saturday's meeting of the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Fair. Shrieks, hisses, disagreeable remarks and wild confusion were the order of the day.

A wave of very hot weather prevailed over the Northwest the latter part of last week. On Saturday the thermometer registered at Swift Current, 108°; Medicine Hat, 104°, and Battleford 102°.

The New York Central railway has given notice that the time of labor of all machinists, car repairers, and yard men will be reduced three hours a day with a corresponding reduction in wages.

A Woodstock jewellery store was robbed of 24 gold watches in broad daylight last Friday. The proprietor stepped out of the back door for a moment, and when he returned the watches had disappeared.

The Lancet, the English medical weekly, announces that cholera has been epidemic at Marseilles for the last three months. During the last four weeks there have been 826 deaths from cholera throughout France.

London cables to New York papers say that British day (August 19) will not be celebrated at the World's Fair after all. It is hinted that owing to the presence of 400,000 Irish people in Chicago, there is a fear that the British flag might be insulted.

A delegation of 17 farmers from the state of Maine, who have been examining Manitoba and the Northwest have all taken up farms and are now returning for their families. They are confident that when they make a report to those who sent them there as delegates there will be an exodus of Maine farmers to Manitoba and the Northwest.

The reduction of the rate of postage to Newfoundland from five to three cents is one of those things which should have been done long ago. It is absurd to send a letter to Texas for 3 cents and yet to ask 2 cents more to an island lying right in the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The next reform should be a reduction in the rate of postage to Britain.

The directors of the World's Fair have been fined $1,000 apiece for contempt of court in closing the gates of the fair on Sunday, July 23, in violation of an injunction of the Supreme Court ordering the gates to remain open. In consequence of this decision the gates of the fair have since remained open on Sunday, though the buildings were closed, and the attendance has been very small.

The United States Congress assembled on Monday last. The President's message was not delivered until Tuesday. It deals almost entirely with the silver question, and advises the repeal of the act by which the government is compelled to purchase a large quantity of silver each month. The President says that gold and silver must part company, and that Congress should cease the attempt to maintain the two, gold and silver, on a parity with each other.

The Department of Agriculture at the World's Fair have announced the decision in the Columbian cheese test. This test was one of the most complete and most carefully conducted, and most thorough that has ever been made. The Jerseys, Guernseys and Shorthorns competed, each with 25 cows. The result is as follow:—Milk in 15 days by Jersey, 13,290 pounds; Guernsey, 10,938 pounds; Shorthorned, 12,186 pounds. Cheese made in 15 days, by Jersey, 1,451 pounds; Guernsey, 1,130 pounds; Shorthorned, 1,077 pounds. Value of cheese by Jersey, $193.98; Guernsey, $135 92; Shorthorned, $140.14. The award for the best bred cow was given to the Jersey. Of the cows Ida Merigold, owned by C. A. Sweet of Buffalo, N.Y., received the first prize.

The financial stringency, and dulness of trade in the United States is still increasing, and the many thousands now unemployed cause great apprehensions as to the future. A late despatch from Chicago says there are at least 50,000 unemployed men in the city now, and the number is being added to every day. Of this number 25,000 are skilled mechanics, and the others are laborers, clerks and employees in various capacities who cannot be put under the head of the professions or skilled labor. Men are being laid off by the hundreds every day, and by Nov. 1, unless there is an improvement, the number of idle men will reach 75,000. Of the thousands of unemployed coming in from the West, but few stay here. In Cincinnati there are at least 5,000 idle. In and around Pittsburg it is estimated there are at least 50,000 unemployed. In Philadelphia and other large cities the same tale is told. In Buffalo 10,000 men are idle. In the western states the situation is fully worse.

Clerical Coats.

The proper light weight coat for a clergyman during the warm weather is a nice russel cord made half length or full length. The Oak Hall, Belleville, have these lines made especially. The long ones are $3.00, medium $2.50, ordinary sack $2 00, and $1.50. We also have vests to match.

County and District Items.

Grasshoppers are doing damage in the neighborhood of Belleville.

Diphtheria is said to be prevalent in the back townships of Renfrew county.

The Kingston penitentiary contains 472 prisoners, the smallest number for years.

The bean crop of Kent County has been almost completely ruined by excessive drought.

About 200 farmers from Addington and Frontenac visited the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, last week.

The drouth has been so severe and long-continued in Prince Edward County that crops said to be almost a failure.

There is to be an excursion to Kingston and the Thousand Islands, under the auspices of Madoc Lodge, I.O.O.F., on August 24.

A son of Mr. W. Wilson of Seymour, died suddenly on Sunday evening of last week while milking a cow. He was about 14 years of age.

Rev. Father Casey, R. C. priest at Campbellford, has made arrangements for an excursion to St. Anne DeBeaupre, Quebec, on the 21st of August.

At Kingston, one day last week a game cock flew at a little boy in the upper end of the city and cut his face terribly. The lad will be disfigured for life.

Mr. T. Farnham, county superintendent of gravel roads and bridges, died at his home in Canifton on Saturday night last after a brief illness. He was 73 years of age.

The Conservatives of Belleville and district are arranging for a grand demonstration in honor of Mr. H. Corby, M.P., at which Sir John Thompson is expected to be present.

Mr. Harvey Redden, a farmer who lived on lot 23 in the 14th con. of Seymour, was found dead in his bed one morning lately. He was 56 years of age, and an old resident of the township.

A sad accident occurred on the farm of Jeremiah Kemp, Consecon, where Mrs. Ira Peck was visiting with her two-year-old daughter. A pail of whey was left in the yard, and the little girl fell in and was suffocated.

At the adjourned meeting of the Conservative convention of Prince Edward county on Saturday Mr. James Gibson, Reeve of Athol, was nominated candidate of the party at the next election for the Ontario Legislature.

Miss Jessie K. Munro, daughter of George Munroe, of Peterboro', who spent the past five years in Japan as a missionary, under the auspices of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist church, has returned home on a year's furlough.

On Saturday afternoon at Lakefield, the barns belonging to Fred Roseborough, living in the 11th concession Smith, was struck by lightning. The contents, consisting of hay, wheat, and rye, the product of 50 acres, together with the barns were totally destroyed.

Wm. Bass, carpenter, of Belleville, while riding on a load of lumber in Tyendinaga, on Friday evening, fell off, striking on his head and shoulders. Paralysis set in at once, and he was removed to the hospital on Saturday. He has little or no use of his legs and lower part of the body.

Mr. Alexander Chisholm, of New York, formerly of Belleville, lately bought a lithograph stone quarry in Marmora township, which he is developing on a large scale. He has also purchased the Lingham gold mine in Belmont township and is preparing to make further developments in Marmora.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Geo. Tennyson, a farmer residing near Bird's Creek, took out his rifle along with his fishing tackle for the purpose of enjoying a little sport in whatever game might turn up. He had not been long away from his house when the report of a gun was heard; but little notice was taken of it at the time, but as he did not make his appearance in the evening about the time expected, search was made for him, and at a late hour he was found, apparently having been about to cross a stream on a log, shot through the vital part of the body and quite dead. Without doubt the sad event was quite accidental.

Rev. S. McCauley, Methodist minister of Thomasburg circuit, was driving on Friday, in the vicinity of that village, when he met a man of unsound mind named Wm. Noble Prentiss. The madman took possession of the rig and attacked the minister, whom he pursued and lashed with a whip over the head and shoulders as he ran. The lunatic, who said he wanted the rig to drive to England was overpowered by parties who saw the affair and brought to Belleville. Saturday morning he was taken before Mr. Flint, P.M., and committed to jail. Prentiss is 32 years of age and has of late shown violence towards several persons.

A terrible accident occurred about three o'clock Sunday afternoon by which Evelyn, the three-year old daughter of W. Flint Jones, Belleville, lost her life. The *Intelligencer* says:—The little child had climbed upon a chair and taking some matches from a mantel was playing with them when her clothing became ignited and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The child seeming to realize her terrible situation, rushed out on the veranhah, her agonizing screams being heard by Mr. P. C. Jones, who lives on the opposite side of the street on the corner of Queen and George streets. Mr. Jones leaped through an open window, and, tearing his coat from him as he ran, wrapped it about the infant, and taking up the child, attempted to smother the flames. The little victim was badly burned, but it was not thought her injuries were of so serious a nature until Dr. Clinton and Dr. Gibson arrived and expressed a doubt as to her recovery. The mother of the child, who was stopping at the Park, was hastily summoned. The little sufferer died at one o'clock Monday morning.

Wheat harvesting has begun in several parts of Manitoba.

Probably the finest cut of timber ever made in Canadian forests has just come down the Gatineau river to Ottawa, to be sawed at the large new mill built this spring by Gilmour & Hughson. The drive consists of thirty thousand logs cut on the Gilmour & Hughson limit, on the Gatineau, two hundred miles above Ottawa. These logs average sixteen feet in length and from three to four feet in diameter, the majority being not less than 44 inches in diameter. The average log of this drive, in short, contains a quantity of timber equal to that in five and a half standard logs, the standard lumbermen's log being 12 feet long and 21 inches diameter at the top. These enormous Gatineau logs are yellow pine, the very finest timber in the forests and when sawed will give on the average each 1300 to 1400 feet or from $30 to $40 worth of lumber. The size of the logs rendered necessary the manufacture of special cant dogs (the iron grips used by the lumberman on the river) as the regulation size could not open wide enough to handle the giants.

A Substitute for the Seashore.

A sort of sick-at-the-stomach feeling has been experienced by many of our citizens during the past week in town, the result, the doctors say, of the recent rapid changes of temperature from excessive heat to very cool weather. A very good thing to overcome this sick-at-the-stomach or bilious feeling is to be found in Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure—a few doses at a time being sufficient to regulate the disturbed condition of the liver.

The plebescite vote on prohibition to be taken at the next municipal elections is to be taken at the expense of the municipalities. This will doubtless be the means of preventing many elections by acclamation, as there will be little object to do so, so far as the expense is concerned, as there must be an election in any event.

New York *World*: "Statistics obtained from 57 trades in New York city show that 46,177 men are out of employment in these trades alone. These figures represent only a part and not the full extent of the trouble which has come to the working classes in consequence of the financial depression." It is not pleasant to think of what next winter will be in the great American centres.

A despatch from Crookston, Minn., says: The army worm has been at work on the grain fields of Polk, Kilborn and Marshall counties for the past ten days. Hundreds of acres have been wholly ruined by the pest and in others the yield will not exceed five bushels per acre. Wheat, which at the beginning of the week looked good for at least fifteen bushels per acre, is, in many instances, in such bad shape that it is not worth harvesting. At Stephen, this county, 100,000 bushels have been destroyed.

In many senses, Toronto is Ontario, and in the struggle of Christian Toronto to maintain its Christian Sabbath against the onslaughts of Mammon the whole of Ontario feels a keen interest. It has been at once the boast and honor of Canadians the land over that in their borders the Sabbath has been preserved for man, and that by its restful benefits man has been preserved for his weekly toil. He who ordained that man should rest completely one day in seven was infinitely wiser than those who are making such an effort to do away with all restraints as to the observance of the Sabbath. It is hoped that the vote on the 26th inst. will teach the would-be Sabbath breakers such a lesson as will settle the matter for years to come.

CARD OF THANKS.

TO THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO., TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—Permit me to acknowledge, with thanks, through your Agent, Mr. S. G. Faulkner, of Peterboro', receipt of your cheque for $2000.00, being the full amount of Policy No. 10964, held by my late husband, Hiram Conley.

Such prompt and honorable dealing is certainly worthy of special notice, and I take great pleasure in strongly recommending The North American Life to those desiring good Insurance.

Signed MARY E. CONLEY, Administratrix.

Stirling, August 4th, '93.

VOTERS' LIST, 1893.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE

TOWNSHIP OF RAWDON,

COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of *The Ontario Voters' Lists Act*, 1889, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to the Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Springbrook, on the 5th day of August, 1893, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 5th day of August, 1893.

G. D. WIGGINS, Clerk of the Municipality of the Township of Rawdon.

Fox & Wickett!

A fine display of BOOTS & SHOES at the Cheap Cash Store in the Conley Block. We have just added some new lines which are attracting a great deal of attention.

In staple Boots & Shoes we ask every buyer to hang onto their $ until they have seen our Men's Oxford Shoes, solid, and at a rock bottom price.

Business is booming in our Dress Goods and Prints. We will be at all times pleased to show you our desirable lines, and quote our big reduction in Prints. A nice line at 5c. per yd. Sateens going from 12½ up.

We procure Groceries from first hands, hence our Stock is always fresh, and prices very low.

Especial facilities are possessed by us for placing the best quality in our various lines at the disposal of our patrons at lowest prices. Therefore close and careful buyers should avail themselves of the opportunity we offer to secure bargains.

FOX & WICKETT.

EXPLORER MACKENZIE.

Hundredth Anniversary of His Overland Journey.

...to be Remembered and Commemorated—Details of the Exploit—Mackenzie and Other Adventurous Explorers—It is Suggested That Historical Paintings Should Tell the Story to Future Years—The Explorers Received Scant Reward.

One hundred years ago, (July 22, 1793), that tireless traveller and intrepid explorer, Alexander Mackenzie (afterwards Sir Alexander), completed the first overland journey north of the Gulf of Mexico, made by any European, to the Pacific ocean. Hearne, acting for the Hudson's Bay Company, had in 1771, traced the Coppermine river to its mouth on the Arctic ocean. Then the North-West Fur Company (1783) came into existence, Montreal being its business centre. That historic district had contributed scores of chivalrous explorers before; but none more devoted, more patriotic, more indefatigable, than Alexander Mackenzie. In the preface to his "Journal of a Voyage Through the North-West Continent of America" (published in 1801) Mackenzie says:—"I was led at an early period of my life, by commercial views, to the country north-west of Lake Superior, in North America, and being endowed by nature with an inquisitive mind and enterprising spirit, possessing also a constitution and frame of body equal to the most arduous undertakings, and being familiar with toilsome exertions in the prosecution of mercantile pursuits, I not only contemplated the practicability of penetrating across the continent of America, but was confident in the qualifications, as I was animated by the desire to undertake the perilous enterprise."

On the 9th of May, 1793, Mackenzie, having left Montreal and arrived at Fort Chipewyan the preceding October, proceeded on his Western expedition, following the Peace river, and reaching one of its branches, the Findlay; ultimately embarking on the Tatouche (now Fraser) river, believing it to be the main body, or a branch of the great Columbia. Advised by various Indian tribes that

THE RUSHING WATERS,

cataracts, and gorges were not only perilous, but rendered navigation an impossibility, he eventually retraced a portion of his route, and sixteen days afterwards, reached what he termed "the cheek of Vancouver's Cascade canal"—north-west from Bentinck Arm. The journey from Fort Chipewyan to the Cascade canal or Cascade Inlet, as it appears on recent charts, was accomplished in about eleven weeks, phenomenal progress considering the terrible hardships endured, and the almost insurmountable difficulties overcome. The chronicler says:—

We had no sooner landed than we took possession of a rock, where there was not space for more than twice our number, and which admitted of our defending ourselves with advantage, in case we should be attacked. The people in the first canoes (referring to Indian visitors) were the most troublesome, but after doing their utmost to irritate us, they went away. They were, however, no sooner gone than a hat, a handkerchief and several other articles were missing." Then a second boat arrived "with seven stout, well looking men." Their English vocabulary was limited to the monosyllable "no," chiefly employed in refusing to dispose of otter and goat skins at anything like a reasonable price. The Indians of that day took what did not belong to them, also demanded exorbitant prices for their wares. Can it be possible that eventually they bequeathed to the whites some modicum of their rapacity? Be that as it may, Mackenzie did not tamely submit to the depletion of what, at best, was a primeval, certainly a limited, wardrobe, and despite the fact that the recent arrivals made advance towards something approaching the affectionate, he kept them at arm's length. They, however, volunteered the information that "Macubah" (Vancouver) had been there, "and left his ship behind a point of land in the channel, south-west of them." Mackenzie grimly chronicles, "The natives having left us. . . . I directed the people to keep watch by two, in turn, and laid myself down in my cloak." The morning of the 22nd of July, 1793, was bright and beautiful; then and there, the man who had a few years before given his name to what is now an historic Northern river, stamped the sign-manual of British prowess on the shores of the great Pacific ocean. He thus records the event:—

"I now mixed up some vermillion in melted grease, and inscribed in large characters, on the south-east face of the rock on which we had slept last night, this brief memorial:—"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

In no degree enamoured of the peculiar denizens of this region, Sir Alexander, with caution not altogether foreign to the Scottish nature, decided that proximity to this particular Indian settlement would neither be conducive to health nor yet beneficial, from an economic standpoint; he accordingly directed the boats to proceed north-east three miles, landing at a point presenting a safe scientific frontier, should

ANY MARAUDING EXPEDITION

take place during the night. The natives, however, appeared quite willing to steal, but not so anxious to die, hence no attack took place, the adventurers proceeding on their return trip. The next day they reached what is known as "Mackenzie's Outlet" on the Salmon river. A guide who deserted evidently aimed at leading the explorer into an ambuscade, within a mile of what, by a stretch of imagination, might be termed a village. Suddenly he was surprised by two men running towards him "with daggers in their hands and fury in their aspect." He naively adds: "from their hostile appearance, I could not doubt of their purpose." Certainly, this was a reasonable preposition, and quite in keeping with an intelligent diagnosis of the situation. Mackenzie presented his gun. Then followed what proved to be mere pantomime, but might readily have been solemn tragedy; the Indians dropped their daggers, the white man let his gun fall into his left hand, drawing his hanger, and the opposing forces approaching one another. "One of them," says Mackenzie, "contrived to get behind me and grasped me in his arms. I soon disengaged myself from him, and why he did not avail himself of the opportunity which he had of plunging his dagger into me, I cannot conjecture. They certainly might have overpowered me, and though I should probably have killed one or two of them, I must have fallen at last." At this juncture reinforcements arrived from the exploring boats, and a "stampede" on the part of the redskins followed. The blood of the irate Scotchman was by this time bubbling and steaming in his veins; so he tells us, "I therefore told my men to prim their pieces afresh for an active use of them, if the occasion should require it." He then advanced towards the village and "made signs for someone to come down." Eventually, a Plenipotentiary Extraordinary, more dirty than diplomatic, appeared, explaining that some evil genius had circulated a story to the effect that the travellers, shortly before, had murdered four of the tribe whom they met on the bay, Mackenzie denied this, produced proof—more of the musket order than simple verbal testimony—and seeing his advantage, threatened to renew hostilities unless his linen and other pilfered articles were restored, together with a reasonable amount of dried fish. Reconciliation followed, the purloined articles were returned, some purchases of salmon, and canoe poles made, and the adventurer mildly intimates that he named the place "Rascal's Village." On Saturday, the 24th of August, the expedition reached the fort, on its return voyage. "As we rounded the point," writes Mackenzie, and came in view of Fort Chipewyan, we threw out our flag, accompanied with a general discharge of our firearms, while the men were in such spirits, and made such active use of their paddles that we arrived before the 2 men, whom we left here in the spring could recover their senses to answer us. Thus we landed at four in the afternoon, at the place which we left on the 9th of May. . . . . I received the reward of my labors, for they were crowned with success!"

This then, in brief, is the plain story of a great man's victory over obstacles seemingly insurmountable, the story too of an event fraught with tremendous consequences to

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

for the Dominion of Canada claims sovereignty over the greater portion of the American Continent, two oceans are connected by iron bands, and Great Britain controls the shortest and safest route to her possessions in the East. One intrepid spirit, inspiring these whom he directed, accomplished marvellous work, and to-day is the centenary of his masterful combat with and splendid victory over the combined forces of nature and the savage elements owning her sovereignty. To chronicle this historic journey with all its graphic incidents; to paint the picture of brave men struggling to assert man's supremacy; to describe hairbreadth escapes from flood, and hand-to-hand encounters with suspicious savages, is not the design of his brief record; suffice to show that perils were successfully encountered, obstacles surmounted, difficulties overcome. Across snow-packed, tree-strewn gorges; widely-gaping crevasses; through swollen streams and cataracts, roaring above rocky beds; through canyons where human life had never before pulsated; beneath crashing boulders and along ledges seemingly suspended in midair; forcing a pathway through trackless mazes of dense forests, these crusaders accomplished for the greater protion of the American continent that which entitles them to the love, the respect, the admiration of the present generation. Truly, there were giants in the earth in those days; a marvellous race of men; faithful unto death, to that which duty dictates; a galaxy of memorable characters, a group of Titans who feared naught save failure. Not alone Alexander Mackenzie; long ere his time, by land, and sea, and river, hardy pioneers had found a labour of love in the wilds of Lakes Huron, Ontario, and Superior. The French pioneers under Champlain had ascended the Ottawa; Fathers Raymbault and Joques had (1640) penetrated the north shore of Lake Superior and reached Sault Ste. Marie; Albanel had (1671) accomplished an overland expedition from Quebec to Hudson Bay, and Noyon visited the Lake of the Woods; LaVendrye (1731-39) had reached the Saskatchewan, and his son, Chevalier LaVendrye, had penetrated within the Rocky Mountain zone; LaSalle had pierced the interior of America to die by

THE HANDS OF ASSASSINS,

and the pious Friar Ribourde (1680), breviary in hand, had fallen beneath the war clubs of savages, for whose salvation he had surrendered courtly honours and preferments. It was ordained, however, that Alexander Mackenize should become famous in Western annals, rendering services to civilization far in advance of any other individual explorer. He brought a new world into existence, opened a new field, inspired a school of hardy enthusiasts, and, ere he passed to his long home, realized in a spirit of humility, yet with justifiable pride, that he had accomplished something worthy, something beneficial, something ennobling, something which would entitle him to the love and respect of future generations.

One can well imagine the interest awakened in the mind of Alexander Mackenize, as Simon Fraser, fifteen years afterwards (1808), arrived at Fort George, and was advised by the Indians to turn back or perish—the very point where Mackenize decided to retrace his steps, and thus reach the coast by another and shorter route. To read Senator Masson's quotations from Fraser's "Journal" in "Le Bourgeois de la Compagnie de Nord-Ouest," the appalling dangers are immediately realized; narrow canyons, steep precipices, contracting the roaring waters, "turbulent, noisy, and awful to behold," within a span of thirty feet, rapids, cascades, intercepting rocks—then portaging heavy loads, packs, canoes, crossing ravines, passing along the declivity of mountains, all combined to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. "Spuzzum" was reached, where now (1893) stands the Canadian Pacific railway station a few miles east of Yale.

Little did Simon Fraser dream as he gazed at the scene, that there were those living who would witness the opening of a great transcontinental railway through this weird and apparently impassable country: that against the face of the rocks, 150 feet above the boisterous river, rails would be laid and trestles brought into requisition, and the roar of the locomotive heard amid the crags and gorges and peaks of these terribly impressive wilds. Poor Fraser; he did his work well, and starved for it.

Then, too, David Thompson, after whom another great river is named; he should not be forgotten, for these men, Mackenzie Fraser, and Thompson, are one in historical importance. Thompson, in 1800, made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the coast, by way of a pass supposed to that since utilized by the Canadian Pacific railway. He was, however, not equal to the task of fighting hordes of Indians, so returned. In 1807, however, he went in the southerly direction, entered Howe's pass, and reached the Columbia and Kootenay lake. Needless to say,

THE SUFFERINGS OF THOMPSON

and his men are described as terrible. A long line of explorers followed, Gabrielle Franchere, Ross Cox, Alexander Henry, D. W. Harman, John McLeod, Sir George Simpson, Alexander Ross, and hosts of others, each contributed something to the stock of information already furnished.

A son of John McLeod, Malcolm, at present resides in Ottawa; his father rendered great service to the country, being an intrepid explorer and a very able man. Mr. Malcolm McLeod was an earnest advocate of the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, writing under the nom de plume of 'Brittanicus.' He is universally respected, but being reduced in circumstances, is consequently without friends. Talk about "Republics" being ungrateful! Savage or civilized, monarchical or despotic, governments, like individuals, too frequently forget to reward according to merit. Then came the railway explorations, the visit of Sir Hector Langevin, the expedition of Mr. Sandford Fleming (appointed chief engineer of the railway, 1872,) the expedition of Adjutant-General Ross, the tour made by General Sir W. F. Butler, the perilous trip made by Jarvis and Hannington, engineers, in 1874, and the various journeyings of Lord Dufferin (1876-'77), the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise (1881-1882), the expedition of Mr. Marcus Smith in connection with surveys (1877), Mr. W. C. VanHorne (1884), Sir Charles Tupper (1885), and Lord Lansdowne (1885). Since then millions of passengers have "crossed the Rockies," perhaps without a thought of Alexander Mackenzie; perhaps without having heard of Simon Fraser, or dreamed that such a splendid character as David Thompson ever existed. It matters little to the dead; but what a commentary upon the living! Mackenzie made Montreal famous; his very name reflected

INCREASED SPLENDOR

upon her commerce, her industries, her business energy; it did more, for the Dominion of Canada profited by his indifatigable labour, and to-day points proudly to a great national work, which, without the Mackenzies, the Thompsons, and the Frasers, would be but an empty dream. Mackenzie was honoured with a knighthood; Fraser was offered one, but declined it because he was starving to death; honours were cheap, bread dear. Thompson, too, was allowed to go to his grave a pauper, and to-day no monument, no historic painting, nor national testimonial commemorates the chivalrous devotion of three great explorers to a country which has become one of the richest and most promising portions of British North America.

A chronicler sadly says: "Simon Fraser died at St. Andrews, above Montreal, at the age of 80, and leaving no provision for his family." And of David Thompson, "He lived to be 87, dying at Longueuil, opposite Montreal, on February 16th, 1857, it is sad to write, in extreme poverty," Simon Fraser left relatives, and a small, very small pension is now allowed some of them.

Some months ago Mr. Sandford Fleming, C. M. G., whose admirable addresses have been listened to, and whose writings perused with pleasure by all interested in historic subjects appertaining to Canada, made a powerful appeal at the Canadian Institute, in Toronto, advocating "Canadian Historical Pictures," the learned gentleman especially referring to Sir Alexander Mackenzie's explorations, via Peace River to the Pacific coast. Apparently the appeal has been in vain. The last spike in the Pacific railway was driven in 1885; fortunes have been made and immense contributions given by scores of wealthy men towards various public institutions; but no sound of that which would make Canadians proud of their country, and anxious to emulate the deeds of early pioneers; no whisper that an historical institute is to be established and endowed; no announcement that public assistance will be given, and scenes transferred to canvas for preservation during generations to come.

CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

Good Time Only Had With Regular Winding and Occasional Cleaning.

"Not one person in a thousand takes proper care of a watch," said a watchmaker to a reporter. Good watches are ruined by the careless treatment they receive from their owners, and the makers are abused when they get out of order. The modern watch is a wonderfully intricate and delicate piece of mechanism. It is composed of 98 pieces, and over 2,000 operations are used in its manufacture. It takes 306,000 of the small screws which are used in its construction to weigh a pound. The hairspring is a strip of steel about 9½ inches long, is 1-1000 of an inch wide, and 27-10,000 of an inch thick. A 20-1,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes an hour. To keep the going of a watch as regular as possible it must be subjected to regular treatment—that is to say, it should be wound up at the same time of day, and during the time that it is not worn it should be laid or hung up regularly, according to habit, as the movement of every watch is more regular when it is hung up or laid down than when it is worn in the pocket. I always advise my customers to wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they retire, but also because a mainspring fully wound up in the morning will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it on one's person in the daytime.

"In watches having a double case that over the glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that if a watch is left open, even for one night, the glass will be covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually work its way into the works, even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. Nor should a watch ever be placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall, or, worse yet, on a still colder marble slab, and for that matter, a protective mat or wash leather cover is always desirable when a watch is not kept in the pocket. The capacity of a watch for keeping good time is very much governed by its construction, and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior make of machinery-made watches which are nowadays manufactured and sold for $10, $20, and $30 in such large numbers.

"The changes of oil, the variations in temperature, the diversity of humidity of atmosphere, all greatly affect the going of a watch. Indeed, it is only the most perfect watch which neutralizes the adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time, and even the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ship must be regulated according to tables which are kept to fix the variations to which all watches are liable.

"A watch should be cleaned regularly once a year. If this precaution is not taken in time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of the best closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. The best watch will be ruined in one or two months in this way, and will never keep such good time as before."

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN CANTON.

A Powder Magazine Blows Up—Hundreds of Victims.

Hong-Kong newspapers give details of a terrific powder explosion at the Government powder magazine at Canton on June 24, which killed many, injured over 300 people, and wrecked 400 houses. About 5 P. M. the inhabitants of the Sam Upli district, in which the magazine stands, were startled by a tremendous report, which was heard over a large area and was followed by an enormous volume of smoke, quite darkening the sky. Very quickly it was known far and wide that a terrible calamity had occurred, and although the extent has not yet been ascertained, it is feared that the loss is very serious.

Every village in the neighborhood was completely wrecked and in a village on the opposite side of the stream which divided it from the factory several hundred houses were shattered. The total number of houses destroyed is approximated at 400, and although no idea has been formed of the loss of life it must be considerable.

The catastrophe originated from a cookhouse near the magazine, which caught fire and rapidly spread to the powder house. On hearing the explosion the inhabitants rushed out in great alarm, and further proclaimed the disaster by the beating of gongs and drums urging the villagers to run into the fields for their lives. The mandarins were quickly informed, and troops were sent for. A number of Chinese doctors and one European were speedily on the scene of the explosion, rendering assistance to the wounded.

Whence do Snails Obtain Their Shells?

According to Professor Huxley, the shell of the snail is built up of successive excretions of membraneous laminæ, in which granules of carbonate of lime are deposited, these granules gradually increasing in size by the addition of fresh calcareous matter, which the snail derives mainly from the plants on which it feeds. Snails are never found on soils which produce no lime. The shell-forming organ of the snail is technically called the mantle, being the delicate membranous portion of its body beneath the shell. Where the mantle is united to the tough skin of the foot, it becomes greatly swollen and forms a sort of collar, the edge of which may be seen curling round the reflected "lip" of the shell when the snail is crawling along. The extension of the shell as its tenant grows is entirely effected by this swollen margin of the mantle, which carries the pigment cells, or glands, that secrete the coloring matter forming bands or patterns on the shell. The rest of the mantle is devoid of pigment glands, and merely deposits layers of shelly matter on the interior, thickening and strengthening the habitation. In the same way injuries to the shell are repaired. If only the mouth of the shell be broken, the fractured portion is restored with all its proper colours and markings by the collar of the mantle; but if a portion of the spiral be destroyed, the breach is closed by opaque colorless matter deposited by the other parts of the mantle. It is a singular fact that even the baby snail begins its work of building before it is hatched. Even when in the egg the little creatures are found to have formed a thin shell

HOUSEHOLD.

What Guest?

White is the wall, and white the floor,
And bright the hearth, and wide the door;
The chambers spotless, fair the beds,
With pillows soft for weary heads;
"Tell me, O woman wise and fair,
What guest comes in thy cheer to share?"

The table shines with silver store,
The pantry filled from roof to floor;
The linen draping fair and white
Where crystal glasses catch the light:
'What guest comes by this way? What guest
Within thy beauteous home shall rest?'

With tireless steps she goes her way,
Still ordering well from day to day
Her house, and making bright the shrine
Where evening's cheery hearth-fires shine;
Until there cometh to her door
A traveler, weak, and sad, and poor.

Not he the guest to please her eye;
She shuts the door—he passes by:
Yet, wistful, still his gaze he turned
Where bright the lovely home-lights burned.
Alas! no eyes had she to know
The Likeness 'neath his garb of woe!

But to her home there came at last
A guest with silent step, who passed
Through open door, through stately hall;
And waiting neither beck nor call,
He drew her from her cares to rest:
She went with him—her latest guest.

—[Violet Hastings.

A Little Patience.

When the children ask too many questions, or insist on knowing everything, do be patient. If they are awkward and hard to teach, be patient. They will learn everything and will not need to ask, all too soon. Remember that children are like travelers in a strange country, they thirst for knowledge about their surroundings, and you, who are a native of many years, should be courteous enough to be kind. When little fingers are awkward, or small brains slow to grasp the thing you wish to teach, remember that children are all left handed, so to speak. Think how you would have to try and try again before getting a thing right, if you were left-handed. Be patient with the children, for nothing is so restful in a quiet house as a noisy boy or girl; nothing is so ornamental in a prim, orderly mansion as a mischievous, busy fingered baby, and nothing so gay and merry in a troubled home as a sweet little child.

A Child's Playmates.

One of a mother's most difficult lessons is that she cannot keep her children under a glass case. Association with other children is inevitable: so is the good thus learned, so is the evil. A writer in the Jenness Miller Monthly says: It is hard for her, when wee Willie's vocabulary is enlarged by bad words which must be patiently untaught him; when next-to-the-youngest comes sobbing home because a playmate had insinuated that "mamma doesn't love him now that she has another baby;" when a struggle is foreshadowed by Nellie's giggling announcement that one of the neighbor's boys is her "beau;" when family law is defied because the children down the street do or don't have to do thus and so.

All this, and more, must be endured by the wise mother who realizes that her encompassing love can no more provide that they shall come out of daily contact with other children totally unharmed than that they shall pass through all life without scars on body, mind or soul. All she can do is to fortify them as best she can and send them out into the world to take the risk of the possible ill for the sake of the indispensable benefit.

For The Mothers.

It is paradoxically true that the way to make children appreciate their home is for them to leave it now and then. "It limbers out my mind," was the reason one little girl gave for her fondness for visiting around among her relatives, and she was right.

The model mother does not expect old heads on young shoulders; she mingles with her children and sympathizes with their plans, hopes, and fears. She opens up to her children the higher and more ennobling channels of thought; she gives them ideals from her own pure and lofty character.

A baby's mind is easily drawn from an object, and after telling it that it must not have a thing draw its attention to something else. Keep a child busy and it won't get into mischief. Never allow a child to have a thing you have refused it; but be careful in refusing it that you do it in such a way as not to arouse opposition and temper.

Sick headache is very apt to occur in school children from leaning forward over books, from imperfect digestion or from too little exercise in the open air, and not infrequently from a combination of these unhygienic conditions. A child who suffers from sick-headaches should be promptly relieved from such unwholesome influences.

As a toilet accessory borax is very useful, cleansing thoroughly the skin and hair. For this purpose dissolve one-half teaspoonful in a quart of water. It is also recommended for use in washing out a baby's mouth, keeping it fresh and sweet and preventing the infliction of a sore mouth. It is a perfect antiseptic and disinfectant, and mixed with glycerine or honey it is useful in throat diseases.

One wise woman, who crossed the continent with two children of six and eight, took a quantity of cardboard, a scissors and lead pencil, and while she cut the card board into small squares the little folks printed letters on them in large Roman caps, making a number of each letter. Then from these letters they formed words and sentences, and instead of annoying their fellow travelers, I saw a dignified dominie, a brave general and a sunny-faced prima donna all helping the little fellows to play a game of words.

Proper Form in Cards.

For husband and wife to have each a separate visiting card.

For a lady to leave her husband's cards and those of her sons and daughters in making the first call of the season.

For a lady to leave her husband's cards, as well as her own, after a dinner party.

For a lady to leave two cards in calling upon a mother with several grown-up daughters—one for the mother and one for the daughters.

When calling for the first time upon several ladies, who are not mothers and daughters, to leave a card for each.

For a lady, if admitted to make a call, to leave the cards of the gentlemen of her family on the hall table.

For a lady, if admitted to make a call, to leave her card on the hall table and send her name up by the servant.

For a lady to send up her card when calling upon a stranger.

To use the full name on a visiting card, as "Mrs. Joel Cotton Smith," "Miss Clara Howard Jameson."

For a lady to prefix "Mrs." or "Miss," as the case may be, to her name on a visiting card.

For a married lady to use her husband's full name or last name and initials.

For a gentleman, a married lady or a young lady who has been some time in society to have his or her address engraved on a visiting card.

For a young or single gentleman to put the name of his club on his card, rather than his own residence, if he prefers.

For a lady to have her reception day engraved in the left-hand corner of the card.

For residents in a small suburban town to put the name of it on their cards, in order to avoid confusion.

For the oldest single woman belonging to the oldest branch of a family to use "Miss Esmond" on her card, or for the oldest daughter of a younger branch to do so where there are no single women in the elder branch.

About the House.

Two large screws put into the wall some two inches apart makes a very good broom holder. Hang the broom, handle downwards. Nails may be used instead of screws.

A yard and a half square of coarse table linen will answer for a bread cloth. Keep a good supply of these in order that they may always be sweet and clean, and never use them for other purposes.

Most all house keepers use the half dozen made holders to take things out of the oven, but one house keeper thinks half an old apron hung at the side or tucked under the apron string is much more convenient than the ordinary holder and much more easy to keep clean and one does not care if it is covered on both sides with apple juice.

A notable housewife says of washing Monday: My own experience is that the house is up in arms after Sunday; nearly everything that is eatable has gone, as all good food goes. I take Monday for putting the house to rights and for mending. I mend every garment that needs it before it goes into the wash. You have no idea what a difference it makes in the wear of things. The rubbing and starching always enlarges a rent if one has started.

Whatever else you hoard, do not include in the list old medicine-bottles. The cost of these when perfectly new is trifling, and the futility of saving them against a possible errand to the chemist's is very apparent. Nor should tacks taken up when you remove carpets from the floor for the annual or semi-annual shaking be put aside for a second use. A new paper of tacks should be used whenever a carpet is relaid.

The destructive carpet moth and other predacious foes have greatly discouraged the practice of economizing by keeping perishable goods for that seven years' turning in which everything is supposed to become available for new uses. The *Country Gentleman* says ready-made clothing for men, women and children is threatening to abolish the once indispensable "piece-bag," and end those stores of scraps from which so many quilts, rugs and rag-carpets were evolved in patient continuity.

The Weekly Menu.

Corn Dodgers.—Mix a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt with a quart of granulated corn meal, and scald with boiling water until a paste is formed sufficiently stiff to retain its shape without spreading when placed upon the griddle. Mould with the hands into cakes three or four inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness, put a bit of butter about the size of a pea where each cake is to be placed upon the griddle, and as soon as melted lay the cake upon it. Fill the griddle in this manner with cakes, and when they are brown on the lower side place a small bit of butter on each of them, turn over, and gently press as close to the griddle as possible with a knife or cake paddle. After being turned on the griddle and browned nicely on both sides, the cakes can be transferred to a baking pan and finished in a hot oven, or if more convenient they can be baked entirely on a griddle or pan in the oven. Such dodgers can be baked in 30 or 40 minutes, but are sweeter and nicer when baked a longer time. The heat under the griddle or pan should be moderate so as not to scorch the dodgers, and they may be turned several times, if necessary, to brown them sufficiently.

Corn Fritters.—To one can of corn add one teacupful of sweet milk, two eggs, a half teacupful of salt, and flour, prepared with baking powder, enough to make a very stiff batter. Drop this batter by spoonfuls into boiling lard or drippings and fry the same as doughnuts.

Rusk.—Take of the bread sponge, when ready to form into loaves, about the size of a loaf and work into it half a cup sugar, half cup butter and two eggs; flavor with nutmeg. Let it rise several times, then mold into small biscuits and let it rise till fifteen minutes before supper, then bake. They should have about two to three hours for the last rising.

Lemon Jelly.—Soak one half box of gelatine in one cupful of cold water for an hour, or until it is dissolved. Add one cupful of sugar, stir it together and pour it into two cupfuls of boiling water and then add the juice of three lemons. Have the boiling water in a vessel on the back of the stove; let it boil after the gelatine is put in. After adding the lemon juice strain and pour into a mold and put it in a cold place till ready to use.

Tutti Frutti Cake.—Beat to a cream half a cup of fresh butter and two cups of powdered sugar, to which add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a cup of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of cold water, the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and last of all three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with an extra half cup of flour. Bake in jelly cake tins in a hot oven, being careful to have the tins well greased and slightly warmed before pouring the batter into them. When cold, spread between each layer of cake the following mixture: The well-beaten whites of two eggs, enough pulverized sugar to make a soft icing, a teaspoonful of vanila extract, half a cupful of the best raisins carefully stoned and chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of currants, well washed, dried and picked, and an equal quantity of orange marmalade. This quantity will make two good-sized layer cakes.

Casserole of Potatoes.—Form an oval pile of mashed potato on a dish, make a hole in the centre of the size desired; brush the surface with beaten egg, and set in the oven until nicely browned. Fill the hole with stewed tomatoes macaroni or with any kind of stew.

Metropolitan Cake.—Three cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of water, nearly four cups of flour, whites of eight eggs, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, divide the batter, baking half of it plain in two pans, to the other half add one tablespoonful of browned allspice, one-half tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one-half pound each of citron, raisins and currants, all chopped fine. Put the layers together with boiled icing. For the icing boil five cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water until it ropes in water; then take it from the fire and pour on the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat a moment or two and then put between the layers, and on the top of the cake. This is a delicious supper cake.

Stewed Potatoes.—Slice cold boiled potatoes; salt to taste; dredge a little flour on them and half cover them with rich milk. Let them cook three or four minutes briskly, and, just before sending to the table, stir in a generous piece of butter.

A NEW WAR VESSEL

Which Will Fill the Gap Caused by the Loss of the Victoria.

A London, special says:—A new vessel, which will fill the gap created in the navy by the loss of the Victoria, has just been completed on the Tyne, and has arrived at Portsmouth to go on service. This is the new first-class line of battleship Resolution. She was launched on the 28th May last year, so that the time taken to complete her has been only a little over thirteen months. The builders are the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company (Limited). The Resolution is one of the largest battleships afloat, comprising one of the eight built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. She is 40 feet longer, 5 feet broader, and 3,680 tons more displacement than the ill-fated Victoria. When used as a flagship the Resolution will have a complement of over 700 officers and men.

There is a possibility that the Infanta Eulalia, may become Queen Regent, of Spain, The queen regent, Christiana, is in very precarious health and is about to submit to a very dangerous surgical operation. If she should not survive it the Infanta Isabella would become regent, and in the event of her death or abdication Eulalia would assume the reins of power. Eulalia has even a possibility of attaining the throne itself as the little king is a rickety youngster who is not likely to reach manhood.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Lumbermen.

Toiling incessantly in the great lumber regions of the Northern States and along the forest bordered rivers of Canada, for centuries before an axe woke the echoes of the woods, were a busy race of lumbermen—a small furry people. In time harder poineers of civilization invaded the haunts of these little people. Ringing shouts and axe-blows soon resounded by every important water, and before this tumult of strange human life the furred lumber men retired in dismay. They were the beavers; and the first axe at the forest tree presaged their doom.

They could only live in undisturbed solitudes, and from the sounds of men they retreated along the feeder and toward the headwaters of their favorite streams, leaving their "workings" dams and lodges, for inexcessible retreat.

Much that is not true has been written about the beaver and its ways. It possesses a flat, somewhat trowel-shaped tail, and writers jumped to the conclusion that this was used as a trowel. This was wrong, for the tail is used solely as a rudder in swimming and diving.

The beaver cut down trees, and was credited with the faculty of being able to cut them so as to fall in any selected direction. This I believe to be largely erroneous, as I have seen trees cut by beaver lying in the most awkward positions. But as a rule, it is certainly true that the cut tree falls toward the water.

The beaver is merely an enlarged musk-rat, with the tail flattened horizontally as the musk-rat's is vertically. Their habits are very similar, though the beaver possesses the greatest intelligence. Both build houses upon the same general plan, though the musk-rat house is rougher in finish than the beaver lodge.

Beavers are still to be found in many parts of Canada—notably in lonely portions of New Brunswick and Quebec, in the remote highlands of the Muskoka regions of Ontario, about the north shore of Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods country, and throughout the forested portions of the country termed the Canadian North-west.

One of the largest beaver dams I ever saw exists at present on a feeder of Lake Megantic, near the boundary between the Province of Quebec and the State of Maine. Above it extends a characteristic "beaver meadow"—an expanse of many acres of drowned land covered with coarse grass and scattered tamaracks.

The site of a beaver dam is generally well chosen, but frequently one is found constructed at a point where the nature of the country would not commend the dam site to a clever engineer. In such works the intelligence of the animals appeared to have been at fault, and a great deal of useless work has been done.

The purpose of the dams is to control the water level by obstructing the course of a small steam, and forming a pool of backwater. They are constructed of rough sticks, earth and anything convenient that will help make a solid structure. In course of time, the sediment from the streams, floating rubbish, decayed vegetation, etc., add greatly to their solidity and bulk.

In the ponds formed above the dams, where a comparatively even depth of water is assured, the beaver's lodges are built. These are rough, conical affairs, like gigantic musk-rat houses. In the centre of each, with an entrance always below the permanent water-level, is a room with a floor of water, above which are the bunks of the beaver. The story that the animals sleep with their tails hanging over the edge of the bunks into the water, to feel if the level is maintained, is in all probability a fabrication.

In portions of country where extensive lumbering operations have been carried on, and the streams in consequence have been continually disturbed, the few remaining beavers frequently abandon dam-making and lodge-building altogether to form burrows in the banks like the homes of the musk-rats. When they do this they are termed "bank beaver," and such of them as I have seen appeared to be much smaller and of darker color than average specimens.

In regions which are seldom disturbed the beavers move about, cutting trees, repairing dams and lodge-building, during the day-time. But wherever the lumberman has established himself, they have taken alarm, and appear only at rare intervals while the sun is up.

The best times to see them are very early in the morning, late in the evening, or upon moonlight nights. At all times they are exceedingly shy and difficult of approach taking alarm and disappearing at the slightest sound.

I have ambushed beaver more than once about the waters of the old fur-trader's route, inland from the north shore of Lake Superior. One experience there I shall not soon forget.

While working quietly along a small feeder of one of the lakes which spangle the Caribou ranges of that part of Canada, I noticed a small branch floating in an eddy. Its heavier end showed marks as if it had been cut with a gouge-chisel. The stream flowed through a desolate track, which was seldom visited save by a few wandering Indian trappers, and I knew that only a beaver could have left such "sign."

The branch had every appearance of being freshly cut, and as evening was approaching, it was possible that the little lumbermen would be stirring.

Silently moving up stream I scanned closely every yard of both banks, and every foot of water. I soon discovered fresh cuttings. After following the stream for a couple of hundred yards, I found that it led to an opening in the woods—a genuine beaver-meadow.

In the centre of the opening was a good-sized pool, doubtless the home of the beaver. I resolved to attempt the difficult task of creeping upon the shy creatures, and seeing them at work or play. Yard by yard, silent as a lynx, I crept ahead until I reached a well-made dam.

Immediately above it was a small pool, connected with the upper and main pool by a channel perhaps two yards wide. Glancing along this channel, I obtained a somewhat limited view of the upper pool, and saw that it would be impossible to creep further without actually going into the water.

As I looked, I marked a lazy ripple on the upper pool. Presently a roundish, dark object glided across the field of view and disappeared. It was neither duck nor diver, but the bullet head of a big beaver.

Creeping noiselessly to a convenient tree, I slowly rose upright and scrutinized every inch of the upper and lower pools and their connecting channel. A couple of roughly constructed lodges were plainly visible. Moving about in the water were two round heads, while creeping from the shore, seemingly upon a barely submerged log, was a plump, brown animal, like a gigantic musk-rat.

Clearly the innocent recluses supected no danger, and I determined to get a shot at one of them. Crawling from my tree to a point behind the centre of the dam, I removed small sticks and earth until a breach was made through which a rapidly increasing stream of water flowed.

The breach rapidly widened. I crept up the bank and seated myself upon a log about twenty yards from the dam.

The stream of escaping water increased to a goodly rivulet. For an hour I waited in the failing light, till a marked current extended between the pools, and turned the trailing moss and water-grasses downstream in wavering strands.

At last a round head appeared where the channel left the upper pool. It glided with the current for a few yards, then silently went under. Raising my Winchester to my face and resting my elbow upon my knee, I waited.

"Ahmeek," the "old man" beaver, was coming to see what was taking the water out of his chosen pond. No doubt the sudden movement of the water had warned him that the dam had been trifled with.

In a few moments a dark body rose through the limpid waters of the lower pool, and "Ahmeek," spread flat, like a fur rug on a floor, presently floated on the surface. As he floated I could see his glossy fur, his black outstretched paws, his gray chops and every motion of his beady eyes—yes, even the bubbles clinging to his fur.

That picture of the pool and the floating beaver was one which comparatively few white men have seen, and I enjoyed it so greatly that I rewarded him for the entertainment by lowering my rifle and leaving him in possession of the prime, dark skin I had coveted.

E. WYNDHAM SANDYS.

ONCE IN TORONTO.

Dr. John Rae, the Noted Arctic Explorer, Married a Canadian.

Dr. John Rae, the celebrated Arctic explorer, whose death in London, England, was announced recently, was at one time well known in Canada. For some years he made his home in Toronto and Hamilton, Mrs. Rae, who survives her husband, is a daughter of the late Capt. Thompson, of Toronto. As will be seen from the resume of his life's work, given below, Dr. Rae spent several years in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and in the exploration and survey of parts of the Canadian North-west.

John Rae, L. R. C. S., M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., honorary correspondent of the Geographical Society of America, honorary member of the Natural History Society of Montreal, founders' gold medallist R. G. S., was born at the "Hall of Clestrain," in the Orkney islands, in 1813. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and after going to Moose Factory as surgeon of a Hudson Bay ship, in 1845, he accepted command of an expedition to the Arctic to complete the survey of some 700 miles of coast attempted in 1832-3 by Parry. In June, 1846, he started with 10 men from York Factory, in two small boats, for a 900 miles' voyage. The party, which took only four months' provisions, wintered at Repulse bay. In April the work of survey was commenced, and before it was finished 1,000 miles had been travelled and the survey made. On his return to London, Dr. Rae accepted a place as second in command to Sir John Richardson in the Franklin search expedition, which left England in 1848. Rae was next offered command of another Arctic expedition, and with two men he made a sledge expedition to Wollaston Land, covering 1,100 miles of coast. The Arctic shore, for 300 miles east of the Coppermine river was searched; then the south shore of Wollaston Land, as well as Victoria Land and Victoria strait in which it was later found

FRANKLIN'S SHIPS HAD BEEN ABANDONED.

In the winter the party marched southward 1,359 miles to Fort Garry. A journey of 450 miles more brought him to the borders of civilization in 10 days. In eight months he and his companions had covered in their tramping 5,380 miles, of which some 700 miles was new discovery. In 1853, as agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, he started from York Factory with two boats, for the purpose of tracing the west coast of Boothia Land as far as Bellot strait and uniting the surveys of Sir James Ross and Dease and Simpson. Not meeting the expected Eskimos, and thus being disappointed in securing dogs, five men started, each hauling a sledge, Rae among the number. Eleven hundred miles were traversed, 400 in new territory. In all, in his different expeditions, Dr. Rae covered 23,000 miles of lake and river travel, most of it on foot. Some 1,750 miles of this represented new dicoveries, which he laid down by astronomical observation or compass bearings.

Dr. Rae and his party on their return to England were paid over a reward of £10,000 for having the first information of the fate of the Franklin expedition. In 1880 Dr. Rae assisted in the survey for the cable from England to America via the Faroe islands and Iceland. He also visited Greenland. In 1864 he conducted a telegraph survey from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) across the Rockies to the coast, through the Yellow Head pass, the latitude of which he accurately fixed as well as its altitude. Some hundreds of miles of the Fraser river was descended in dugouts without a guide. This was his last important exploratory work. He wrote comparatively little, brief accounts of his journeyings addressed to the Royal Geographical Society being the chief of his works.

REVOLTING MURDERS BY CHINESE.

Two Swedish Missionaries Beaten To Death and Their Bodies Thrown Out For Dogs To Eat.

A Vancouver, B. C., special says:—The steamship Empress of India has arrived with news of the murder of the two Swedish missionaries by Chinese fanatics at Sing Pu. Revs. Wikholm and Johnson, the missionaries, arrived in Sing Pu last April and were the only missionaries there.

Sing Pu is an important market place northeast of Hankow and contains about 30,000 inhabitants.

They made no converts, but on the contrary their lives were in danger almost from the start. They were warned by servants that they would be killed on July 1, but took no precautions, except to send a letter to a magistrate demanding protection.

Early in the morning of July 1 their house was surrounded by a mob composed of loafers, tradesmen and scholars, who clamored for their blood. Stones were thrown at the house and the windows battered in until the missionaries could no longer remain indoors. They attempted to escape over the roofs of houses, but were followed by the mob.

Finally they could go no further and dropped into the street into the hands of the mob. Their sufferings were short. Wikholm's skull was smashed with an ax and Mr. Johnson's was speedily beaten out of all resemblance to human shape by bamboo rods and iron bars. The bodies were stripped naked, subjected to revolting mutilations and left on the street for dogs to eat.

The mob then looted and burned the missionaries' house. Two missionaries from Hankow in company with a mandarin and soldiers left for Sing Pu on July 4 to investigate the matter and recover the bodies.

A Valuable Article.

The girl's heart had been rudely handled by a young man whose promises to pay were known among men to be of no more value than his promises to love were known among women, and she went to an attorney to see about suing him for breach of promise.

"So," said the kindly old gentleman, "you want to sue Jack for breach of promise?"

"Yes, sir, I do, and I mean to," she asserted, with angry emphasis.

"What are the figures?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

The old man's eyebrows flew up with a snap.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" he ejaculated. "Why, my dear young lady, there isn't a jury in this country that wouldn't laugh right out in the box at the very idea of one of Jack's promises being worth a thousandth part of it. You'd better bring in your broken heart and sue him for assault and battery or cruelty to animals or something like that."

One-fifth of the families in Glasgow live in single rooms.

A Connecticut paper has an advertisement of "a cottage to let, containing six rooms and an acre of land."

Of Sir Walter Scott's novels three are assigned to the sixteenth century, seven to the seventeenth century and thirteen to the eighteenth.

There is transcendent power in example We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lady Branksmere, utterly unnerved makes a movement towards the door. Unhappily her flight conveys the idea that she is afraid. The girl springs after her, clutches at her gown, and clings to it. A most horrible glare has come into her eyes, Muriel shrinks from her, and, as she does so, a large bunch of crimson ribbons, lying hidden amongst the folds of the tea-green gown she is wearing, is brought conspicuously into view, and strikes upon the sight of the stranger, and then—it is all over!

In a second—with one spring she is upon Muriel, her fingers round her throat, her eyes ablaze, the demon Madness wide awake! The fair, soft, childish face of a moment since is now transfigured—distorted beyond recognition, and the lips, purple and widely parted, are quivering with a rage that knows no reason!

Shriek upon shriek rends the air!

Again and again that awful yell rises, growing fiercer as time goes on! Not all the padding on the doors can stifle it! Closer and closer the mad woman's arms clasp Muriel in that deadly embrace, until at last, with a faint groan, her victim ceases to struggle, and with a sigh her head falls backward.

The touch of cold water upon her brow, a struggle with memory, and Muriel once more opening her eyes looks languidly around. Everything has come back to her, She remembers that last horrible scene and wonders vaguely how it is she is now alive and in her own room, with Bridgman bending over her. Has Branksmere heard of it? And if so, why—

Her eyes meet those of her maid, who is gazing solicitously at her, and sinking back again amongst her pillows, she looks at her inquiringly. Was it Bridgman who had come to the rescue? Is the secret at last betrayed to the household? What does this woman know?

"I fainted, Bridgman?"

"Yes, my lady, but you are better now. You must not try to think yet awhile, but just lie quiet and let me bathe your head."

"Did—you find me?"

"You are feeling ill, my lady," said Bridgeman anxiously, who is very fond of her. "My lord said you were to take this brandy, if possible, and said, too, he'd be back as soon as he could. Do now try to take it, my lady."

"I want nothing—nothing," returns Muriel, impatiently: "only to be alone. Go, Bridgman, go. I can not rest with anyone near me."

"But, my lady—"

I promise I shall ring for you if I feel weaker," says Muriel, gently. "Now go, my good Bridgman. Ah—"

She starts and makes an effort to rise to her feet, as Branksmere enters the room, even as the maid leaves it.

Pale as Muriel was before, she is now ghastly as she confronts her husband. He comes up to her, his brows contracted, and seizing her by the arm turns her to the nearest lamp.

"You are safe, unhurt," he mutters, "but she might have killed you," he says in a low tone. He looks white and haggard and is trembling in every limb. "What possessed you to enter that room?"

"When I found you there," he goes on, "in her grasp—Mrs. Brooks was quite unable to drag her off you—I thought, I feared—" He shuddered violently.

"I beg you will no longer distress yourself about me," said Muriel, curtly; "I am well, uninjured. All I now require," regarding him steadily, "is an explanation."

He pauses, he is about to reply, when—

"You shall have it," exclaims a voice from the doorway, where Mme. von Thirsk stands, pale and wild, her arms folded upon her breast. "Follow me!" she says; and as if impelled to obey her command Muriel moves mechanically forward, and with Branksmere pursues her way once more to the ill-fated room that had been so full of danger for her.

Standing just inside it, Branksmere pauses.

"She is better?" he asks anxiously, addressing madame, who had preceded them with a lighted taper in her cold hand.

"Better?" She regards him mournfully, and yet as one who barely understands. "Ay! she is better."

"And—and sane?" questions Branksmere in a subdued voice. "There is no fear of a further shock for—" He hesitates, he is evidently full of fears for—Muriel. Mme. von Thirsk, with a cry of anguish, flings her arms suddenly above her head.

Muriel falls upon her knees and covers her face with her hands.

"Dead!" breathes Branksmere. "Great Heaven, since when?"

"Almost as you left her last the change came. She was exhausted and quiet then, but as the door closed on you she cried aloud to me to bring a light. The room was flooded with light, so I knew what that meant. In a little while she dropped back dead! Dead!"

"You want an explanation," she says in a hard voice, addressing Lady Branksmere, "about her? Well, you shall have it."

"She was—" ventures Muriel, with trembling lips.

"My sister—the one thing left me that I *might* love!" She checks herself. "She," pointing to the dead girl, "was the mistress of your husband's brother!"

A smothered ejaculation breaks from Lord Branksmere. He makes a gesture as though he would speak, but madame suppresses him.

"The truth, the truth, Branksmere—let's have the truth at last," she cries wildly. The anguish of her face is miserable. "Listen to me," she goes on hurriedly, speaking to Muriel, "she loved the late Lord Branksmere, and he loved her, but marriage between them was impossible because of his previous marriage with Lady Anne."

Muriel unclasps her hands from before her face, and looks up startled.

"You know that he was killed in a duel," goes on madame, in a dull tone. "You do not know who killed him. It was my brother, her brother. For our honor's sake he slew her lover—too late! The news of his death came to her abruptly. She—" for the first time madame falters—"was not very strong at the time, and the shock destroyed her brain!"

"Spare yourself!" implores Branksmere in a whisper. "Let me explain the rest."

"I have promised Lady Branksmere the recital of this merry tale," returns madame, rigidly, "and I shall keep my promise. Hear the end," addressing Muriel. Alas! no," sharply, "the end you see, but what there remains for me to tell. To please his dying brother, and to conceal my unhappy sister from the vengeance of our family, your husband consented to bring her here secretly; no one knew of her coming, save Brooks, Lord Branksmere, and Madame the Dowager, to whom the murdered man was inexpressibly dear. Here she has lived—unknown; here died. It is all!"

"I leave this place to-morrow morning, with—her."

"So soon?" questions Branksmere, with an expressive glance at the curtain behind which that quiet body rests surrounded by light.

"Ay, at once," returns she, with an impatient gesture. "Oh, to be gone!" she conquers herself presently. "There must be no scandal, Branksmere," she murmurs feverishly. All must be done in secret.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Nevertheless, as he re-enters the Castle to-night—Saturday—his first thought is for her. He mounts the staircase quickly, and knocking at her door responds eagerly to her permission to enter. She is lying back in her chair, and there is enough weakness in her attitude to appeal to his sense of pity very keenly.

"You are ill?" he says abruptly, when she has given him her hand with evident effort.

"A little. Yes. But it is merely because sleep has failed me for a night or two."

"Has Margery been staying with you?"

"No I would have nobody, though she wished to remain with me when here this morning."

"You should not have been alone after all you went through," says Branksmere impatiently.

"I am accustomed to be alone," returns she, dryly.

Branksmere looks as though he would have answered this, but checks himself. There is a long silence, and then, as though following out a train of thought, he says, slowly.

"I waited to see her buried. It was the last thing I could do for her, whose fortunes were so unfortunately mixed up with our family. Madame Von Thirsk gave you an outline of her story; I am here to fill up the blanks. I own that I have wronged you in keeping secret from you her existence here, but my promise to the dead bound me to silence."

"To the dead?"

"To my brother," gravely. "It is a long story and a sad one. It is more," exclaims Branksmere, with a sudden vehemence, "It is a shameful one! Not so far as she is concerned. I would have you understand that.

"He made me swear I would befriend her for his sake, and that I would never betray her secret. I gave my oath as he desired. I swore it to the dying."

"Go on," she says, with lowered brow and lips compressed.

"He died in my arms! At the end he bade me hasten to her and prepare her for the awful news that awaited her. But his voice had grown thick and indistinct, and I suppose I misunderstood what he said, because I went first to the wrong house, and when at last I gained the right address, I found the body had been brought home before me, and that by some unlucky chance the poor girl had met the bearers face to face and, that, in fact, the dead man—her lover, her husband, as she believed—had been laid almost at her feet."

"I shall never forget that moment! Adela in her white gown; the dead man covered with blood. The girl said nothing, but she went slowly up to him, and bending down, laid her cold fingers on his cold brow. 'Why, how is this, sweetheart?' she said. I can hear her always. It thrilled through the room. She seemed to comprehend so poorly, and yet her comprehension was so complete—so fearful in its consequences! As she leaned over him some drops of his life-blood, warm and red, fell upon her white gown. She burst out laughing then, and called to us to see how pretty they were. It was an awful scene."

"There is more?" she questions feverishly.

"That night her child was born!"

Muriel, with a sharp exclamation, lets her fan slip from her to the ground.

"That night, too, it died—happily! The mother's mind died with it, but her body lived."

"Was there no return? No vague remembrance?"

"None! After awhile strange fancies grew within her. I bore a strong resemblance to my brother, and soon she grew to connect me with him in some dull way, and later on believed me to be indeed the Branksmere she had known and loved. I alone could console her in her bursts of unmeaning grief. I alone could control her by a word—a look—when she fell a prey to the violence that at times overcame her.

"It was the fact of my being a stranger—"

"No. It was the red ribbons on your gown. Ever since that fatal morning when the blood of her lover dyed her dress, it has been impossible to let her see anything even approaching that color.

"Was Mrs. Brooks the only one there? I have a confused idea that—" Lady Branksmere hesitates and frowns slightly, as one might to whom remembrance is difficult.

"A correct one. Yes, Madame von Thirsk was there."

He brushes his hand across his forehead, and draws his breath heavily, but Muriel is too lost in a new thought to heed him. So! madame had been there, and had been too frightened to call for assistance! Too horrified to try to save her from a cruel death! Death!

A wild cry breaks from her. She starts to her feet, and throws out her arms as if to ward off some fearful thing.

"What is it?" exclaims Branksmere anxiously.

"Nothing! Nothing!" She has subsided into her chair again, and has covered her face with her hands. "Only some horrible thought!"

"You have listened too long to such an unhappy story," declares Branksmere. "Some other time I can finish—"

"No; let it be ended now, forever. There is one thing I want to know. She spoke of flowers—a festival—"

"It was the anniversary of Arthur's birthday. She always remembered that, whatever else might be forgotten. Poor thing! It was her delight to keep their rooms bright with them in the old days in Hungary. She was very gentle in her calm days, but when excited it was very difficult to manage her. She was indeed a great responsibility."

"You had not to undertake it alone, however. You had madame to help you."

"Yes."

He waits expectantly for a word from her, but none comes. Her back is turned to him, or he might perhaps have noticed the growing palor on her face.

"I would have spoken"—he goes on in a low voice—"I should have betrayed all then—but you gave me no opportunity—you would not hear me."

"It was too late!" Her voice is so faint as to be almost indistinct; with difficulty she conquers the sensation that threatens to sink her into insensibility. "Was it for your oath's sake you kept silence all that time?"

"For that—and for one other powerful reason. There was Anne! His wife! She knew nothing; she never so much as dreamed of her husband's treachery.

"I have wronged you," she cries feverishly—"beyond forgiveness! That I know now! While you—you—! Think, remember well, what it is I should be now but for you! A thing lost, degraded." She is growing terribly excited, and her eyes are like large coals of fire in her white face. "I would have you remember well," she repeats again. "And that it is of your wife such words may be used. Your wife, Branksmere. Think of it! That should make you harder."

She has broken into dry sobs, and has turned aside to hide her face upon the arm that is leaning against the mantel-shelf.

But even as he speaks she throws out her arms convulsively, sways heavily to and fro, and falls senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The world is three weeks older to-day, and the events of that past night seem to have happened quite a long while ago. They had lifted her from where she fell at Branksmere's feet, and carried her to her bed, and Margery and Mrs. Billy had watched over her all through that long night of insensibility until the dawn came, and with it a glimmer of consciousness that died almost as it was born.

In twenty-four hours she was in a raging fever. Her brain was affected, and it seemed to those closely investigating the case—the great men from the town and the little men from the country round—that small, indeed, was the hope that could be entertained.

All her lovely hair was shorn away. Her dry, parched lips made feverish the beholder. Her large eyes aflame with the fire that was inwardly consuming her, turned to each one a vacant glance, and from night to morn, and morn to night, she rolled her tired head unceasingly from side to side calling always, always upon—Mrs. Billy!

He would steal in and out of her room all day long, and very often during the night, and stand looking down upon her, in silence, and apparently without emotion.

The loss of hope is cruel! For two whole days it slipped from them, and even now, to-day, when a little change for the better has been noticed and made much of, till they start and pale, and feel their hearts stop beating whenever a door is opened suddenly, believing it to be a message from one of the doctors desiring them to prepare for the last sad change of all.

Muriel, wide-eyed but silent, is lying in a weak prostration upon her bed, one hand, damp and nerveless, toying feebly with the sheet. Upon the hearth-rug Margery and Mrs. Billy are conversing in low tones. The fire is burning brightly, sending forth little cheerful noises with a vivacity hardly to be equaled.

"Yes, she is better, quite better," says Mrs. Billy, suddenly addressing a tall figure standing in the door-way. "I guess she's mending at long last."

Branksmere with a slow step crosses the room, and, bending down, looks at the pale occupant of the bed. They are so accustomed to his ceaseless comings and goings that the two on the hearth-rug continue their conversation as though he had never entered.

Looking, he can see for himself there is more of a steady light in the grey eyes than had been there for many a day. She half looks at him, then lets her lids fall heavily over the orbs beneath. Branksmere is fast losing himself in some gloomy reverie, when the sound of her weak voice coming to him across his dreamings, rouses him at once into sudden nervous life. He stoops over her.

"What is it I hear? Birds?" she asks feebly.

"Who feeds them now?" she asks in that strange slow way that a sickness nigh unto death has taught her. Her eyes grown frightfully large, are fixed upon Branksmere expectantly. Then all at once her glance grows troubled, and her breath comes and goes with a cruel haste and labor.

"Oh! how it all comes back!" she cries faintly. Tears rise and fall over her cheeks. With a feeble effort she covers her face. The warm stinging drops wrung from her soul trickle down through her emaciated fingers, and lose themselves among the laces of her night-dress.

"There is one thing I cannot remember," breathes she feebly. "Do you know? Where is she? the woman that wanted to murder me?"

Branksmere, troubled, takes her hand, and holds it fast.

"Try to forget her."

"I can not!" The words fall from her in a slow whisper one by one. "She came into the room while that poor girl was trying to injure me, and she urged her with a laugh to kill me. I can see her now. I see her always."

"She? Who?" He is somewhat struck by the extreme lucidity of her manner.

"Madame von Thirsk. I saw her," whispers Muriel, looking beyond him, as though addressing herself rather than him.

"She stood just there, as it were. I know the very spot; and she laughed and told that poor mad creature to haste and finish her work, calling out that I was an enemy of Arthur's! Were they both mad? I had forgotten it all, but now it comes back to me."

"She shall never enter these doors—never, never," says Branksmere hurriedly, who is looking ghastly.

"What are you doing here?" she asks, irritably.

"I came to see how you were getting on."

"You are always coming. I have felt it through all. But why do you come now? There is nothing more to expect. I am getting well. Other people can die; I can't."

The cruel innuendo he passes over in silence.

She leans back exhausted; and presently begins to move her head restlessly from side to side.

"I am so hot—so hot," she murmurs. Leaning over her he lifts the pillow on which she is lying with the hope of rendering her more comfortable. To do this he has to pass his arm beneath her neck, and before he can remove it she has fallen back in the exhausted sudden slumber of one recovering from a wasting illness. Seeing she does not stir, he, too, remains motionless, and presently he sees she is indeed asleep. Afraid to move lest he shall wake her, he kneels beside the bed, and tries to believe there is no gladness for him in the knowledge that her head is resting so near his heart.

Margery and Mrs. Billy at an early stage of the proceedings had deliberately turned their backs upon the bed, so that for quite an hour Branksmere kneels there watching his wife's slumbers undisturbed. His head is resting on the pillow. Upon his dark lashes lie the traces of tears.

CHAPTER L.

"I hope you feel better—more yourself," Branksmere says kindly.

"That is the last thing you should hope," returns she, with an ungraciousness born of miserable thought.

"Still," gently, "as I do hope it, give me, if you can, the answer I would have."

"What is it Branksmere?" asks she suddenly, with a strange, tremulous touch of passion. She lifts herself on her elbow and looks full at him with her great troubled eyes. Are you trying to arrange your account with Heaven, that you thus seek to overburden me with a kindness you can not feel?"

"It is a pity you look at things with such distorted sight," returns he. "I feel for you only kindness. Believe that."

She sinks back exhausted, and covers her face with her hands.

"The crime was mine; I wronged you," says Branksmere, gently but hurriedly dropping some perfume into the hollow of his hand, and then pressing the hand against her brow. She does not turn from him.

"I feared to speak," he goes on hurriedly. "I dreaded the thought that you might demand from me the dismissal of that poor creature, and have driven her from the only home she then knew."

"Was all that Madame von Thirsk's teaching?" asks Muriel, cold and pale. "Am I so poor a thing that I have not even common pity in me! That I have lowered myself in your esteem I know; but at least grant me some human feeling!"

"Though actually guiltless, in your secret soul do you not condemn me?"

"No." The assurance comes steadily from his lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Protest.

I'm gittin' most consarned tired o' seein' stair-step rhymes,
And if the poets keep it up, I wisht they would sometimes
Just change 'em round a little; now, would it be amiss,
Instead of having stairstep rhymes,
To
Run
'Em
Down
Like
This!

I offer the suggestion, seekin' neither blame nor praise;
And as the rule is mighty poor that doesn't work both ways,
If that seems incompatible with true poetic bliss,

There's nothing to prevent 'em running
Up like this.

Of course, it's barely possible the stairstep style is best;
Leastways, that it's appropriate must reely be confessed,
For fortune doesn't always smile; she sometimes frowns,
And like his life the poet's verse is full of ups and downs.

THE WONDERFUL WEST.

Mormons Like "the Army" and Chinamen are Indispensable.

Bright and Dark Sides of Life in the Great Western Cities.

There is always something new and wonderful in the great West. The latest is that the Mormons in Utah have become addicted to the Salvation Army!

A Montreal gentleman, who has just returned from a trip to the Pacific coast made this discovery.

"The Latter Day Saints of Salt Lake City," he observed, "have always been at drawn swords with their Gentile neighbors, so it was a great surprise to me to hear that they had given to Staff-Capt. Blanche Cox, so well known in Montreal, the free use of their vast tabernacle, capable of seating 8,500 people comfortably, for a series of Salvation meetings. These meetings were most successful. The Mormons even went further for they paid quite a large sum for the lighting of the building.

"A stranger staying in the hotel section of any great western city realizes that there is a

DARK SIDE OF LIFE

of which the ordinary church-goer, residing uptown, knows very little. The forces of evil, drink, gambling, immorality, vile dance halls, and other forms of vice are painfully prominent and as one looks at the crowds that throng the streets, he feels that in merely preaching to the church-going classes that are already interested in Christianity, the churches have hitherto been only playing at religion. They are waking up to their responsibilities, however, for mission halls, after the style of that founded by Jerry McCauley in New York, and other such movements are spreading rapidly with the aim of reaching those who will not go to the church services.

"Chinatown, in San Francisco, occupies a very central locality. It is only

A FEW BLOCKS EACH WAY,

but a great number of people are crowded together in that small space. In spite of the outcry against the Celestials, it is difficult to see how they could do without them in British Columbia. They take the place of the house servants, which can hardly be had there at any price. Great care must be taken to train them rightly when they begin, for as they first learn they continue ever after, it is said. The story is told of a lady who taught a Chinamen how to make a cake. When breaking the eggs, the third one was found to be bad so she threw it away. The Chinamen learnt the lesson so well that ever afterwards he insisted on throwing away the third egg, in spite of all remonstrances! They do nearly all the ditching of British Columbia, and also

WORK AS FARM LABORERS.

Near Vancouver it is quite common for them to take a small piece of land, say five acres, and transform it from its natural state into a first-class market garden. The present immigration tax of $50 per head meets with pretty general approval, for it does not prohibit their entrance, while it prevents the country from being overflowed by them, and at the same time yields the Government a handsome revenue.

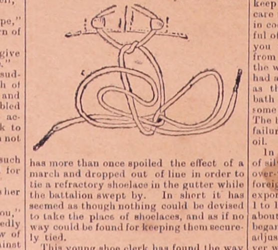
THE SALMON CANNERIES

on the Fraser River are preparing for a great catch this year. The great 'Sockeye' run is not expected till August, and in the meantime gangs of Chinamen are working hard preparing the tins. One of the canneries alone is able to handle over 30,000 fish each day. There are bitter feuds on the river between the 'whites', the Italians, the Japs, the Chinese, and the Indians, and there is some fear that there may be bloodshed before the season is over. Nearly all the actual canning is done by Chinese, while the others man the boats. The Indians west of the Rockies are fortunately an industrious, self-supporting race, allied to the Toltecs and Aztecs of Mexico, and entirely different from those in the North-West Territories.

TO KEEP A SHOELACE TIED.

One of the Great Annoyances of Life Removed by a Twist of the Wrist.

A public benefactor has arisen and, though he is merely selling shoes on a small salary in a city boot and shoe store, he is none the less worthy of fame, and, perhaps, a monument. He gives away with each pair of shoes the secret of tying them so that they will remain tied. No one needs to be told that heretofore the last thing shoelaces have been known to do has been to remain tied. Every male reader has more than once fallen over a schoolgirl who has suddenly stopped on the sidewalk to tie a shoelace. Every reader of that sex has frequently stopped—perhaps it has happened in the middle of a declaration of love—while his fair companion has put a-foot on a near-by garden railing and stooped over to tie "that provoking shoelace." Every such reader has himself been halted—and perhaps missed the last train out of town on a Saturday night—in order to catch up the flying ends of his shoelaces, whose tric-trac on the pavement warned him that if he did not tie them up he might trip on one of them and break a limb. Every militiaman



has more than once spoiled the effect of a march and dropped out of line in order to tie a refractory shoelace in the gutter while the battalion swept by. In short it has seemed as though nothing could be devised to take the place of shoelaces, and as if no way could be found for keeping them securely tied.

This young shoe clerk has found the way—at least he has been making the way publicly known—so that hereafter men and women may buy shoes with the consciousness that they can pursue their chosen vocation without frequent and annoying interruptions that constitute a horrible slavery to their shoelaces. This clerk shows that all that is necessary is to tie a double bowknot in the same way that everybody does, completing the operation up to the very last point of drawing the knot tight against the shoe. Before doing that and finishing the job he brings in his clinching and perfecting touch. It is done by merely bending one of the loops of the bow under the knot, and then pulling the knot tight by taking hold of each loop and pulling.

The illustration shows all that is new in the clever unloosable knot. When the reader ties his shoelaces and has the bowknot completed he will notice a space or opening between the laces where they come up from the shoe to meet at the knot. Into and through that space he must put one of the loop ends of the knot. He merely takes hold of one loop, bends it under the knot, pushes it through the opening between the knot and the shoe, and then pulls the knot tight by pulling on the two loops in the old fashioned way. If he does that not all the powers of darkness nor all the cussedness of inanimate things will ever be able to make that shoelace come untied, until he wants it to. When he wants to untie it he will do so as easily as he ever untied any shoelace. A pull on the tag end of the laces and the thing is done.

Thomas A. Edison declares that when he has begun something new he has no peace until the work is completed or abandoned for good. In case he succeeds he never wants to see the invention again. "I haven't used a telephone in ten years," said he recently, "and I would go out of my way any day to avoid seeing an incandescent light."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A farmer near Buchanan, Ga., has, it is reported, a tame rattlesnake, that has the freedom of the premises, and beats forty yard dogs keeping off intruders.

Men of marked ability in any line have usually one deep, perpendicular wrinkle in the middle of the forehead, with one or two parallel to it on each side.

Vinegar will not split rocks, so Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls, so that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must have been a fiction.

In St. John's College, Oxford, is preserved a portrait of Charles I., in which the engraver's lines, as they seem to be, are really microscopic writing, the face alone containing all the book of Psalms, with the creeds, and several forms of prayers.

In the vatican at Rome there is a marble statue with natural eyelashes, the only one, it is generally believed, with this peculiarity in the world. It represents Ariadne sleeping on the island of Naxos at the moment when she was deserted by Theseus.

There is a point near the famous Stony cave, in the Catskill mountains, where ice may be found on any day in the year. This locality is locally known as the Notch, and is walled in on all sides by steep mountains, some of which are more than 3,000 feet high.

The nineteenth century will not end till midnight Monday, Dec. 31, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the old century at midnight on Dec. 31, 1899.

Some time ago an Iowa cyclone followed the route of a railroad for several miles, and now there is a theorist on deck who proposes to steer these storms, by means of rails laid and wires strung for the purpose, into open sections of country where they can spend their force without damage.

Queen Elizabeth raised the standard of English money to a point higher than was ever before known, but at the same time made a separate coinage, containing half the usual amount of precious metal, for special use in Ireland. "It's good enough for the Irish," was her remark when a remonstrance was made.

When the queen dies her mortal remains will rest in the gray granite sarcophagus with the late lamented Prince Albert's ashes. Underneath the arms of the queen and Prince Albert on the monument is inscribed: "Farewell, well beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ I will rise again."

Hadianus Junius saw at Mechlin, Bradent a cherry stone carved in the form of a basket, in which were fourteen pairs of dice, the spots on the latter being visible to the naked eye. A cherry stone carved by the Italian sculptor, Rossi, and containing a glory of sixty saints, was shown at Florence for many years.

In round numbers the total amount of life insurance written by the different insurance companies of the world is $12,000,000,000. Of this sum $5,500,000,000 is placed in the United States. Between the years 1880 and 1890 there was $2,500,000,000 new life insurance written in this country and but $1,000,000,000 in the whole of the British Empire.

In 1600 the world had in circulation £29,000,000 gold, £102,000,000 silver and no paper; in 1890 there were £840,000,000 gold, £801,000,000 silver and £771,000,000 of paper money, a total of £2,402,000,000. This includes the money of Europe, the United States and the colonies of Great Britain, France and Spain. No account is taken of the worthless currency of the South American States.

Not very long ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweler of Turin had made a tug-boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the pinnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and the stand on which it is mounted is a slab of whitest ivory. The entire weight of this marvelous specimen of the jeweler's craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at £1,000.

The study of the hair upon human species offers an extensive field for inquiry, and one which presents many unsolved problems of the first order of importance. Why man, as a species, should present the kind and the amount of hair which he does is variously explained, and the differences between the varieties of the human race are so great in this respect that one of the most popular subdivisions of species is founded upon it. That the human family have the longest hair of any species of animal is a well-known fact, but why they lost it over most of the body is a subject for much curious conjecture and speculation.

Theatrical people know that oil cleans the skin better than water. Generally, other people do not. If actresses undertook to get their make-up off with water they would need soft soap and a scrub brush to do it. They used once cocoa butter; now they use cocoa oil, which is a better preparation of the same thing. Drug stores keep it. Some keep it fresh and some keep it rancid. Take care not to patronize the second class, and in cocoa oil you will have the most delightful of all emollients for the oil bath. If you want to see how effective it is come in from a railway journey on a hot day, when the windows have been up and you have had as much benefit of the smoke and soot as the fireman. Take the most vigorous bath you can devise or endure, then spread some cocoa oil on your face and wipe it off. The blackened towel will tell the tale of failure for the bath and triumph for the oil.

In 1795 congress fixed the relative value of silver and gold as 1 to 15; this was an over-valuation as compared with that of foreign countries and as a result gold was exported; in 1834 the standard was altered 1 to 16, while among other nations it was about 1 to 15½ and an outflow of silver began and continued until 1853, when a re-adjustment was made to 1 to 14.88 and silver was made a legal tender for sums under $2. In 1873 the standard was again changed fixed at 1 to 14.95.

The Little Brown Wren.

There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree:
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumble bee;
She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb,
And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim
With the down of the crow's-foot, with tow, and with straw,
The coziest dwelling that ever you saw.

This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
And a foot of a very diminutive size;
Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship;
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip;
And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by,
And cast on the wren's house an envious eye;
With a strut of bravado and toss of his head,
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said;
So straightway he mounted on impudent wing,
And entered the door without pausing to ring.

An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight,
All towsled and tumbled, in terror took flight;
While there by the door on her favorite perch,
As neat as a lady just starting for church,
With this song on her lips, "He will not call again,
Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren.

She—"Am I the first girl you ever proposed to, darling?" He (sincerely)—"No; but you are the only girl who ever accepted me."

Large, long, pearly teeth belong to sentimental, imaginative people; small, short, yellow teeth to those of an unpoetical turn of mind.

THE NAVY OF CHINA.

The Ships She Could Furnish in Case of Complications with France.

The possibility that China may side with Siam in the latter country's dispute with France, has lent much interest to the question of her present naval capabilities. Nine years ago she was beaten by France with great ease, and one of her most important squadrons was completely used up by Admiral Courbet in the engagement of Min River. The French did not need to put out their full strength, but truimphed by appliances which cost them very little loss or exertion. They used their torpedo boats to a large extent for blowing up the Chinese war ships, mowed down their crews with Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and captured many of the batteries along the river, destroying the cannon with gun cotton. Some forts they left intact, simply because they would not expose their own men to a heavy musketry fire. There and at Sheipoo the French caused a terrible slaughter with the most businesslike and economical use of their own forces; and the utter inferiority of her own navy was most disheartening to the Middle Kingdom.

But during the last nine or ten years China has made a decided advance in her navy. She had, indeed, already begun to establish a strong naval force before the war of 1884. Of course there is no comparison between her fleet and the splendid one of France; but

FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES,

at a long distance from the base of the latter country, and with the aid afforded by shallow or easily obstructed rivers, it is worth considering. At all events, it would be an enormous addition to the weakness of Siam.

British dockyards have furnished many war vessels to China. Among the earliest were a number of gunboats of 1,350 tons displacement, which were almost the foundation of her navy. More important were two Elswick-built, double-bottomed, protected cruisers, the Chih-Yuan and Ching Yuan, of 2,300 tons, which had a speed, very high for their day, of 18½ knots, procured by triple expansion engines, and a bunker capacity of 450 tons. The main battery of each consisted of three 8¼-inch Krupps and two 6-inch, protected by shields, and the secondary battery was of eight 6-pounder rapid-fire Hotchkiss rifles and six Gatlings. They had each four torpedo tubes, their conning towers had three inches of armor, and they were electrically equipped. Other vessels built at Elswick, still later, are the Yang Woi and Tchao Yong, of 1,350 tons, 2,400 horse power speed of 16.2 knots, and 15.8 knots, and batteries of Armstrong rifles.

Stettin has also provided many modern steel war vessels for China. The Vulcan Building Company furnished two cruisers of about fifteen knots, carrying two 8-inch and eight 4½-inch Armstrong guns. Much more famous were

THE ARMORCLADS

Ting Yuen and Chen Yuen, built at the Stettin Works. They were of 7,400 tons displacement, and had a speed of fifteen knots. Besides steel protective decks, they had water-line belts of 14½ inches of compound armor and the main battery of each included four 12-inch Krupp guns, protected by an armoured breastwork, and two smaller Krupps, while each also carried eleven Hotchkiss cannon and tubes for torpedoes.

Another pair of armored vessels built by the Vulcan Works were the King Yuan and the Lai Yuan. Like those just mentioned, they are double-bottomed steel vessels, carrying compound armor, having a maximum thickness of 9½ inches. They carry two 8¼-inch Krupps, mounted en barbette in the bows, surrounded by an armored breastwork, besides 6-inch Krupps, together with good secondary batteries and torpedo tubes. The Tsi Yuen, built at Stettin, is a 15-knot, 3,200-ton cruiser, carrying two 8¼-inch and three 6-inch Krupp guns, with Hotchkiss revolving cannon and whitehead torpedoes. Still another order to the Stettin Works for two large coast-defence vessels.

Moreover, China has also shipbuilding resources of her own. Her yard at Foochow is indeed a most noticeable proof of the advance of the empire in modern naval science. It is situated on the Min River, and was originally established by a French officer in

THE SERVICE OF CHINA.

Docks, machine shops, and rolling mills have been added, and it is a busy scene of construction. At this point was built the armored coast-defence vessel Ping Yuen of about 2,600 tons and 2,400 horse power. She is only about as fast as our Miantonomoh, but has a water-line belt of eight inches and a two-inch protective deck. She has a 10¼-inch Krupp gun at the bows, in a 5-inch breastwork, two 6-inch guns amidships, eight small rapid-fire guns, and four torpedo tubes. Later ships there constructed are the Kong Hi and Kong Bui, two torpedo gun boats of about 1,000 tons. The Kuang Keng, Kuang Yi, Kuang Ping, and Kuang Ting, completed at the Foochow Arsenal, have each a length of 236 feet, a beam of 27½, a mean draught of 12, and a displacement of 1,030 tons. They have a 1-inch complete steel deck, a 2-inch conning tower, carry three 4.72-inch Armstrong rapid-fire guns, with 12 lighter pieces, and have horizontal compound engines of 2,400 indicated horse power. One of them made 16½ knots on trial.

Perhaps the similarity of names may have led to some duplication in this record of vessels, but at all events at a recent date China had six armoured vessels and twenty-six unarmoured, built or building, of a distinctively modern character, without reckoning miscellaneous craft. She has suffered a great loss in the withdrawal of Admiral Lang, a Captain in the British navy, who had organized and drilled the Chinese navy, and greatly improved it. But, as it is, she could furnish much help to Siam in her fleet, apart from the question of land forces. Her factory also builds steel breech-loading rifles from ingots furnished and rough-turned in England.

Shocking Crime in Paris.

An atrocious crime, the motive of which is still a matter of lively conjecture, was committed on Sunday evening in the Rue de Saintonge, Paris, a usually quiet street in the Temple quarter. M. Boureille, a young man who was only married last March, and is the proprietor of a flourishing bakery, was sitting in his shop, when a respectably-dressed man entered, and asked for two pounds of bread. The baker turned round for a moment, and instantly received a terrific blow with a knife at the back of the neck. He faced round towards his assailant, who stabbed him twice more, but he was able to push his way to the door and call "Murder!" in a loud voice. A number of neighbours rushed to the scene, and while some assisted the unfortunate man to the nearest chemist's, others rushed into the shop in the hope of arresting the criminal. They were, however, too late, for the man had sought a refuge in the parlour behind the shop, and there had committed suicide by stabbing himself in the chest and throat with his knife, a weapon of Spanish make, with a blade nearly a foot in length. While this tragical event was taking place Madame Boureille, a young woman of only 22, was away in the country at Etrechy, whither she had been summoned by telegram to the bedside of her mother, who, by a sad coincidence, died that day shortly after her arrival. The crime is still enveloped in mystery, as the assassin's body, which has been publicly exhibited in the Morgue, has not been recognised by anyone, and M. Boureille, who, although in a very critical condition, was questioned in the hospital, declared that he knew nothing of his assailant.

There is no such thing as chance, and what to us seems accident springs from the deepest source of destiny.

[...]

Kansas Is The [...]

The Populist Execu[...] Desire to Precipit[...] Review of Alleged [...] Power.

A New York Special says:—The [...] has a sensational despatch from Topeka, Kan., which says: But few people are aware that preparations are being made for a revolution in Kansas—one that will attempt to override all law in the effort to give the "starving class" that which they have not earned. There are men who have lived long enough in Kansas to realize what is now being done. Last night a gentleman who came to this state in 1854, who participated in many of the early struggles, and who has the reputation of feeling the pulse of Kansas as no other man can, said: "We are slumbering over a volcano. Few people seem to realize what is going on daily though there are some who believe they see a return of the days when blood was to be found in every settlement. All that is now being done by the Populist administration is not the accidental outcome of modern politics. There is too much system in the movements of the state officials and the leaders of that party. I am in no sense an alarmist, but I see all the evidences of a conspiracy to wreck the State, if possible. The movement regarding the militia is but a portion of what is going on. Gov. Lewelling, the other State officers, the leading papers of the party, and its most influential men all seem to be guided by one impulse, and are working with an understanding that is not mere chance. The Governor has been 'squaring himself' with the most vicious element in the State. Not only has he, through his subordinate officials,

DIRECTED THE STRIKE

among the coal miners now in progress, but he has invaded the penitentiary and has pardoned men who have returned to their former homes to terrorize all those who were instrumental in securing their incarceration. Did you ever notice that in all these pardons the criminals had been guilty of gross offenses, and that they have come from communities in which the Populists have the strongest hold? Take the entire list and you will find this to be the case. Then, too, those pardoned are the ones who have the most influence with a certain class. The public admission of Attorney-General Little that the State is unable to enforce the prohibitory law, and that the towns and cities should have the saloon revenues in order to lessen taxation, and his final conclusion in that remarkable State document that 'men must live, and if the nation adopts a policy by which they are unable to supply themselves and their families with food, these people will have it, and starving men will resort to anything,' are not chance utterances in a State paper. It is but a part of the educating process now going on interruptedly. Following this comes the latest order mustering in two companies of calvary. These companies have been secretly drilling for months and now when they are mustered in as a portion of the National Guard, they are fully prepared for service, or will be as soon as they receive their arms and accoutrements. The action of the Governor in violating a provision of the law by commissioning a Colonel of one of the infantry regiments is clearly in accordance with well-laid plans. The law provides that the Colonel of a regiment shall be elected by vote of the commissioned officers of that regiment. Had the officers held an election, the man commissioned would not have been selected, as you well know. Should the

OFFICERS IN THEIR INDIGNATION

resign for thus being insulted, such resignation would save their removal, for the past actions of the Governor show it to be his intention to remove every officer who is a Democrat or a Republican. Where companies have a preponderance of members of these parties they are being disbanded, and other companies are being organized in their places. In reference to the military portion of the above interview the correspondent comments as follows: It is already evident that Gov. Lewelling designs reorganizing the National Guard so that it will be a Populist force, armed for any emergency. It was only a few days ago that he named the Colonel of the Third Regiment, although the law especially provides that that position shall be filled by election, the officers of the regiment being the electors. The Governor has also disbanded two of the best companies in the service, ostensibly to reduce the command, but, as new companies were immediately organized, the reason given is hardly acceptable. The companies disbanded were composed of some of the brightest young men in the towns in which they had their head-quarters, and were both Democrats and Republicans. The question of politics had never been raised. The commissions issued to the new officers, who have been given authority to raise companies, were made out to men whose violence in partisanship can find parallel only in Populist ranks. No recruits are accepted until vouched for by known Populist leaders. Last winter the Adjutant-General asked for $30,000 for military purposes, the entire amount to be available at any time. The Legislature appropriated $20,000, in consequence of which the guard was reduced to three regiments. Ever since that time the Governor and his assistants have been maturing plans to make of the militia an auxiliary force that would blindly obey the commands of the executive, right or wrong. This has been deemed expedient since the commander of the militia last winter refused to obey an order given by Governor Lewelling to remove from Representative Hall the Legislature then assembled in accordance with law."

Australian High-falutin' Talk.

Surprise is often expressed by people unfamiliar with Australian character at the rapid manner in which money is often collected for deserving local charities. But after a careful reading of the following remarkable appeal, made recently by a prominent man of Adelaide, South Australia this "generous giving" is easily understood:—"Are there no ladies in this garden city, where every day the maiden's morning blush is being kissed by the perfumed breezes fresh from the classic heights of Lofty, who have sufficient independence of character and stability of mind to emulate their American sisters, and save the many unfortunate people that are now suffering from the degradation of the possibility of beggary? Are the beautiful rivers of South Australia to be permitted to flow to the broad bosom of the ocean swollen by the tears of gentle woman's wretchedness, weeping over hungry infants on the withered breast of want?"

Thousands of Dollars

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, **could not walk without crutches**, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the **sores soon healed**, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Mr. S. G. Derry.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. Derry, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

EXPLORER MAG[E]

Hundredth Annu[...]

& SON.

—:o:—

We have every cause to feel grateful.

—:o:—

Our Spring and Summer trade has been a big increase over last year's business.

The only reason we can give for this is that we give the best Goods for the least money of anyone in town.

During the next month, we want to move out everything in the way of Summer Goods. Everything goes, and at a price which will pay you to buy.

With the brilliant prospects for a good Fall Trade, we have bought very heavy. Don't buy Fall Goods until you look through.

Remember, we sell no Cheap Shoddy Goods and all Goods not as recommended can be returned.

All Farm Produce taken in exchange.

JAS MILNE & SON.

IN STOCK!

—:o:—

—ALL THE—

South American Remedies

SEELY'S PERFUMES.

PURE PINE TAR,

in Imperial Pints and Quarts.

PARIS GREEN,

tested and guaranteed strictly pure.

TANGLE FOOT, sticky Fly paper

AND

WILSON'S POISON Fly PADS.

Johnson's Pure Mixed Paints,

Paint Oils, White Lead, etc., always in stock at the lowest prices.

PARKER'S DRUG STORE.

The World's Fair directors have taken away Florida's space and divided it among other states, because of Florida's indifferent display.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says:—"I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Sold by all Druggists.

Rheumatism Cured in a day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Sold by all Druggists.

Consumption

is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful

Food Medicine,

Scott's Emulsion

which is now in high repute the world over.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,

STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail	5.40 a. m	Mixed	10.46 a. m
Mixed	5.28 p. m.	Mail	3.00 p. m

HOME MATTERS.

No NEWS-ARGUS Next Week.

Mr. Jeff. Caverley, of Madoc, was in town on Monday.

Frank R. Parker, B.A., left on Tuesday for a visit to Rochester.

Mr. Gordon McWilliams, of Marmora, was in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. W. Pearce, of Marmora was visiting friends here on Tuesday.

Col. Smart, and wife, of Port Hope, are registered at the Stirling House.

Mr. S. Burrows, of Belleville, left the beginning of the week for a trip to Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. Jas. Vanderwaters, who has been in Vancouver, B.C., for a couple of years, returned last Friday.

Mr. Chas. E. Parker, and his mother left on Tuesday morning last for Brockville on a visit to friends there.

A party of pleasure seekers from Frankford passed through here en route for Oak Hill Lake, on Tuesday.

A party of picnickers from Madoc went to Oak Hill Lake on Wednesday. This body of water is a splendid resort for a day's outing.

Mrs. Coats and daughter, of Napanee, have been the guests of Mrs. J. W. Bygott, the past two weeks. They returned home on Wednesday.

Places of business will be closed on Thursday next, from 1 to 5 p.m., during the East Toronto-Stirling cricket match. Farmers will please note this.

The Grand Lodge I.O.O.F. met this week at Niagara Falls. Messrs. W. R. Mather and W. H. Hubble were the representatives from Stirling Lodge No. 239.

The weather has been exceptionally dry and warm for some time past, and rain is badly needed. Already there are complaints of "small potatoes and few in a hill."

Mr. John Brown received a telegram from his sister, Mrs. John Paddy, Granite, Mon., on Tuesday evening, stating that Mr. Paddy was dangerously ill and not expected to live.

The cricketers have postponed their concert which it was proposed to hold on the 17th inst, to some time in the month of September, of which particulars will be given later.

The excessive heat of Friday and Saturday last was followed by a wind storm on Saturday evening, filling the air with dust and doing some damage in breaking down fruit and shade trees.

Mr. B. D. Wight arrived from Manitoba on Monday evening on a months' visit to relatives and friends here and vicinity. For some time past he has been engaged in the furniture and undertaking business in Melita, Manitoba.

It is said that a winged insect has made its appearance which is sure death to the potato bug. They follow systematically the rows of potato plants, stinging the bug in the neck and the latter immediately drops dead off the vines.

Don't forget the Cricket match between East Toronto and the Stirling club, on the grounds west of the high school, on Thursday next, the 17th inst. No admission will be charged at the gates. The home team is to be composed of a strong eleven. Game called at sharp 10.

Remember, there will be no News Argus next week.

Mr. S. G. Faulkner, General Agent for The North American Lfe, was in town on Friday last, settling the claims of the late Hiram Conley. This popular Company is certainly worthy of congratulation upon its prompt payment of death claims. Frank Conley is local Agent.

Mr. Turner Sine has purchased a fine Thoroughbred Improved Large White Yorkshire sow, of J. E. Brethour, of Burford, Ont., who is the largest breeder of Yorkshires in America. The sow is about one year old, and is in farrow by an Imported boar, from the celebrated herd of F. Walker Jones, of England.

Complaints are being made of young boys stealing fruit, before it is fully ripe. There are a number of youths in the place, who are out every evening thieving whatever they can find fit to eat, and destroying that which is unfit. They are being watched, and it caught, will be punished as severely as the law will allow.

The R. C. Church, Tweed, held a grand bazaar and concert week before last, and after the concert a grand drawing took place. In the published list of prize winners we find the names of "J. Barry, Campbellford, ticket No. 6,997, $10 gold piece." "Albert Chard, Stirling, ticket No. 5,702, one milch cow, value $30."

The congregation of the Methodist Church will hold another social on the evening of Tuesday, the 15th Aug. at the church. Admission will be free. An abundance of ice cream, fruit of all kinds, coffee and sandwiches, etc., will be on hand. Good committees have been formed, who have all the arrangements in hand, and it is expected the social will be the best of the season.

About midnight on Sunday last an alarm of fire was raised, Mr. A. L. Hough, who had just returned from Madoc, having discovered fire issuing from the cellar of Fox & Wickett's store in the Conley Block. Mr. Wickett was around and an entrance soon effected, when the fire was found to be the cellar, and was soon extinguished, with among some paper and kindling wood in but little damage. The origin of the fire is somewhat of a mystery.

Grain Threshers Measures.—The decisions of the courts in the government prosecutions against threshing machine manufacturers, and against grain threshers, for sending out and using unstamped measures having been decided in favor of the Government, a lively crusade is now being carried on by weights and measures officers against the illegal measures used by grain threshers. The courts have decided that all measures carried by them must be stamped.

For $2.50.

If you need a pair of pants you should see what the Oak Hall, Belleville, have to offer at the above price. This is the popular price which secures to you a pair of our celebrated trousers, for which other dealers ask $3 50. They are our specialty. We have them, Sir, and they will please you and fit you.

Remember

That next week the News-Argus will not be issued. Holiday time has come again, and the editor and his staff feel the need of a little rest and recreation, and as has been the usual custom, will omit the issue of the paper next week, the 18th inst.

Remember therefore that there will not be any paper next week; and therefore please do not annoy the postmasters asking about the News-Argus, as there will not be any. The next issue will be on the 25th August, and don't forget it.

The Cheese Market.

At the Belleville cheese board on Tuesday 2,800 boxes were offered. The sales were 300 white at 9⅝c.; and 70 colored at 9 9-16c.

At Montreal there was a very firm feeling, although the demand was limited. Finest Ontario is quoted at—white, 9¼c. to 9⅜c., and colored, 9½c. to 9⅝c.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Village Council held Aug. 7th.

Members present—W. S. Martin, Reeve, F. B. Parker, Urial Wright, J. Shaw, and C. J. Boldrick.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

A communication was received from F. Aylsworth, Provincial Land Surveyor, relative to making a plan of the Village, which was laid over till next meeting, the clerk in the meantime to correspond with Mr. Aylsworth asking for a more definite proposal.

A petition was received from the members of the Stirling Brass Band, asking for a grant to assist them in the purchase of new instruments.

A requisition was received from the Board of Education, for the sum of $2600.00 for the maintenance of the schools for the current year.

The following accounts were, on motion, ordered to be paid:—

News-Argus, printing	$11 50
W. H. Gould, teaming	1 75
John Gould, "	1 00
Jno. S. Brown, work on sidewalk	50
Wesley Jones, " " "	1 00
Wm. Bamber, work on ditch	1 00

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by U. Wright, that a grant of $40, be made to the Stirling Brass Band, and that an order be drawn on the Treasurer for that amount, payable to John Shaw, Treasurer of the Band Carried.

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by Jno. Shaw, that the Street Committee be given full power to make the necessary repairs on the Fire Engine and Engine House. Carried.

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by C. J. Boldrick, that the sum of $200, and the interest from March 1st, be paid on the Railway Debentures. Carried.

Moved by F. B. Parker, seconded by Jno. Shaw, that the Reeve call upon George Green, and insist upon his performing the duties of the office to which he was appointed under the provisions of the by-law restraining cattle from running at large, with power to dismiss Mr. Green in case of further negligence. Carried.

On motion the council adjourned.

John S. Black, Clerk.

Foxboro.

From Our Own Correspondent.

It has been very dry here for some time, and warm, and the Ladies' Ice Cream Parlor is booming on account of it.

Our mails now arrive by train instead of by stage. No stage to Madoc now.

The farmers are threshing winter wheat, and report the yield good. Spring grain will be very light on account of no rain for some time. New potatoes are dear on account of the drouth, there being few in a hill. Farmers say they will not have half a crop. Apples are a very light crop in this section.

A number of our people have been north after huckleberries, and found plenty and came home loaded.

The Rev. Mr. Woodcock, of Belleville, occupied the pulpit in the south church on Sunday last, on quarterly meeting day, and preached to a well filled house.

Foxboro, August 7th.

Springbrook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Dry and dusty, pasture suffering for want of rain.

The whooping cough is "whooping it up" in this locality.

Mr. Wm. Linn's house, 12th con. was struck by lightning last Saturday and considerably damaged.

Mr. S. J. Danford's team ran away last Monday. He was thrown out of the waggon, falling on his head and shoulders. The waggon passed over his head. He was seriously, though we trust not dangerously injured.

Springbrook could challenge the Dominion for the number of drunken men, in proportion to its population, parading its streets last Sunday, from morn till dewy eve. Evidently the Sunday closing clause of the license act is a dead letter in this town.

Tuftsville Items.

(From our Correspondent.)

Mrs. A. Brown, of Oswego, is visiting her brother and sister, P. F. Le Riche, and Mrs. F. Horton. Her daughter Grace accompanies her.

Miss C. P. Bennett, who for some time past has been living in Bloomfield, is home on a lengthy visit to her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. White, of Centralia, Washington, are home again after an absence of nearly four years, we are all pleased to see them with us again.

Miss Nettie Frizzell, of Canifton, is a guest of Mrs. C. W. La Roy.

Mr. S. Clark and wife of Corbyville, were guests of Mrs. E. Bennett last week.

Mr. S. Tufts, P. M., has greatly improved the appearance of his house with a fresh coat of paint and an attractive post office sign.

Tuftsville, Aug. 8, 1893.

Philosophy of the Hour.

The tramp who will work has no professional pride.

The respect of others can never compensate you for the loss of your own.

Some people can talk more religion in 10 minutes than they can live in a week.

Nothing makes a man more cautious than the conviction that his advice is going to be followed.

Contentment is better than riches, but it takes about the same amount of money for one as the other.

If you want to please an ordinary man call him good looking; if you want to please a very homely man call him handsome.

It is interesting to see how sorry the man who went to the country for a vacation and the man who stayed home are for each other.

Ready-Made vs. Tailor-Made.

There is no doubt but some stores will sell you a poor ready-made suit, but is this any reason you should condemn all ready-made clothing. The Oak Hall, Belleville, have been working hard for years to raise the standard in this line of goods, and at present we are in a position to say, "that our clothing is equal in every respect to the best ordered work."

The fact that sunlight is inimical to bacteria has long been known, but Professor Ward's experiments indicate that sunshine may be the most effective agent in keeping air and water free of infection.

People who argue that the world is getting worse should take note that in a little over 20 years liquor licenses in Ontario have been reduced from 5,450 to 3,347. In fifteen years crimes against the person have decreased from 990 to 725, and committals for drunkenness have dropped from 3,889 in '76 to 2,736 in '92.

A WISE KING.

—:o:—

Solomon said there was a time to mourn and a time to rejoice; a time to work and a time to play. We don't envy the man who sees nothing in the distance but money and death; wishes for no holidays nor takes any. We hope his ending may be peaceful. We are taking our holidays, alternately, at Crow Lake, with all the change and rest it means. Rejoicing over our successful summer trade, and hopeful of the large trade this fall, we expect to do, we are piling the Goods in now, Splendid inducements, great bargains are being offered in Summer Stocks.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

22 LBS.

of good Sugar for $1.00.

JUST RECEIVED, a New Line of

25c. TEA.

Best value in town, at

ORANGES,
LEMONS,
BANANAS,
Watermelons,
PEACHES, PEARS,
PLUMS, TOMATOES
FRESH EVERY WEEK,
AT

FRUIT JARS!

We have just received our third shipment of Ten Cases. We are bound to supply you.

For the best value in all kinds of Crockery, go to

G. L. SCOTT'S,

STIRLING.

REPAIRS!

—:o:—

Those wanting repairs for the Massey-Harris Co'y. Machines, or Sawyer & Massey Threshers, will kindly leave their orders at once, as anything I have to send for to come by express, purchasers will have to pay all costs.

REPAIRS CASH.

E. F. PARKER.

STAPLE GOODS!

—:o:—

Buying these Goods on the best CASH TERMS, independent evidence goes to show that we sell them at least ten per cent. cheaper than the average dealer.

Grey Cottons,	Denim,
White Cottons,	Cottonade,
Flannelettes,	Ticking,
Flannels,	Pillow Cotton,
Ginghams,	Sheeting,
Check Shirtings,	Towels,
Oxford Shirtings,	Towelling,

Table Linens, &c.

Our doors are wide open. We will be pleased to see you.

GEO. RITCHIE & CO.,

BELLEVILLE.

When it is said that the annual drink bill of the United States is $90,000,000, it readily occurs to one that this great sum spent on clothing, food, fuel, etc., would go a long way toward increasing the comforts of the people. The subject is not so often approached from another side, which was recently dealt with by the Hon. Walter B. Hill in Christian Thought. Mr. Hill says that while the capital invested in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors employs 36,000 men, the same amount invested in any other business would employ an average of 135,000 men. A simple transfer to other business, he says, would create a demand for 100,000 laborers. The liquor traffic pays for every $100 worth of product, at consumers' prices, $1.93 for labor, the shoe business $23 per $100 to the laborer, and so on.

A New York *Herald* reporter has been interviewing the Hon. Peter Mitchell on the subject of annexation. It is not often that a New York reporter interviews a Canadian public man on the annexation question. The usual plan is to discover some obscure individual with cranky notions about the future of Canada, and make him a public man for the occasion. "Sir Peter" told his interviewer some good plain truths plainly. He commenced by saying: "No prominent official in Canada dare preach annexation without at the same time committing political suicide and paying the penalty of political extinction." He then went on to point out that the United States have nothing to offer that Canada wants, and wound up by advising the American people to reform their constitution. This kind of talk may not be as palatable to the American reader as the stuff generally served up as the "opinions of prominent Canadians," but it is an accurate reflex of Canadian public opinion on the annexation question.—*Montreal Star*.

The Germans must be particularly happy these days. What Bismarck's years of consummate manœuvring failed to do has been done in a few days by the crass stupidity of the French Ministers. To win English sympathy for the triple alliance was long a pet project of the Iron Chancellor. British public opinion was completely opposed to the idea, however. The average Englishman after Sedan gave his sympathy to the losers, and no English Government has felt justified in antagonizing that feeling. French grumbling at the occupation of Egypt and the recent truculent utterances towards Lord Dufferin in the Parisian newspapers had done much to change that feeling. It is now undoubtedly completely reversed on the head of the Siamese complications. Britain was practically forced into Germany's arms, and the Teuton statesman received the windfall with effusion. The blundering of the French Ministers may have remote consequences, which the giddy Parisians at present fail to apprehend. It is no little thing to have driven over to their enemies the greatest naval and financial power of the world, a power which was disposed to be friendly and sympathetic towards France during the last twenty years.

Testing his Honesty.

Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

Nothing so cements and holds together all the parts of society as faith or credit, which can never be kept up unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe one another.—*Cicero.*

The Horn Fly Pest.

We hear that some farmers in the back townships have been losing young cattle, attributing their death to the horn fly. The following is a simple remedy, and we give it for what it is worth:—Take 1 qt. of rain water and 2 oz. soap. Boil the soap in water until all is dissolved, then while boiling hot turn it into two qts., of coal oil, stir it constantly for five minutes, when it will be of a smooth creamy nature. As it cools it thickens into a jelly-like substance—this is "kerosene emulsion." Put this into 27 quarts of water, if possible before cooling, as it will mix much more easily. This gives you thirty quarts of the mixture ready for use. Apply liberally with a sponge on head, neck, horns, shoulders and wherever the flies trouble. The flies congregate in a mass where the cow can't reach them. It is better to put it almost all over the animal. It should be applied at least once a week.

Very Large Men.

Men who weigh 200 to 250 pounds and never have been able to get ready-made clothing large enough for them, need no longer pay fancy prices to the tailor. The Oak Hall, Belleville, have had especially made, a lot of 44 and 46 inch suits and can offer them as reasonable as any other suits.

Neuralgia must go! "Harper's Arabian" Balm will stop the pain at once. At Parker's Drug Store.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" is the best Liniment, the largest Bottle and the smallest price, 25 cents at Parker's Drug Store.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by all Druggists.

Rheumatic sufferers look! "Harper's Arabian Balm" will give you speedy relief. Call at Parker's Drug Store and get a large bottle 25 cents.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swoollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" is the cure for Cuts, Wounds, Swellings, Toothache, Faceache, Lumbago. For Rheumatic pains has no equal. Will keep down Inflammation. At Parker's Drug Store.

Keep a bottle of Harper's Arabian Balm in the house The best Liniment. 25 cents.

All pains and aches must go. Harper's Arabian Balm cures.

Use Harper's Arabian Balm for caked bag in cows.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" cures sore shoulders, Saddle Galls, &c., on Horses.

Try Harper's Arabian Balm on your Bunions. You will get relief.

Births.

At Springbrook, August 4, the wife of Wm. Hazlett, of a son.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 65c. to 68c.
Barley, 35 to 40c.
Rye, 40 to 50c.
Oats, 25c. to 28c.
Pease, large, 60c. to 65c.
Pease, small, 55c. to 58c.
Buckwheat, 35 to 42c.
Butter, 20 to 20c.
Eggs, 10c. to 11c.
Potatoes, per bag, 60 to 75c.
Pork, $7 to $8 per cwt.
Apples, per bag, 50 to 60c.
Lard, 15c. to 15c.
Chickens, per pair, 25c. to 40c.
Ducks, 8c. to 9c. per lb.
Geese, 6¼c. per lb.

REMEMBER

Our Sale lasts all this month. If you want to save your money come to us.

Colored Cashmere, Double Fold, All Wool, at - - - - - - - - - - 25c.

Ladies' Rain Proof Rubber Circulars, extra quality, at - - - - - - $1.60.

Ladies' Summer Jackets, regular, $8, $10, and $12. Sale price - - - $5.00.

W. H. SMILLIE & CO.,

STIRLING.

P. S.—TWO STORES TO RENT.

W. H. S. & CO.

Stirling Tin Shop.

H. & J. WARREN.

Cheese Vats, Milk Cans,

FACTORY FURNISHINGS,

-:TINWARE, STOVES,:-

Shelf Hardware,

-:Fence Wire, Nails, Shovels,:-

SPADES, FORKS, HOES,

Rakes, Paints, Oils, White Lead, Mixed Paint, Glass, Putty, Coal Oil and Machine Oil.

EAVETROUGHING, ROOFING,

Steam Fitting and General Jobbing done on shortest notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

H. & J. WARREN.

FROM 13 TO 9.

—:o:—

We are offering at 9c. per yard, about 1,000 yards of PRINT, which formerly sold for 11 to 13 cents per yard. Call early and secure your choice, as they are going off rapidly.

P. WELCH & CO.

Springbrook, May 23rd, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WALL PAPER IS OUR HOBBY

—:o:—

WE'VE received **50,000 ROLLS** of New Goods this Spring. These were ordered previous to the recent advance in the prices of Wall Paper, and you may depend upon receiving just such values as we have received through shrewd buying.

That our Papers are always choice and very cheap, any of the many who are constantly using our Wall Hangings will tell you.

That our Wall Paper Trade is the largest between Toronto and Montreal is an established fact, and we defy contradiction.

Our New Papers all have Borders to match. Our salesman, Mr. Charles Henderson, formerly of New York, is an expert in Wall Paper, and will gladly offer you any suggestions you may wish.

If you cannot get to see our line, write us, and we'll be pleased to **send you samples.**

We will allow 10 per cent off the amount of your Wall Paper purchase to pay your expenses in visiting Belleville.

We refund cash for all papers returned.

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Importer.

Books, Stationery, and Wall Papers. Wholesale and Retail.

D'BENN'S MOTHER-WORT PILLS NATURE'S UNFAILING HELP.

AT ALL CRITICAL PERIODS AND CHANGE OF LIFE. Sold by all Druggists, or by mail price 50 cents, six boxes, $2.50. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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The News-Argus to Jan. 1, 35c.

HARDWARE!

PURE PARIS GREEN.

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SNATHS.
CRADLES, BARLEY FORKS.
SCREEN WINDOWS AND DOORS.
HARVEST MITTS, MACHINE OIL.
COAL AND PINE TAR.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, AND MIXED PAINTS.
BINDER TWINE.

—.o:—

Plenty of PINE and CEDAR SHINGLES for sale.

—:o:—

To those building I would say that I will sell lower than Belleville or Trenton.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

A fresh supply of Canned Fruit from the Picton Canning Factory.

Calls, at all hours, punctually attended to.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

RIPANS TABULES

- A -

STANDARD

AND

PROVIDENTIAL FAMILY MEDICINE

THEY BANISH PAIN, THEY PROLONG LIFE

A Trial Bottle 15 Cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER

is the latest triumph in pharmacy for the cure of all the symptoms indicating Kidney and Liver Complaint. If you are troubled with Costiveness, Dizziness, Sour Stomach,

MEMBRAY'S

Headache, Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Tired Feeling, Rheumatic Pains; Sleepless Nights, Melancholy Feeling, Back Ache, Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure

KIDNEY AND

will give immediate relief and Effect a Cure. Sold at all Drug Stores.

Peterboro' Medicine Co., Limited.

PETERBORO', ONT.

LIVER CURE

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT

LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

The Stirling News-Argus

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. } $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE. }

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1893.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year,

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. J. MEIKLEJOHN, M.D., C.M.

OFFICE—THE HOUSE RECENTLY OCcupied by Dr. Faulkner, Front Street, Stirling.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:—Over Stickle's Store, Stirling.

C. D. MACAULAY.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., OFFICE, Bridge Street, Belleville, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, COMMISSIONER, &c., will be at his office over Boldrick's store, Stirling, on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

CHARLES BUTLER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. C. E. PARKER, R. S.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,

DENTIST

Trenton last half of every week. Will be at the Scott House, Stirling, the 1st and 3rd Mondays of every month, from 9 a. m., until the next morning. Complete facilities for all Dental work, with gold, &c.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.

TRENTON. GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling professionally, on the second and last Fridays of each month.

The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.

Rooms at Scott House.

Dr. Wm. S. Cook, V.D., V.S.,

Stirling, Ontario.

GRADUATE IN HIGHEST HONORS AT the Toronto Veterinary College. Graduate in highest honors at the Toronto Dental School. Registered member of the Veterinary Medical Society. Treats all diseases of the domesticated animals in the latest scientific and modern principles.

Dentistry, Castration, and Surgical Operations, a specialty.

All calls day or night, Telegraph or Telephone, promptly attended to.

Office opposite Lagrow's bakery and grocery. Consultation free. Charges low.

SALE AND LIVERY STABLES.

J. J. KNOWLES.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAS NOW A COMplete Stock of Watches, Clocks, Wedding Presents, Silverware, and everything desired in his line. Repairing done on shortest notice, and all work guaranteed. Next door to Jas. Boldrick & Son.

I am now selling B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles, and as I have received instructions from that gentleman, I am in a position to declare that I can fit any person in the shortest possible time, and in most instances with the first pair. This is no idle boast. Why buy of pedlars when your own local Jeweler can supply you for quarter the price and give satisfaction? I sell B. Laurance's Spectacles from 50cts. per pair and guarantee them for one year. Come and see them, and be satisfied that the sight of old age can be equal to the sight of youth by wearing these invaluable aids to vision. J. J. KNOWLES, Jeweler and Optician, Stirling

DR. HARTE'S
CELERY
IRON PILLS
NUTRATIVE, TONIC, NERVE RESTORING.

When strength of body has departed, when health has failed, and vigor is absent, appetite all gone, hope deferred, and the heart sick. Then ask for one box of Celery Iron Pills, and after using, compare conditions. Then write us. Druggists and dealers, or mail. Price 50 cts., or six for $2.50. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

THE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, nearly new, and large barn, with an acre and a quarter of land, on Church street, in the village of Stirling, known as the Ashley place. Terms easy. Apply to
E. W. BROOKS,
Glen Ross.

THE ∴ NEWS-ARGUS

To DEC. 31, 1893, for 35c.

WHY IS IT?

—:o:—

That our competitors try to imitate our productions? The reasons are very plain, because they are the essence of all that is Practical and Fashionable in Gentlemen's Wear, brought out by time, study and money. We do not try to see how Cheap we can make clothes, but how DURABLE, FASHIONABLE, NEAT and BECOMING to you, moving on with time and the changes it brings about. Suits we make to order at $10, $12, $14, and $15, are the best that can be procured at those prices. Three-fourths of the well-dressed young men, middle-aged men, and even old men, of the surrounding country, wear FRED WARD'S FINE ORDERED CLOTHING and FURNISHINGS, and why? Because they find them to be all they are advertised. If you are among the one-fourth that have not given our Ordered Clothing a trial, you had better try. We will be glad to have you. Preparations are being made for receiving our Fall and Winter Stock, which no doubt will surpass any previous season in all that goes to make up a First Class Stock of Gentlemen's Wear, as we are an exclusive Men's Furnishing Store.

FRED. T. WARD,

THE PEOPLE'S TAILOR AND FURNISHER.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

—:o:—

Insure your Buildings in one of the following Companies:—

NORTHERN,
CALEDONIAN,
PHŒNIX,
MERCANTILE,
Or CONNECTICUT.

W. S. MARTIN, Agent.

HARD TIMES

AND

CHEAP GOODS.

C. F. STICKLE.

To the Farmers and Their Wives of Hastings County and Vicinity.

I want to insure your lives in a First Class Company. I want to insure you on a plan where you don't have to die to win—where you draw the money yourselves at the end of a certain time, or, it would be payable at death if it should happen sooner.

I want to give you something that you will thank me for a few years from now.

I want to give you something that will act as a BEACON LIGHT ahead of you, inducing you to live.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, you may think this a homespun Ad. of mine, but its my own language, and such as I use every day, so it comes honestly. Particulars given cheerfully by

J. G. DAVISON, Auctioneer,
S. ROUGHTON,
SPECIAL AGENTS.

S. BURROWS,
GENERAL AGENT.
OFFICE FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

STIRLING FOUNDRY.

—:o:—

The undersigned wishes to draw the attention of farmers to his stock of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS,

GANG PLOUGHS,

Double Moldboard Ploughs,

CORN CULTIVATORS

(with Hiller attachment).

LAND ROLLERS, 30 AND 36 inches,

FARM & SCHOOL BELLS,

ROAD -:- SCRAPERS,

REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS OF PLOUGHS.

REPAIRING AND GENERAL JOBBING

DONE ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Agent for the Celebrated Wilkinson Steel Plows and Sylvester Bros' Light Steel Binder, Mowers, Horse Rakes, Spring Tooth Harrows, Root Cutters, Patent Clothes Reels; also the Richmond Pea Harvesters,—can be attached to any Mowing Machine.

FOR SALE.—Nearly an acre of ground, with good young orchard thereon, situated in Stirling.

W. J. GRAHAM.

All In The Buying.

If a business establishment has to buy on the longest credit, he has to pay the highest prices. Now can any one tell us how such a firm is going to compete with cash buyers who are always on the alert for bargains? The Oak Hall, Belleville, get nearer to the purse of the general public than any other clothing house in the district, because they buy right, sell right and keep the right goods.

The new weldless chain has proven by experiments that its breaking strain is nearly double that of the steel of which it is made.

The United States Government has advised the lessees of the Pribyloff Islands that the full amount of their stipulated rental will now be exacted from them, and that the action of the previous Administration in reducing the rental to correspond with the narrower sealing limits, from time to time announced, was illegal.

Boys' Suits.

The Oak Hall Clothing House, Belleville, have received their complete stock of boys' suits. These goods are from the celebrated manufacturer Sanford, and all our customers know the many good qualities of this firm's make. We will consider it a pleasure to show these nice goods at any time, no matter whether you are buying or not.

Rev. J. Denonvan, writing in the *Canadian Baptist*, sensibly says: What craze is it that makes women—sensible women many of them, too—associate ordinary domestic work with this idea of social degradation, so that if one of them happens to be caught by a visitor in a kitchen, or in a dress suitable to ordinary domestic work, the visitor must be entertained with an elaborate apology? Why apologize? I never yet heard a carpenter make an apology for being detected standing in his shirt sleeves and ankle deep in shavings; nor did I ever hear a blacksmith apologize for the smut on his hands and face; nor a baker for the flour-dust on his face and raiment; nor a painter for the shape and brilliant tints of his overalls. Why should wife or daughter deprecate and deplore the attire and condition in which honest domestic work puts them? Every person possessed of a modicum of brains understands and appreciates the situation, and honors the woman properly attired for the work divine providence has brought to her hand.

It is rumored from Ottawa that there is soon to be changes in the Dominion Cabinet. A despatch from there says:—An arrangement for the retirement from the Cabinet of Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, and the appointment to his place of Dr. Montague, M.P., is said to be on the cards. The story is that Senator Bowell will take the Lieut.-Governorship of Manitoba, now vacant. This would ensure him a comfortable post for five years, at the end of which, being then seventy-five years of age, he would begin to feel that he was no longer a juvenile. It is always difficult at first to realize the voluntary retirement of a veteran from public life, but Senator Bowell is now seventy years of age, and every man who endures the strain of public life beyond that period runs considerable risk of breaking down in health. It is understood that when Mr. Wallace entered the Government it was to train for Mr. Bowell's place in the Cabinet. Dr. Montague has been here since Friday. The Free Press says Dr. Montague is to be made Controller of Customs, and Mr. Wallace promoted to the Cabinet, but in whose place it says it does not know. A later despatch says Hon. M. Bowell being shown the above statement was asked whether it was true that he would accept the Lieut.-Governorship, replied: "No sir, not much; nor any other position."

Midsummer Examinations.

We are glad to notice that at the recent Departmental Examinations, the following pupils were successful in securing non-professional certificates as follows:—Third Class—Miss Edith McCann, Miss Bertha McGee, Miss Connie Faulkner and Miss Millar. Second Class—Messrs. Wm. H. Clarke, H. B. Anderson, Edwin J. Reid, and Miss Minnie Crosby. Mr. Frank C. Bird completed his matriculation examination in full, passing in Greek and Mathematics. This he did in about one year less the usual time. He carried First Class Honors in Mathematics, being one of eleven in the Province recorded as having taken this high standing. He is to be congratulated no less than the school. He goes to the University inferior to none of those having a seven years' training at our most prominent Collegiate Institutes.

It is certainly gratifying to have a school where any student who means business can be prepared to enter with the highest honors, any University in the British dominions, prepared in the shortest possible time.

Our school now stands second to no other *two-master* school in the Province, and considering the age and circumstances of the students in attendance, it compares very favorably both in quantity and quality of the work done, with the more pretentious Institutes.

To those who did not succeed this time, we say simply, be comforted. You are much better off than merely to pass with a shave. A year of good, hard, honest work and you will not be too well up in your subjects, and you will be all the better, whether your purpose be to teach or enter a profession.

Come promptly at the beginning of the term, and attend regularly. This alone, with a moderate attention to work, will guarantee success.

Rawdon Council.

Rawdon Town Hall, Aug. 7th, 1893.

The council met at the call of the Reeve. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Mr. Seymour Fox stated that he had finished the bridge on the old Marmora road, 2nd con., at a cost of $14.00.

Mr. Andrew McMullen applied to have the road allowance on the 13th con. line opened from lot No. 21 to the town line Rawdon and Seymour. Mr. McComb moved, seconded by Mr. Connor, that the clerk notify all parties concerned that at the next meeting of this council a by-law would be introduced to open said road allowance. Carried.

The clerk read a resolution passed by the Seymour council granting the sum of ten dollars to be expended on the town line across the 14th con., providing the Rawdon council granted a like sum. Mr. McComb moved, seconded by Mr. Tanner, that the sum of ten dollars be granted on said road, and that the same be expended by Councillor McComb. Carried.

Councillor Connor presented the petition of Lewis Radcliff and 33 others asking for support for one William Mack, who was now unable to work and had no means of support. On inquiry it was learned that Mr. Mack had spent the last 16 years in the city of Belleville. On motion the petition was not entertained.

Mr. William Scrimshaw made application for aid to support the widow Radcliff. The sum of ten dollars was granted.

Mr. Kingston moved, seconded by Mr. McComb, that the clerk notify Mr. Silas Sine, Collector, to return his roll at the next meeting of the council. Carried.

On motion the following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

Seymour Fox, building bridge	$14 00
A. McMullen, N. R. S. Labor	2 00
Lewis Gordiner, N. R. S. Labor	7 00
John Heagle, gravel	16 50
Mrs. Geo. Fletcher, for plank	4 50
R Harris, gravel	2 00
Wm. Seeley, gravel	9 10
J. H. Reid, gravel	5 25
Henry Dingman, repairing scrapers	5 35
Wm. Scrimshaw, support widow Radcliff	10 00
John Cook, R. W	12 00
S. Spry, gravel	4 85
Jesse Neal, repairing scraper	2 50
Wesley Sweet, R. W	15 00
Jesse Barlow, R. W	10 00
Robert Liberty	15 00
George Webb, gravel	2 75
Wm. Linn, gravel	2 65
J. Barlow, gravel	4 20
Charles Connor, gravel	5 00
Wm. Meiklejohn, R. W	20 00
James Sutherland	10 00
Lewis Radcliff, R. W	7 00
Frank Ryan, side road	10 00
Walter Sine, R. W., 7th con	
Mrs. Mumby, R. W., 13th con	10 00
John Simpson, R. W., 9th con. line	10 00
Tobias Forestell, R. W., county road	16 50
James Moore, R. W., 10th con. line	10 00
Allin Reed, R.W., between lot 6 & 7, on 10th concession	15 00
Jacob Kemp, R. W	10 00
Silas Green, support John Nappin	13 00
John Linn, R. W	10 00
Widow Small, support	13 00
Don Cooper, support Bill Rodgers	10 00
Albert Fitchett, R. W	8 00
John Farrell, gravel in full to date	9 00
James Knox, cedar & repairing bridge 8th concession line	2 00
George Drewry, gravel	1 25
P. Welch, postage and overalls for Bill Wallace	6 70

On motion the council adjourned until the first Monday in September next.

G. D. WIGGINS, Clerk.

The Rawdon School Matter.

Although the award in this municipal fight has been given, it puzzles the lawyers for both the appellants and for the Township to say which side has won. In fact it so much resembles the Behring Sea award in splitting up the claims advanced for either parties that a great deal might be said on both sides by way of congratulations and rights. The result is, however, that a portion of the gerrymandered district is taken away from the larger school section and put in the smaller. The arbitrators costs are to be paid by the Township with power to collect the same from the original school section. This is a substantial gain by the appellants on the question of territory, but the right given the Township to collect the costs of the arbitrators on the old school section is letting the members of the Township council who passed the iniquitious By-Law down very light. Flint & McCammon for appellants, J. E. Halliwell for the Township.—*Ontario.*

TERSE AND TRUE.—The devil would have to go out of business if he couldn't use whitewash.

If there were no men to cook for, some women would almost starve themselves to death.

The devil sees to it that a scolding woman never gets hoarse.

When a man is hungry he never complains that his wife is a poor cook.

A shiftless man loves to talk about his bad luck.

It is hard for a woman to remember that economy is a virtue when she goes into a millinery shop.

If grumbling could be exchanged for gold, how many of us would soon be rich.

There is many a wife hungering for an occasional word of approval who will be buried in a rosewood casket.

When a preacher becomes a politician it gives the devil a chance to hitch his sled to the Lord's chariot.—*Ram's Horn.*

The Behring Sea Arbitration.

The anxiously awaited award in the Behring Sea arbitration was made public on the 15th inst.

The five points of article six are decided against the United States.

A close season is established to begin May 1, and to continue until July 31. This close season will be observed both in the North Pacific Ocean and in Behring Sea.

A protected zone is established extending for 60 miles around the islands.

Pelagic sealing is allowed outside the zone in Behring Sea from August 1.

The use of firearms in sealing is prohibited.

The American arbitrators have expressed their satisfaction with the text of the decision.

Baron De'Courcel, after the decision was rendered, thanked the arbitrators for the close and intelligent attention they had brought to bear upon the case.

Lord Hannen and Senator Morgan, in replying to the president of the tribunal, acknowledged his courtesy and hospitality.

The American arbitrators believe that the regulations decided upon by the tribunal mean practically the end of the pelagic sealing, and that they are better terms than were heretofore offered to the United States by Great Britain as a settlement of the questions involved.

Sir Charles Tupper, when asked his opinion regarding the decision, said the award was about as expected; it was natural that arbitrators should seek something in the nature of a compromise. The facts made the position of Canada on the question of rights impregnable. Outside of this the general desire to preserve the seals from extinction enabled the court to meet the protests of the United States on this point.

The United States were now liable to pay damages to the Canadian sealers which they have seized.

The opinion is that Great Britain and Canada have every reason to feel pleased at the result of the arbitration and the award, and general satisfaction is expressed that the matter is finally settled.

News Notes.

John R. Arnoldi has been released from prison at Ottawa.

The grape crop in Essex county will be the largest known for years.

There is great suffering from drought in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Gabriel Dumont has got tired of Dakota and returned to the Canadian side.

Russia is credited with having the largest army, Great Britain the largest navy.

Sir Oliver Mowat and Hon. John Dryden have gone for a trip to the Northwest.

Thirty horsepower petroleum engines without boilers are now in successful operation.

Ten war vessels of the British navy were condemned last month as unfit for service and ordered sold.

It is said a plate glass trust has been formed in Canada, composed of three Toronto and two Montreal firms.

The tallest man in the Prussian army is 6 feet 7½ inches high. The shortest one is the little son of the German emperor.

Mr. Laurier will open his campaign in Ontario at Williams' Grove, Newmarket, on September 5, when a picnic is to be held.

The two leading transportation companies at Kingston have forwarded 13,000,000 bushels of grain to Montreal so far this season.

Mr. Bell, of the celebrated Bell farm at Indian Head, N.W.T., expects to realize from 35 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre this year.

Miss Stella Franklin, of Brantford, fell dead from heart disease at St. George, Ont., Monday, after running to catch an excursion train.

While playing baseball at Chicago Sunday afternoon Peter Hyland was struck in the back of the neck by a ball from the hands of the pitcher and almost instantly killed.

Three hundred people arrived at Winnipeg Friday morning on the first harvest excursion from Ontario, including many young men to work in the harvest fields, who are badly needed.

The maritime provinces were swept by a furious storm on Monday. Barns and other builings were blown down in several places, and telegraph wires were prostrated. A raft of timber was broken up at Buctouche, N.B., and several boats were sunk.

The bill in aid of the California Midwinter International Exposition, authorizing the transfer to San Francisco from Chicago of the dutiable goods on exhibition there and of the foreign employes, was taken up and passed on Monday by the United States Senate.

The cheese exports from Montreal since the opening of navigation to the week ending August 9th, amounted to 690,222 boxes, as against 670,082 for the same period of last year. Prices have been very satisfactory to the exporters, who expect that the total exports this year will be far ahead of many years back.—*Montreal Star.*

Mrs. E. M. Jones, of Brockville, has been appointed as one of the jurors on butter at the World's Fair, Chicago. Mrs. Jones is known far and near as a leader in dairying, and a book embodying her views on this important question entitled "Dairying for Profit, or the Poor Man's Cow," has been placed on the market and been cordially received. It contains a mint of information on the subject of dairying.

The hay trade with Great Britain is not proving as profitable as was expected. Recent advices from Liverpool state:—Prices have fluctuated considerably since our last, and gravitated to a lower level than we anticipated, owing to the heavy arrivals, and to-day we quote best Canadian baled at £4 10s. per ton of 2,000 lbs., and do. American 10s. to 15s. less." The *Hay Trade Journal*, a New York paper, notes a weaker tendency in its review of the hay market. The foreign demand has greatly decreased, and cables just received show that the price paid there is lower than here, when transportation expense is considered. Speculating in hay on the prospect of a foreign demand, is dangerous at the moment.

Boys' Odd Pants.

Can you afford to make your boy his pants? The Oak Hall, Belleville, claim that when you can get Sanford's make of boys' pants, lined all through, and at very low prices, that you work for nothing in making them up. From 4 years to 12, $1.00 and $1.25 per pair. From 12 years to 15, $1.25 and $1.50. These prices are for our best goods.

Some persons get into trouble by marrying two wives; and many do the same by only marrying one; while others find trouble enough by promising to marry one and not doing it.

A new postage stamp of the value of 8 cents is now being put into circulation. This stamp will be available for the prepayment either of registration fee and postage combined, or of postage only. The 5 cent registration stamp will be withdrawn when the present supply is exhausted.

The new criminal code makes the following provisions for raffles: "Every one is guilty of an offence and liable on summary conviction to a penalty of twenty dollars who buys, takes or receives any lot, ticket or other device for advancing lending, giving, selling or otherwise disposing of any property by lots, tickets or any mode of chance whatever."

County and District Items.

Two rattlesnakes were seen near Tweed about two weeks since by a party of berry pickers.

Henrooost robbers are committing depredations at Madoc, and some fancy breeds seem to be most sought after.

Several farmers in Prince Edward have lost all their bees as a result of the drought which has burned up vegetation. One bee man lost sixty hives.

Voting took place in the township of Faraday on the by-law for the prohibition of liquor in that township on Saturday last, the 12th inst., but the movement resulted in a failure, the by-law being rejected by a small majority.

Mr. Henry G. Bleecker, of Sidney, has been appointed County Surveyor, as successor to the late Timothy Farnham. Mr. Bleecker was for some years Reeve of Sidney township, and was Warden of the County one year.

On Thursday afternoon a swarm of grasshoppers migrated from Wolfe island across to the main shore. The flight took place from the vicinity of the canoe camp, and when the opposite shore was reached they covered everything within sight. They were going east.

Melrose Abbey cheese factory, owned by Benjamin Parker, situated about two miles west of Hastings, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, with the machinery. Thirty-eight cheese were also consumed. Cause of fire unknown. Loss, $1,000; insured for $800; cheese insured for $500.

One day last week the Hon. Robert Read, who resides in Sidney, set fire to a stump, and as a result the fire spread rapidly, and was soon beyond control of the few that were left on the place. It burned in its way the fencing on 100 acres of his farm, besides a portion of Mr. R. J. Graham's fences before it was subdued.

The celebration of the 204th anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry held in Belleville on Tuesday, the 15th inst., was a grand success. Trains and boats brought in large crowds to Belleville during the day. The procession was over a mile in length. Stirring speeches were delivered by able speakers and the games were well contested.

Burglars seem to be again operating in the neighboring counties. On Friday night last the post office at Consecon was entered, the safe blown open, and $100 in cash and stamps belonging to the post office, and $100 in private funds taken. On Sunday night Mr. Bensley's office at Warkworth was entered, and the safe blown open, but nothing of value secured.

On Sunday last a severe hail and wind storm visited Belleville and vicinity and was said to be the worst storm in many years. Over two inches of rain fell in an hour and a half. Fences and exposed out-buildings were thrown to the ground. Barns and out-buildings never known to leak were no more protection against the heavy fall of rain than a sieve. The rains for the past few days will do a great deal of good to farm lands.

During the heavy thunder storm which passed over this section of the country last Friday evening a barn belonging to Mr. Robert Gordon in the 7th concession of Thurlow, was struck by lightning and destroyed. Some sheds which were adjacent were also consumed. The barn contained a large quantity of grain, 40 tons of hay, besides a large number of farming implements. None of the contents were saved. The loss to Mr. Gordon will be heavy, as there was but $400 insurance upon the building and none upon the contents.

The apple crop in Prince Edward and district is a total failure. The hay crop is large, but the grasshoppers are forming so thick that the farmers are cutting oats green and feeding them to the cattle in order to deprive the grasshoppers of a meal. The insects are coming up from New York state, and on the bay shore blacken the surface of the water. They have not had such a pest since 1854. The section suffers greatly from lack of rain. There is not a green blade of grass, and the cows are yielding only half the usual quantity of milk.

Mr. Hewton, of the Kingston Hosiery Company has a machine that will turn out 160 pairs of men's knitted hose in one day, the usual work of forty girls. The machine was invented by a Florida man last winter. Mr. Hewton saw the machine working and was not slow to discover the bonanza in it. He made a bargain with the inventor for the Canadian right. A few days ago the knitting mill company was offered $25,000 for an interest. The company refused, and, further, refused to sell any other firm in Canada the machine. Mr. Hewton says the Kingston mill can turn out enough hose to furnish the whole of Canada and at such a reduced rate as to swamp the other dealers.

The residents in the vicinity of Bethel church, township of Thurlow, especially the women and children, have been terrorized for some days past by a man, who has been roaming about that section of the county. He was scarcely ever seen by men, but when a woman or child came along the road he would put in an appearance and frighten them. The matter was reported to High County Constable Johnston, who in company with others visited the locality, and spent Friday night in looking for the man, but were unsuccessful. The constable is certain, from the description of the man, that he is a fugitive from justice, and is wanted for a serious offence. It is to be hoped that his capture will shortly be effected. He is only about 21 years of age.—*Ontario.*

The recent long protracted drought caused everything in Prince Edward county to become as dry as powder, and almost as easily ignited. On Sunday 13th, the careless dropping of a match caused the stubble to ignite above Mountain View, when the brisk wind sent the flames in a westerly direction until the whole country seemed to be in a blaze. The fire spread over the farms of Jas. Roblin and Mr. Porte into Hillier. The neighbors turned out and fought the fire as best they could, and by evening the flames were somewhat subdued. On Monday the wind again raised the blaze, sweeping in a westerly direction over the farms of M. Thompson and Jos. Thompson, across the town line into Sophiasburg, burning fences and stubble, until the farms look like a devastated wilderness. Several farmers moved their household goods and crops as much as possible, in which they were assisted by their neighbors, and fortunately no buildings were destroyed.

Among the list of old people given in last Saturday's *Intelligencer* we find the following names:—Wm. McMurray, aged 93, born in Ireland, and for the past 52 years a resident of Tyendinaga. Philip Smith, Rawdon, 83 years of age. James Moore, who lives one mile north of Plainfield, was born in Ireland in 1798, and is now 95 years of age, and in good health. Philip Ketcheson, Huntingdon, 89 years old, born in Sidney. Benjamin Gilbert, born in Sidney, still living on the farm where he was born, now 86. Mrs. Gilbert, his wife is 85 years old. Robert Danford, living near Tuttaville, was born in England, is now 93, and was never sick a day in his life. James Fox, also living near Tuftsville, is 87, and his wife 84, both active and in good health. William Mackley, of the same place, is also 87. The person who is thought to be the oldest man in the county is Patrick Kilmurray, who lives in the 1st con. of Tyendinaga. He was born in Ireland, and is now 96 years of age. He came to Canada when very young, and has always been a farmer. He is still quite active, and health good.

o re N... the gentle ... angels heard: ...crifice, ...angels' eyes—

The Old Farm.

The dear old farm! Its every rod
Is fraught with memories sweet to me!
Each spot recalls some bygone hour
Of joyous childhood, gay and free.

Here Nature seems to speak herself,
In hill, and stream, and sunny field;
In them I find companionship
The crowded city cannot yield.

What are its shallow joys to me,
Its pomp and show, its sordid wealth,
Given in exchange for heaven's pure air,
For boundless freedom and rugged health!

Let him who loves the sickly shade,
Behind the counter scrape and bow;
To me it seems a better thing
To feel the sunlight on my brow.

And to the one who falsely scorns
The manly farmer's honest toil,
Degrading deems the work that gains
A living from the generous soil:

I'd point him to some famous names,
Our country's pride and glory now,
Of men whose youth did not disdain
To wield the axe or drive the plough.

But let the farmer know his worth,
Lofty and bold his mein should be,
His will full strong, and clear his mind;
His duty and opinions free.

Thus careful thought and industry
Work wonders with the fertile sod,
His labors high approval win
From man, from conscience, and from God.

—*Anne Taylor.*

Gems of Thought.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.

Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

The secret of making one's self tiresome is not to know when to stop.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?

He who boldly bears calamity is more valiant than he who dares to die.

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth that we should have known.

The greatest evil of modern education is the evil which it inflicts on health.

Fretfulness of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.

Honesty is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving in the right way and at the right moment.

The exact value of any man's religion may be determined by noticing the effect that it has on his conduct.

The decision of the Behring sea arbitrators is not a complete victory for either Canada or the United States. It amounts to an utter condemnation of the United States for taking the law into its own hands and seizing foreign vessels for taking seals, either in Behring sea or in the Pacific ocean, and the United States will be compelled as a result of the decision to apologize for its lawless course and grant compensation to the Canadian sealing vessels, owners and crews, whom it outraged and damaged by making seizures. On the other hand, the decision will establish a 60-mile limit around the breeding islands, instead of the ordinary three-mile limit, and establishes a closed season against pelagic hunting extending from May to July inclusive, and in the Pacific Ocean as well as in Behring sea, and it will prevent the use of firearms, which of course, will greatly hinder the success of the Canadians who kill seal on the high seas. The more the award is examined the more unsatisfactory it appears to both the United States and Canada. The award declares Behring Sea an open sea, and therefore as the award is only binding on Great Britain and the colonies, and the United States, other nations must be allowed free access to take seals at all times, while United States and Canadian sealers are only allowed to take them during a short season. The result is that the sealing business will probably all be done under a foreign flag. Already the sealers of Victoria, B.C., talk of removing their headquarters from that city to Yokohama, Japan; and a similar move will likely be made by the United States sealing vessels.

We Strive To Please.

No matter how you may be used in buying clothing elsewhere, always remember that the Oak Hall, Belleville, are alive to their own interests, and never send out clothing unless they know it to be right, and will prove a good advertisement. We are always looking ahead and will do anything within reason to hold our trade and get new customers.

The rust has attacked the spring wheat and oats in some sections about Perth. Apples will be a poor crop, owing to the worms on trees not sprayed in the spring. Potatoes promise to be a fair crop and of good quality.

Nothing has yet been heard of the Dominion Line steamship Sarnia, now 24 days out from Montreal, for Liverpool. She was spoken to be about 200 miles east of Newfoundland with her machinery broken down, but said did not need assistance.

The post office department has issued a notice stating that the enclosing of a letter or any writing serving the purpose of a letter in a newspaper, or in any other article of mail matter passing at less than letter rate, is an offence at law punishable by a fine of not less than $10. Several convictions have lately been had under this section of the post office act.

One of the most curious of farms in the United States, and one of the most profitable, is a frog farm in Illinois. There seems to be a growing demand for frogs over the border, and Canadians as well as their neighbors, aid in supplying it. Last year several hundred dollars worth of frogs were sent from Ottawa to New York, and large quantities are shipped every year from Rice Lake packed in ice for the American markets.

FOR SALE.

A FINE UPRIGHT PIANO, NEARLY new, (maker, R. S. Williams.) Will be sold for about half the original price. For further particulars enquire at THE POST OFFICE, Stirling.

CARD OF THANKS.

TO THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO., TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN.—Permit me to acknowledge, with thanks, through your Agent, Mr. S. G. Faulkner, of Peterboro', receipt of your cheque for $2000.00, being the full amount of Policy No. 10964, held by my late husband, Hiram Conley.

Such prompt and honorable dealing is certainly worthy of special notice, and I take great pleasure in strongly recommending The North American Life to those desiring good Insurance.

Signed
MARY E. CONLEY,
Administratrix.

Stirling, August 4th, '93.

'S INDIAN BRIDE.

ANCE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

PTER I.

T MISTAKE.

$1.00 FER 'that Armour had made the ...stake of his life. When people ...o know, they said that to have done it when sober had shown him possessed of a kind of maliciousness and cynicism almost pardonable, but to do it when tipsy proved him merely weak and foolish. But the fact is, he was less tipsy at the time than was imagined; and he could have answered to more malice and cynicism than was credited to him. To those who know the world it is not singular, that of the two, Armour was thought to have made the mistake and had the misfortune, or that people wasted their pity and their scorn upon him alone. Apparently they did not see that the woman was to be pitied. He had married her; and she was only an Indian girl from Fort Charles of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a little honest white blood in her veins. Nobody, not even her own people, felt that she had anything at stake, or was in danger of unhappiness, or was other than a person who had ludicrously come to bear the name of Mrs. Francis Armour. If any one had said in justification that she loved the man, the answer would have been that plenty of Indian women had loved white men, but had not married them, and yet the population of half-breeds went on increasing.

Frank Armour had been a popular man in London. His club might be found in the vicinity of Pall Mall, his father's name was high and honored in the Army List, one of his brothers had served with Wolseley in Africa, and himself, having no profession, but with a taste for business and investment, had gone to Canada with some such intention as Lord Selkirk's in the early part of the century. He owned large shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, and when he travelled through the North-West country, prospecting, he was received most hospitably. Of an inquiring and gregarious turn of mind, he went as much among the half-breeds—or metis, as they are called—and Indians as among the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and the white settlers. He had ever been credited with having a philosophical turn; and this was accompanied by a certain strain of impulsiveness or daring. He had been accustomed all his life to make up his mind quickly, and, because he was well enough off to bear the consequences of momentary rashness in commercial investments, he was not counted among the transgressors. He had his own fortune; he was not drawing upon a common purse. It was a different matter when he trafficked rashly in the family name, so far as to marry the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, the Indian chief.

He was tolerably happy when he went to the Hudson's Bay country; for Miss Julia Sherwood was his promised wife, and she, if poor, was notably beautiful and of good family. His people had not looked quite kindly on this engagement; they had, indeed, tried in many ways to prevent it; partly because of Miss Sherwood's poverty, and also because they knew that Lady Agnes Martling had long cared for him and was most happily endowed with wealth and good looks also. When he left for Canada they were inwardly glad (they imagined that something might occur to end the engagement),—all except Richard, the wiseacre of the family, the book-man, the drone, who preferred living at Greyhope, their Hertfordshire home, the year through to spending half the time in Cavendish Square. Richard was very fond of Frank, admiring him immensely for his buxom strength and cleverness, and not a little, too, for that very rashness which had brought him such havoc at last. Richard was not, as Frank used to say, "perfectly sound on his pins,"—that is, he was slightly lame,—but he was right at heart. He was an immense reader, but made little use of what he read. He had an abundant humour, and remembered every anecdote he ever heard. He was kind to the poor, walked much, talked to himself as he walked, and was known by the humble sort as "a'centric." But he had a wise head, and he foresaw danger to Frank's happiness when he went away. While others had gossiped and manœuvred and were busily idle, he had watched things. He saw that Frank was dear to Julia in proportion to the distance between her and young Lord Haldwell, whose father had done something remarkable in guns or torpedoes and was rewarded with a lordship and an uncommonly large fortune. He also saw that, after Frank left, the distance between Lord Haldwell and Julia became distinctly less—they were both staying at Greyhope. Julia Sherwood was a remarkably clever girl. Though he felt it his duty to speak to her for his brother,—a difficult and delicate matter,—he thought it would come better from his mother.

But when he took action it was too late. Miss Sherwood naively declared that she had not known her own heart, and that she did not care for Frank any more. She wept a little, and was soothed by motherly Mrs. Armour, who was inwardly glad, though she knew the matter would cause Frank pain; and even General Armour could not help showing slight satisfaction, though he was innocent of any deliberate action to separate the two. Straightway Miss Sherwood despatched a letter to the wilds of Canada, and for a week was an unengaged young person. But she was no doubt consoled by the fact that for some time past she had had complete control of Lord Haldwell's emotions. At the end of the week her perceptions were justified by Lord Haldwell's proposal; which, with admirable tact and obvious demureness, was accepted.

Now, Frank was wandering much in the wilds, so that his letters and papers went careering about after him, and some that came first were last to reach him. That was how he received a newspaper announcing the marriage of Lord Haldwell and Julia Sherwood at the same time that her letter, written in estimable English and with admirable feeling, came, begging for a release from their engagement, and towards its close, assuming, with a charming regret, that all was over and that the last word had been said between them.

He was sitting in the trader's room at Fort Charles when the carrier came with the mails. He had had some successful days hunting buffalo with Eye-of-the-Moon and a little band of metis, had had a long powwow, in Eye-of-the-Moon's lodge had chatted gayly with Lali the daughter, and was now prepared to enjoy heartily the arrears of correspondence and news before him. He ran his hand through the letters and papers intending to classify them immediately, according to such handwriting as he recognized and the dates on the envelopes. But, as he did so, he saw a newspaper from which the wrapper was partly torn. He also saw a note in the margin directing him to a certain page. The note was in Richard's handwriting. He opened the paper at the page indicated, and saw the account of the marriage! His teeth clinched on his cigar, his face turned white, the paper fell from his fingers. He gasped, his hands spread out nervously, then caught the table and held it as though to steady himself.

The trader rose. "You are ill," he said. "Have you bad news?" He glanced towards the paper.

Slowly Armour folded the paper up, and then rose unsteadily. "Gordon," he said, "give me a glass of brandy." He turned towards the cupboard in the room. The trader opened it, took out a bottle, and put it on the table beside Armour, together with a glass and some water. Armour poured out a stiff draught, added a very little water, and drank it. He drew a great sigh, and stood looking at the paper.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Armour?" urged to trader.

"Nothing, thank you, nothing at all. Just leave the brandy here, will you? I feel knocked about, I have to go through the rest of these letters."

He ran his fingers through the pile, turning over hastily, as if searching for something. The trader understood. He was a cool-headed Scotsman; he knew that there were some things best not inquired into, and that men must have their bad hours alone. He glanced at the brandy debatingly, but presently turned and left the room in silence. In his own mind, however, he wished he might have taken the brandy without being discourteous. Armour had discovered Miss Sherwood's letter. Before he opened it he took a little more brandy. Then he sat down and read it deliberately. The liquor had steadied him. The fingers of one hand even drummed on the table. But the face was drawn, the eyes were hard, and the look of him was altogether pinched. After he had finished this, he looked for others from the same hand. He found none. Then he picked out those from his mother and father. He read them grimly. Once he paused as he read his mother's letter, and took a great gulp of plain brandy. There was something very like a sneer on his face when he finished it. He read the hollowness of the sympathy extended to him; he understood the far from adroit references to Lady Agnes Martling. He was very bitter. He read no more letters, but took up the Morning Post again, and read it slowly through. The look of his face was not pleasant. There was a small looking-glass opposite him. He caught sight of himself in it. He drew his hand across his eyes and forehead, as though he was in a miserable dream. He looked again: he could not recognize himself.

He then bundled the letters and papers into his despatch box. His attention was drawn to one letter. He picked it up. It was from Richard. He started to break the seal, but paused. The strain of the event was too much. He winced. He determined not to read it then; to wait until he had recovered himself. He laughed now painfully. It had been better for him—it had, maybe, averted what people were used to term his tragedy—had he read his brother's letter at that moment. For Richard Armour was a sensible man, notwithstanding his peculiarities; and perhaps the most sensible words he ever wrote were in that letter thrust unceremoniously into Frank Armour's pocket.

Armour had received a terrible blow. He read his life backward. He had no future. The liquor he had drunk had not fevered him, it had not wildly excited him; it merely drew him up to a point where he could put a sudden impulse into practice, without flinching. He was bitter against his people; he credited them with more interference than was actual. He felt that happiness had gone out of his life and left him hopeless. As we said, he was a man of quick decisions. He would have made a dashing but reckless soldier; he was not without the elements of the gamester. It is possible that there was in him also a strain of cruelty, undeveloped but radical. Life so far had developed the best in him; he had been cheery and candid. Now he travelled back into new avenues of his mind and found strange aboriginal passions, fully adapted to the present situation. Vulgar anger and reproaches were not after his nature. He suddenly found sources of refined retaliation. He drew upon them. He would do something to humiliate his people and the girl who had spoiled his life. Some one thing! It would be absolute and lasting, it would show how low had fallen his opinion of whom Julia Sherwood had once been chiefest to him. In that he would show his scorn of her. He would bring down the pride of his family, who, he believed, had helped, out of mere selfishness, to tumble his happiness into the shambles.

He was older by years than an hour ago. But he was not without the faculty of humor. That was why he did not become very excited; it was also why he determined upon a comedy which should have all the elements of tragedy. Perhaps, however, he had not carried his purposes to immediate conclusions, were it not that the very gods seemed to play his game with him. For, while he stood there, looking out into the yard of the fort, a Protestant missionary passed the window. The Protestant missionary, as he is found at such places as Fort Charles, is not a strictly superior person. A Jesuit might have been of advantage to Frank Armour at that moment. The Protestant missionary is not above comfortable assurances of gold. So that when Armour summoned this one in, and told him what was required of him, and slipped a generous gift of the queen's coin into his hand, he smiled vaguely and was willing to do what he was bidden. Had he been a Jesuit, who is sworn to poverty, and more often than not a man of birth and education, he might have influenced Frank Armour and prevented the notable mishap and scandal. As it was, Armour took more brandy.

The he went down to Eye-of-the-Moon's lodge. A few hours afterwards the missionary met him there. The next morning Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, and the chieftainess of a portion of her father's tribe whose grandfather has been a white man, was introduced to the Hudson's Bay country as Mrs. Frank Armour. But that was not all. Indeed, as it stood, it was very little. He had only made his comedy possible as yet; now the play itself was to come. He had carried his scheme through boldly so far. He would not flinch in carrying it out to the last letter. He brought his wife down to the Great Lakes immediately, scarcely resting night or day. There he engaged an ordinary but reliable woman, to whom he gave instructions, and sent the pair to the coast. He instructed his solicitor at Montreal to procure passages for Mrs. Francis Armour and maid for Liverpool. Then, by letters, he instructed his solicitor in London to meet Mrs. Francis Armour and maid at Liverpool and take them to Greyhope in Hertfordshire,—that is, if General Armour and Mrs. Armour, or some representative of the family, did not meet them when they landed from the steamship.

Presently he sat down and wrote to his father and mother, and asked them to meet his wife and her maid when they arrived by the steamer Aphrodite. He did not explain to them in precise detail his feelings on Miss Julia Sherwood's marriage, nor did he go into full particulars as to the personality of Mrs. Frank Armour; but he did say that, because he knew they were anxious that he should marry "acceptably," he had married into the aristocracy, the oldest aristocracy, of America; and because he also knew they wished him to marry wealth, he sent them a wife rich in virtues—native, unspoiled virtues. He hoped that they would take her to their hearts and cherish her. He knew their firm principles of honor, and that he could trust them to be kind to his wife until he returned to share the affection which he was sure would be given to her. It was not his intention to return to England for some time yet. He had work to do in connection with his proposed colony; and a wife—even a native wife—could not well be a companion in the circumstances. Besides Lali—his wife's name was Lali—would be better occupied in learning the peculiarities of the life in which her future would be cast. It was possible they would find her an apt pupil. Of this they could not complain, that she was untravelled; for she had ridden a horse, bareback, half across the continent. They could not cavil at her education, for she knew several languages—aboriginal languages—of the North. She had merely to learn the dialect of English society, and how to carry with acceptable form the costumes of the race to which she was going. Her own costume was picturesque, but it might appear unusual in London society. Still, they could use their own judgment about that.

Then, when she was gone beyond recall, he chanced one day to put on the coat he wore when the letters and paper declaring his misfortune came to him. He found his brother's letter; he opened it and read it. It was the letter of a man who knew how to appreciate at their proper value the misfortunes, as the fortunes, of life. While Frank Armour read he came to feel for the first time that his brother Richard had suffered, maybe, from some such misery as had to come to him through Julia Sherwood. It was a dispassionate, manly letter, relieved by a gentle wit, and hinting with careful kindness that a sudden blow was better for a man than a life-long thorn in his side. Of Julia Sherwood he had nothing particularly bitter to say. He delicately suggested that she acted according to her nature, and that in the seesaw of life Frank had had a sore blow; but this was to be borne. The letter did not say too much; it did not magnify the difficulty, it did not depreciate it. It did not even directly counsel; it was wholesomely, tenderly judicial. Indirectly it dwelt upon the steadiness and manliness of Frank's character; directly, lightly, and without rhetoric, it enlarged upon their own comradeship. It ran over pleasantly the days of their boyhood when they were hardly ever separated. It made distinct, yet with no obvious purpose, how good were friendship and confidence—which might be the most unselfish thing in the world—between two men. With the letter before him Frank Armour saw his act in a new light.

As we said, it is possible if he had read it on the day when his trouble came to him, he had not married Lali, nor sent her to England on this—to her—involuntary mission of revenge. It is possible, also, that there came to him the first vague conception of the wrong he had done this Indian girl, who undoubtedly married him because she cared for him after her heathen fashion, while he had married her for nothing that was commendable; not even for passion, which may be pardoned, nor for vanity, which has its virtues. He had had his hour with circumstance; circumstance would have its hour with him in due time. Yet there was no extraordinary revulsion. He was still angry, cynical, and very sore. He would see the play out with a consistent firmness. He almost managed a smile when a letter was handed to him some weeks later, bearing his solicitor's assurance that Mrs. Frank Armour and her maid had been safely bestowed on the Aphrodite for England. This was the first act in his tragic comedy.

CHAPTER II.

A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

When Mrs. Frank Armour arrived at Montreal she still wore her Indian costume of clean well-broidered buckskin, moccasins, and leggings, all surmounted by a blanket. It was not a distinguished costume, but it seemed suitable to its wearer. Mr. Armour's agent was in a quandary. He had had no instructions regarding her dress. He felt, of course, that, as Mrs. Frank Armour, she should put off these garments and dress, as far as possible, in accordance with her new position. But when he spoke about it to Mackenzie, the elderly maid and companion, he found that Mr. Armour had said that his wife was to arrive in England dressed as she was. He saw something ulterior in the matter, but it was not his province to interfere. And so Mrs. Frank Armour was a passenger by the Aphrodite in her buckskin garments.

What she thought of it all is not quite easy to say. It is possible that at first she only considered that she was the wife of a white man,—a thing to be desired,—and that the man she loved was hers forever,—a matter of indefinable joy to her. That he was sending her to England did not fret her, because it was his will, and he knew what was best. Busy with her contented and yet somewhat dazed thoughts of him,—she was too happy to be very active mentally, even if it had been the characteristic of her race,—she was not at first aware how much notice she excited and how strange a figure she was in this staring city. When it did draw upon her she shrank a little, but still was placid, preferring to sit with her hands folded in her lap, idly watching things. She appeared oblivious that she was the wife of a man of family and rank; she was only thinking that the man was hers, all hers. He had treated her kindly enough in the days they were together, but she had not been a great deal with him, because they travelled fast, and his duties were many, or he made them so; but the latter possibility did not occur to her. When he had hastily bidden her farewell at Port Arthur he had kissed her and said, "Good-by, my wife." She was not acute enough yet in the inflections of Saxon speech to catch the satire—almost involuntary—in the last two words. She remembered the words, however, and the kiss, and she was quite satisfied. To what she was going she did not speculate. He was sending her: that was enough.

The woman given to her as maid had been wellchosen. Armour had done this carefully. She was Scotch, was reserved, had a certain amount of shrewdness, would obey instructions and do her duty carefully. What she thought about the whole matter she kept to herself; even the solicitor at Montreal could not find out. She had her instructions clear in her mind; she was determined to carry them out to the letter,—for which she was already well paid, and was like to be better paid; because Armour had arranged that she should continue to be with his wife after they got to England. She understood well the language of Lali's tribe, and because Lali's English was limited she would be indispensable in England.

Mackenzie, therefore, had responsibility, and, if she was not elated over it, she still knew the importance of her position, and had enough practical vanity to make her an efficient servant and companion. She already felt that she had got her position in life, from which she was to go out no more forever. She had been brought up in the shadow of Alnwick Castle, and she knew what was due to her charge—by other people; herself only should have liberty with her. She was taking Lali to the home of General Armour, and that must be kept constantly before her mind. Therefore, from the day they set foot on the Aphrodite, she kept her place beside Mrs. Armour, sitting with her,—they walked very little,—and scarcely ever speaking, either to her or to the curious passengers. Presently the passengers became more inquisitive, and made many attempts at being friendly; but these received little encouragement. It had become known who the Indian girl was, and many wild tales went about as to her marriage with Francis Armour. Now it was maintained she had saved his life at an outbreak of her tribe; again, that she had found him dying in the woods and had nursed him back to life and health; yet again, that she was a chieftainess, a successful claimant against the Hudson's Bay Company—and so on.

There were several on board who knew the Armours well by name, and two knew them personally. One was Mr. Edward Lambert, a barrister of the Middle Temple, and the other was Mrs. Townley, a widow, a member of a well-known Hertfordshire family, who, on a pleasant journey in Scotland, had met, conquered, and married a wealthy young American, and had been left alone in the world, by no means portionless, eighteen months before. Lambert knew Richard Armour well, and when, from Francis Armour's solicitor, whom he knew, he heard, just before they started, who the Indian girl was, he was greatly shocked and sorry. He guessed at once the motive, the madness, of this marriage. But he kept his information and his opinions mostly to himself, except in so far as it seemed only due to friendship to contradict the numberless idle stories going about. After the first day at sea he came to know Mrs. Townley, and when he discovered that they had many mutual friends and that she knew the Armours, he spoke a little more freely to her regarding the Indian wife and told her what he believed was the cause of the marriage.

Mrs. Townley was a woman—a girl—of uncommon gentleness of disposition, and, in spite of her troubles, inclined to view life with a sunny eye. She had known of Frank Armour's engagement with Miss Julia Sherwood, but she had never heard the sequel. If this was the sequel—well, it had to be faced. But she was almost tremulous with sympathy when she remembered Mrs. Armour, and Frank's gay, fashionable sister, Marion, and contemplated the arrival of this Indian girl at Greyhope. She had always liked Frank Armour, but this made her angry with him; for, on second thoughts, she was not more sorry for him and for his people than for Lali, the wife. She had the true instinct of womanhood, and she supposed that a heathen like this could have feelings to be hurt and a life to be wounded as herself or another. At least she saw what was possible in the future when this Indian girl came to understand her position,—only to be accomplished by contact with the new life, so different from her past. Both she and Lambert decided that she was very fine-looking, notwithstanding her costume. She was slim and well built, with modest bust and shapely feet and ankles. Her eyes were large, meditative and intelligent, her features distinguished. She was a goodly product of her race, being descended from a line of chiefs and chieftainesses—broken only in the case of her grandfather, as we have said. Her hands (the two kindly inquisitors decided) were almost her best point. They were perfectly made, slim yet plump, the fingers tapering, the wrist supple. Mrs. Townley then and there decided that the girl had possibilities. But here she was, an Indian, with few signs of civilization or that breeding which seems to white people the only breeding fit for earth or heaven.

Mrs. Townley did not need Lambert's suggestion that she should try and approach the girl, make friends with her, and prepare her in some slight degree for the strange career before her.

Mrs. Townly had an infinite amount of tact. She knew it was best to approach the attendant first. This she did, and, to the surprise of other lady-passengers, received no rebuff. Her advance was not, however, rapid. Mackenzie had had her instructions. When she found that Mrs. Townley knew Francis Armour and his people, she thawed a little more and then very hesitatingly, she introduced her to the Indian wife. Mrs. Townley smiled her best,—and there were many who knew how attractive she could be at such a moment. There was a slight pause, in which Lali looked at her meditatively, earnestly, then those beautiful wild fingers glided out, and caught her hand and held it, but she spoke no word. She only looked inquiringly, seriously at her new-found friend, and presently dropped the blanket away from her, and sat up firmly as though she felt she was not altogether an alien now, and had a right to hold herself proudly among white people, as she did in her own country with her own tribe, who had greatly admired her. Certainly Mrs. Townley could find no fault with the woman as an Indian. She had taste, carried her clothes well, and was superbly fresh in appearance, though her hair still bore slight traces of the grease which even the most aristocratic Indians use.

But Lali would not talk. Mrs. Townley was anxious that the girl should be dressed in European costume, and offered to lend and rearrange dresses of her own, but she came in collision with Mr. Armour's instructions. So she had to assume a merely kind and comforting attitude. The wife had not the slightest idea where she was going, and even when Mackenzie, at Mrs. Townley's oft-repeated request, explained very briefly and unpicturesquely, she only looked incredulous or unconcerned. Yet the ship, its curious passengers, the dining-saloon, the music, the sea, and all, had given her suggestions of what was to come. They had expected that at table she would be awkward and ignorant to a degree. But she had at times eaten at the trader's table at Fort Charles, and had learned how to use a knife and fork. She had also been a favorite with the trader's wife, who had taught her very many civilized things. Her English, though far from abundant, was good. Those, therefore, who were curious and rude enough to stare at her were probably disappointed to find that she ate like "any Christian man."

"How do you think the Armours will receive her?" said Lambert to Mrs. Townley, of whose judgment on short acquaintance he had come to entertain a high opinion.

Mrs. Townley had a pretty way of putting her head to one side and speaking very piquantly. She had had it as a girl; she had not lost it as a woman,—any more than she had lost a soft little spontaneous laugh which was one of her unusual charms,—for few women can laugh audibly with effect. She laughed very softly now, and, her sense of humor supervening for the moment she said, "Really, you have asked me a conundrum. I fancy I see Mrs. Armour's face when she gets the news,—at the breakfast-table, of course,—and gives a little shriek, and says, "General, oh, general!" But it is very shocking, you know," she added, in a lower voice. "Still, I think they will receive her and do the best they can for her; because, you see, there she is married hard and fast. She bears the Armour name, and is likely to make them all very unhappy if she determines to retaliate upon them for any neglect."

"Yes? But how to retaliate, Mrs. Townley?" Lambert had not a suggestive mind.

"Well for instance, suppose they sent her away into seclusion,—with Frank's consent, another serious question,—and she should take the notion to fly her retirement, and appear inopportunely at some social function, clothed as she is now! I fancy her blanket would be a wet blanket in such a case—if you will pardon the little joke."

Lambert sighed. "Poor Frank! poor devil!" he said almost under his breath.

"And wherefore poor Frank? Do you think he or the Armours of Greyhope are the only ones at stake in this? What about this poor girl? Just think why he married her,—if our suspicions are right,—and then imagine her feelings when she wakes to the truth over there, as sometime she is sure to do!"

Then Lambert began to see the matter in a different light, and his sympathy for Francis Armour grew less as his pity for the girl increased. In fact, the day before they got to Southampton he swore at Armour more than once, and was anxious concerning the reception of the heathen wife by her white relatives.

Had he been present at a certain scene at Greyhope a day or two before, he would have been still more anxious. It was the custom, at breakfast, for Mrs. Armour to open her husband's letters and read them while he was engaged with his newspaper, and hand to him afterwards those that were important. This morning Marion noticed a letter from Frank among the pile, and, without a word, pounced upon it. She was curious—as any woman would be—to see how he took Miss Sherwood's action. Her father was deep in his paper at the time. Her mother was reading other letters. Marion read the first few lines with a feeling of almost painful wonder, the words were so curious, cynical, and cold.

Richard sat opposite her. He also was engaged with his paper, but chancing to glance up, he saw that she was becoming very pale, and that the letter trembled in her fingers. Being a little short-sighted he was not near enough to see the handwriting. He did not speak yet. He watched. Presently, seeing her grow more excited, he touched her foot under the table. She looked up, and caught his eye. She gasped slightly. She gave him a warning look and turned away from her mother. Then she went on reading to the bitter end. Presently a little cry escaped her against her will. At that her mother looked up, but she only saw her daughter's back as she rose hurriedly from the table, saying that she would return in a moment. Mrs. Armour, however, had been startled. She knew that Marion had been reading a letter, and, with a mother's instinct, her thoughts were instantly on Frank. She spoke quickly, almost sharply: "Marion, come here."

Richard had risen. He came round the table and, as the girl obeyed her mother, took the letter from her fingers and hastily glanced over it. Mrs. Armour came forward and took her daughter's arm. "Marion," she said, "there is something wrong—with Frank. What is it?"

General Armour was now looking up at them all, curiously, questioningly, through his glasses, his paper laid down, his hands resting on the table.

Marion could not answer. She was sick with regret, vexation, and shame: at the first flush death—for Frank—had been preferable to this. She had a considerable store of vanity; she was not very philosophical. Besides, she was not married; and what Captain Vidall, her devoted admirer and possible husband, would think of this heathenish alliance was not a cheerful thought to her. She choked down a sob, and waved her hand towards Richard to answer for her. He was pale too, but cool. He understood the case instantly; he made up his mind instantly also as to what ought to be—must be—done.

"Well, mother," he said, "it is about Frank. But he is all right; that is, he is alive and well—in body. But he has arranged a hateful little embarrassment for us. . . . He is married."

"Married!" said his mother, faintly. "Oh, poor Lady Agnes!"

Marion sniffed a little viciously at this.

"Married! Married!" said his father. "Well, what about it? eh? what about it?"

The mother wrung her hands. "Oh, I know it is something dreadful—dreadful! he has married some horrible wild person, or something."

Richard, miserable as he was, remained calm. "Well," said he, "I don't know about her being horrible; Frank is silent on that point; but she is wild enough,—a wild Indian, in fact!"

"Indian! Indian! Good God, a red nigger!" cried General Armour, harshly, starting to his feet.

"An Indian! a wild Indian!" Mrs. Armour whispered, faintly, as she dropped into a chair.

"And she'll be here in two or three days!" fluttered Marion, hysterically.

Meanwhile Richard had hastily picked up the *Times*. She is due here the day after to-morrow," he said, deliberately. "Frank is as decisive as he is rash. Well, it is a melancholy tit-for-tat."

"What do you mean by tit-for-tat?" cried his father, angrily.

"Oh, I mean that—that we tried to hasten Julia's marriage—with the other fellow, and he is giving us one in return; and you will all agree that it's a pretty permanent one."

The old soldier recovered himself, and was beside his wife in an instant. He took her hand. "Don't fret about it wife," he said; "it's an ugly business, but we must put up with it. The boy was out of his head. We are old now, my dear, but there was a time when we should have resented such a thing as much as Frank,—though not in the same fashion, perhaps,—not in the same fashion!" The old man pressed his lips hard to keep down his emotion.

"Oh, how could he! how could he!" said his mother: "we meant everything for the best."

"It is always dangerous business meddling with lovers' affairs," rejoined Richard. "Lovers take themselves very seriously indeed, and—well, here the thing is! Now, who will go and fetch her from Liverpool?—I should say that both my father and mother ought to go." Thus Richard took it for granted that they would receive Frank's Indian wife into their home. He intended that, so far as he was concerned, there should be no doubt upon the question from the beginning.

"Never! she shall never come here!" said Marion, with flashing eyes; "a common squaw, with greasy hair, and blankets, and big mouth, and black teeth, who eats with her fingers and grunts! If she does, if she is brought to Greyhope, I will never show my face in the world again. Frank married the animal: why does he ship her home to us? Why didn't he come with her? Why does he not take her to a home of his own, and not send her here to turn our house into a menagerie?"

Marion drew her skirt back, as if the common squaw, with her blankets and grease, was at that moment near.

"Well, you see," continued Richard, "that is just it. As I said, Frank arranged this little complication with a trifling amount of malice. No doubt he didn't come with her, because he wished to test the family loyalty and hospitality; but a postcript to this letter says that his solicitor has instructions to meet his wife at Liverpool and bring her on here in case we fail to show her proper courtesy."

General Armour here spoke. "He has carried the war of retaliation very far indeed, but men do mad things when their blood is up, as I have seen often. That doesn't alter our clear duty in the matter. If the woman were bad, or shameful, it would be a different thing; if——"

Marion interrupted: "She has ridden bareback across the continent like a jockey,—and she wears a blanket, and she doesn't know a word of English, and she will sit on the floor!"

"Well," said her father, "all these things are not sins, and she must be taught better."

"Joseph, how can you!" said Mrs. Armour, indignantly. "She cannot, she shall not come here. Think of Marion! think of our position!" She hid her troubled tear-stained face behind her handkerchief. At the same time she grasped her husband's hand. She knew that he was right. She honored him in her heart for the position he had taken, but she could not resist the natural impulse of a woman, where her taste and convention were shocked.

The old man was very pale, but there was no mistaking his determination. He had been more indignant than any of them at first, but he had an unusual sense of justice when he got face to face with it, as Richard had here helped him to do. "We do not know that the woman has done any wrong," he said. "As for our name and position, they, thank God! are where a mad marriage cannot unseat them. We have had much prosperity in the world, my wife; we have had neither death nor dishonor; we——"

"If this isn't dishonor, father, what is?" Marion flashed out.

He answered calmly, "My daughter, it is a great misfortune, it will probably be a life-long trial, but it is not necessarily dishonor."

"You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it," said Richard, backing up his father. "It is all pretty awkward, but I dare say we shall get some amusement out of it in the end."

"Richard," said his mother through her tears, "you are flippant and unkind!"

"Indeed, mother," was his reply, "I never was more serious in my life. When I spoke of amusement, I meant comedy merely, not fun,—the thing that looks like tragedy and has a happy ending. That is what I mean, mother, nothing more."

"You are always so very deep, Richard," remarked Marion, ironically, "and care so very little how the rest of us feel about things. You have no family pride. If you had married a squaw, we shouldn't have been surprised. You could have camped in the grounds with your wild woman, and never have been missed—by the world," she hastened to add, for she saw a sudden pain in his face.

He turned from them all a little wearily, and limped over to the window. He stood looking out into the limes where he and Frank had played when boys. He put his finger up, his unhandsome finger, and caught away some moisture from his eyes. He did not dare to let them see his face, nor yet to speak. Marion had cut deeper than she knew, and he would carry the wound for many a day before it healed.

But his sister felt instantly how cruel she had been, as she saw him limp away, and caught sight of the bowed shoulders and the prematurely gray hair. Her heart smote her, she ran over, and impulsively put her hands on his shoulder. "Oh, Dick," she said, "forgive me, Dick! I didn't mean it. I was angry and foolish and hateful." He took one of her hands as it rested on his shoulder, she standing partly behind him, and raised it to his lips, but he did not turn to her; he could not.

"It is all right, it is all right," he said; "it doesn't make any difference. Let us think of Frank and what we have got to do. Let us stand together Marion; that is best."

But her tears were dropping on his shoulder, as her forehead rested on her hand. He knew now that, whatever Frank's wife was, she would not have an absolute enemy here; for when Maron cried her heart was soft. She was clay in the hands of the potter whom we call Mercy,—more often a stranger to the hearts of women than of men. At the other side of the room also the father and mother, tearless now, watched these two; and the mother saw her duty better, and with less rebelliousness. She had felt it from the first, but she could not bring her mind to do it. They held each other's hands in silence. Presently General Armour said, "Richard, your mother and I will go to Liverpool to meet our son's wife."

Marion shuddered a little, and her hands closed on Richard's shoulder, but she said nothing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHIPPING DISASTERS.

Collision in the British Channel During Fog—A British Steamer Rammed.

A London special says:—A dense fog covered the English channel all Saturday night and up to noon Sunday. Such a phenomenon in the month of August is almost abnormal. Fog whistles ashore and afloat were kept going unceasingly. Several casualities are reported. The steamboat Ville de Douvres, plying between Dover and Ostend, collided with an unknown steamer on her trip to Dover to-day. The unknown vessel disappeared immediately from sight, and is be'ieved to have been badly damaged. The Ville de Douvres left a life-boat searching for the vessel and proceeded on her voyage. She did not succeed in making the harbor of Dover until after the weather had cleared, having run far down the channel during the fog.

A STEAMER RAMMED.

The British cruiser Forth rammed the British steamer Kirkby, Capt. Brown, off Start Point, in a fog on Saturday evening. A bad hole was knocked in the Kirkby's port side amid ships, through which the water rushed in immense volumes. The fires under her boilers were soon extinguished, and some of her compartments filled with water. The undamaged compartments kept her afloat. The Kirkby was afterward towed to Plymouth by the Forth. The Kirkby, from Coosaw, S.C., July 11, arrived at Plymouth, August 4, and at the time of her collision was proceeding with part of her cargo for Rotterdam. The Forth had just left Torbay, where she had been with the blue manœuvering fleet.

TO KEEP SHIPS FROM SINKING.

But in Case the Invention Fails in this Will Raise the Ship Anyway.

An English mechanical genius has devised a method of indicating and stopping a leak by the use of compressed air. He divides a ship into air-tight compartments, fitted with doors provided with packing material and connected by tubes with a room on deck called the "switch-room." In this room is a junction chest supplied with compressed air from fixed or portable compressors, and so arranged that the air can be delivered to any of the compartments. Other tubes lead from the compartment from which water can be forced out when required, and electric indicators are also connected with the switch room to indicate the accumulation of water in any of the compartments. Should the vessel "spring a leak" the indicator will show which compartment is affected, so that the compressed air may be forced in to drive the water out.

The invention often includes the means for indicating the position of a sunken ship, this being accomplished by means of a buoy connected to a coil of rope. To refloat the vessel a diver can descend and connect the junction chest with the various compartments, so that by supplying compressed air the water will be ejected and the vessel floated. Other objects of the invention are the prevention of fire and the means for extinguishing the same, and also for ventilating the cargo.

ROBBED BY TRAMPS.

Two Young Men Carried to the Woods and "Gone Through."

A Battle Creek special says:—Wednesday afternoon Robert Case and Joseph Spanker, two young men from Saginaw, came to this city and were captured near the Chicago and Grand Trunk railway by tramps and taken to the woods on the banks of the Kalamazoo, where they were robbed of their watches and what money they had on their persons. The former lost a gold watch and the latter a silver one. They were on their way to Chicago. They were detained as prisoners in the woods by the tramps until evening, when Case got away from them and notified the officers. There were 10 tramps in the gang. This particular piece of woods is the general head-quarters for tramps. It is in the vicinity of the Chicago and Grand Trunk yards where all trains start from, and they secrete themselves there until night, when they steal their ride on freight trains. As many as 50 congregate here at one time.

A squad of police went up last night and arrested several of the gang. Case and Spanker could not identify but one of them, a young bootblack from Kalamazoo by the name of John Kavanaugh. The others were discharged and Kavanaugh held for trial. Kavanaugh claims that the fellows who robbed the young men were four thugs from Detroit, who had been to the Sturgis races, and that they held up several men and robbed them while there. The tramp question is becoming more serious every day.

The "Treacle Town."

This is Macclesfield, in Cheshire, which is said to have received this curious designation owing to the accidental overthrow in one of its principal streets of a cask of treacle which had been left outside a grocer's shop. The mishap occurred one morning as the workpeople were on their way to the mills, and the treacle flowing down the street was too much for them. They flocked to the spot to dip their breakfast bread in the sticky stream, until at last it seemed as if the greater part of the population were walking about the town eating bread and treacle. Macclesfield is a manufacturing town with a population of 36,009 in 1891, the silk manufacture being the staple industry. It possesses nine charters, the first by Prince Edward, Earl of Chester, in 1261 Bristol has also been called Treacle town, from the large quantity of treacle supplied by the numerous sugar refiners in and about the city.

STOLE A BAG OF GOLD.

A Thief at St. Paul Gets Away with Fifty thousand Dollars.

A St. Paul special says:—At noon today a daring thief stole a bag containing $50,000 in gold, which was lying at the window of the receiving teller of the First National Bank. The bag had been sent over to the clearing house by the Merchants' National, and was lying just inside the receiving teller's window. An unknown man stepped up to the window, seized the bag, made off with it, and escaped before pursuit could be organized. There is no trace of the robber.

Queen Victoria is said to have made her will in 1876. It is engrossed on vellum, quarto size and is bound as a volume, secured with a private lock. Several blank pages have been left at the end of the book for codicils, some of which have already been added. Thus, when the Princess Alice died in 1878, modifications of the bequest were rendered necessary, and in the summer of 1884, after the Duke of Albany's death, further revisions were imperative. One entry relates entirely to the disposal of the Queen's jubilee gifts, which are not the property of the nation.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, ... terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help.

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**"

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

THE WORLD'S GROWTH.

Progress of the Race in Providing for Its Material Comfort.

The power loom was invented in 1785. In 1885 Great Britain had 561,000 in operation.

Locomotives were first used in 1814; now the world has 99,000, and 6400 more are built every year.

In 1580 the first carriage was brought to England from France. In 1880 there were 163,000 in use.

The aniline dyes were invented in 1826, and now over $7,000,000 worth are annually used in the United States.

Envelopes were first made in 1839, and sold for 10c to 25c apiece. They are now sold at from two to five for a cent.

Dye-woods were first brought to England in 1650. Last year the factories of England alone used $10,000,000 worth.

Tea was first brought into Europe from the East in 1610. In 1891 Europe and America consumed 450,000,000 pounds.

Lightning rods first surmounted dwellings in 1752. Now every house is protected, each commonly having three or four.

The first iron ship was launched in 1830; now the carrying power of the world's iron shipping exceeds 36,000,000 tons.

The blast furnace was devised in 1842. In 1890 the United States alone made 9,000,000 tons of iron and 4,277,000 of steel.

The first milch cow came to this continent in 1499. Now, in the United States, there are 16,019,591, valued at $346,000,000.

Accordions were invented in 1829 by Mr. Damian, of Vienna, and a single German firm now manufactures over 17,000 a year.

Watts' patent for a steam engine was issued in 1769. The steam engines of the world to-day exercise 50,000,000 horse-power.

Matches were first invented in 1839, and it is estimated that 75,000,000 a day are burned by the people of the United States.

Electric railroads are not ten years old; now there are 385 lines, with 3980 miles of track, and with a capital stock of $155,000,000.

The Bank of England, the first on the modern plan, was instituted in 1695; now the banking capital of the word is £3,197,000,000.

Blacking for boots was invented in 1836, and now the manufacturers in this country and England sell over $4,000,000 worth a year.

The first horse was brought to this continent in 1518. Now there are, in the United States alone, 14,056,750, valued at $941,000,000.

Pianos were invented in 1711. Competent authorities now declare that 300 are made during the hours of every working, day in the year.

Potatoes first appear in history in 1503. In 1892 the United States raised 201,000,000 bushels. In 1881 the world raised 79,000,000 tons.

The first horse railroad was made in 1829. Now every country town has its street car line and even Constantinople and Jerusalem have such facilities.

Lithographing was first made practical 1801. It is at present so cheap that wall posters of almost any size can be executed at a trivial price.

Twenty-five years ago electricity as a mechanical power was unknown. Now $900,000,000 are invested in various kinds of electrical machinery.

The first steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1818. There are now seventy lines of mail steamers. In 1888 there were 107,137 steam vessels on the high seas.

The first practical sewing-machine was invented in 1841. In 1888 there were 600,000 made in the United States, able to do the work of 7,200,000 women.

Quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, was discovered in 1820. In 1888 there were produced 12,000,000 pounds of bark and 260,000 pounds of quinine.

The first lifeboat was launched in 1802. The United States now has 242 life saving stations, and since 1871 the lifeboats on our coast have saved 9000 lives.

Engineering Swallows.

The man who observes and thinks is mentally stronger and practically of more use than the man who merely reads books. The older triumphs of architecture and hydraulics were won before books began, and by engineers and architects who saw distinctly and reflected logically.

A colony of bank-swallows taught a young but observing engineer how to build a tunnel which his more learned superiors had refused to undertake. Mr. Chittenden tells the story in his "Personal Reminiscences."

North of the city of Burlington lies a broad sand plain high above the level of Lake Champlain, through which the Central Railroad was to be carried by a tunnel. The sand, destitute of moisture, would not cohere, but crumbled away as soon as an excavation was made. After several costly trials, the engineers decided that the tunnel was impracticable from want of means of sustaining the sand during the building of the masonry.

A young man in the engineer's office said he could tunnel the sand-bank at a small cost. The managers questioned him.

"Yes," said he, modestly, "I can build the tunnel for so many dollars; er running foot, but I can't expect you to act upon my opinion when so many American and European engineers have declared the project impracticable."

The managers, however, gave him a contract to build fifty feet of the tunnel. On the face of the sand-bank he marked the line of an arch larger than the proposed tunnel. On this line he drove into the bank sharpened timbers. Then he removed six feet of the sand, and drove in another arch of twelve-foot timbers, removing six feet more of sand.

This process he repeated until he had space enough to begin the masonry. As fast as the masonry was completed, the space above it was filled, leaving the timber in place.

He pierced the bank with the cheapest tunnel ever built, which now stands as firm as on the day it was finished.

He was asked if there was any suggestion of the structure adopted by him in the book on engineering.

"No," he said, "it came to me in this way. I was driving by the place where the attempts were made, and saw that a colony of swallows had made their homes in the bank. It occurred to me that these little engineers had disproved the assertion that the sand had no cohesion. As every swallow's home is a self-sustaining tunnel without masonry, I thought that by extending their method I could construct a larger tunnel. The bank swallow is the inventor I am simply his imitator."

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER LI.

All the world outside is white with snow. The branches hang low because of it; the berries of the brilliant hollies are so far covered that only a little touch of scarlet here and there can be seen.

The winds are sighing piteously. Ever and anon they dash themselves against the sashes, as though they would fain enter the cozy, firelighted room with its delicate satin trappings of rose and chocolate, and its subtle perfume that suggests a raid having been made by some one upon the winter-houses.

Feeling a little tired and spiritless, Lady Branksmere had refused to go to the library to-day, but had, instead, ensconced herself in her boudoir, and surrounded by periodicals, had elected to sleep and read away the afternoon. It is pretty far spent now, and, tired of her reading, Muriel has sunk back on her couch, and closed her eyes with, perhaps, a faint hope that sleep may visit her.

The room is warm, the scent of the flowers seductive. She has grown presently so drowsy that the opening of the door, though she hears it, fails to rouse her to a more open declaration of wakefulness.

Whoever it is who enters stands irresolutely upon the threshold of this, her own particular sanctum, as though uncertain as to whether he shall enter or retire, and yet evidently unwilling to go. Probably inclination conquers, because, after a moment's pause he comes on tiptoe to the fire-place, and, under the mistaken impression that its mistress is asleep, seats himself cautiously in a huge armchair.

It is a glorious armchair, soft and roomy, and caressing. Lord Branksmere has not been in it many minutes when, overcome by the influence of the fire and the seduction of the atmosphere, he falls into a sound sleep.

By the bye it is as well she hadn't waked to find him slumbering here within her own special den. She would hardly have been gracious to so decided an outsider. He smiles bitterly to himself as he thinks this, and, rising to his feet, creeps as he came on tiptoe to the door.

Being a man (poor creature!) he is of course clumsy, and his creeping this time results in the fall of a little cranky-legged chair against a spider-table crammed with china. Some of this china most unkindly comes with a crash to the floor. It isn't much of a crash, but it apparently wakes its owner.

"Who is there?" asks Muriel.

"It is I; Branksmere. I'm sorry I disturbed you, and of course I ought to apologize for my intrusion here, but finding you asleep I thought I'd wait—and—er—"

"But you didn't wait! Where are you going now?" demands she, querulously, seeing he is making for the door.

"Nowhere in particular. More for a short stroll before dinner than anything else. If you dislike being alone, however, shall I send—"

"No one! If," fractiously, "you won't stay, I would rather be alone."

She turns away her head, and buries it rebelliously in the cushions.

Branksmere flushes crimson.

"Me! Do you want me to stay?" he asks.

Branksmere, drawing a low chair beside her couch, seats himself deliberately upon it.

A low sound escapes her. She lifts her head and makes a slight movement in his direction, and then sinks back again as if exhausted.

"I feel so tired—so tired," she breathes, fretfully, wearily, her eyes filling with tears as she acknowledges the fatigue that is overpowering her.

"You haven't had your sherry and quinine—that's it," declares he, springing to his feet and bringing it to her. "Now, sit up and drink it."

"No," turning away distastefully. "I hate it."

"That isn't of the least consequence," coldly, "you must take it. So come. No don't do that! You must, you know."

He holds down the impatient hand she has raised.

"Must I?" repeats she, with a little feeble exhibition of determination. "Well, let us see!"

"To please me, then," says Branksmere roused to genius by his anxiety. He could have sunk into the ground when the words have passed his lips, but he has not time for false shame, before the remarkable results of his speech display themselves.

Muriel, when she has stared at him for a long minute, drops her eyes, and, taking the medicine from his hand, swallows it without another word.

"It is abominable," she says then, pushing him and the glass away from her and sinking back upon her couch.

"It will be, I hope, only a passing disagreeability. You will soon be able to give it up."

"It is the best thing that could happen for both you and me."

"What is?" sharply.

"My death! I can't tell you," her voice sinking to an exultant whisper, "how very, very much weaker I am."

Branksmere, who has not recovered his color, regards her keenly.

"You are wrong in one particular," he says slowly. "In spite of all that has come and gone, I should not consider it the best thing for me."

"That shows your folly," with a frown.

"Probably. Yet I would not wish myself wiser in that matter. And why should things be always between us as they are today. Consider. Life is short, shall we waste it? If, in the future, you could come to regard me as—"

"No, no?" with a burst of passionate vehemence, shrinking from him, though he has not attempted to touch her, "put that out of your head at once and forever. What! Do you imagine you could be sincere in such a wish?"

She sits up on her couch, and lifting one hand presses back the loosened hair from her white brow. She looks pale and haggard, and the great hollows beneath her eyes give those lovely features a depth that adds to their brilliancy.

"I am no hypocrite, as you well know," returns Branksmere, with meaning. "But with you how is it? Do you conceal nothing. You should think twice," coldly, "before you accuse me of hypocrisy."

"You mean?"—demands she, with stormy eyes.

"I wish I could tell you even half that I mean."

"You forget yourself," says Muriel.

"That is true," cries he vehemently. "I forget all. I remember only you."

"Forget me, then! Oh! Branksmere, think! Think! The shame of it—it is the shame of it that is destroying me. Let me go."

"You would have a formal separation? That is impossible," replies he, in a low tone. "Do not hope for that; I will not submit to it."

"Then you shall take the consequences," cries she wildly. "I swear I will not live here day by day, with all the hateful, the shameful past forever before me. Have you no pity, none? Can you not see what it means to me? Or are you deaf and blind to all my misery?"

"You would leave me, then?"

"Forever. Can I go?" with trembling eagerness. "When may I go?"

"This is your second effort to leave me," says Branksmere calmly.

"That is only the bare truth," returns she, icily.

He lays his hands upon her shoulders and bending her a little from him, looks into her face.

"Are you human?" he asks, huskily. "Have you no feeling? Great Heaven!" pushing her away and then as suddenly laying his hand upon her arm and drawing her back to him, as if to read her very heart. "How deadly cruel you beautiful women can be!"

"Let me go," she says, in a tone dangerously low. He loosens his grasp at once, and she steps backward feebly, laying her hand upon the chair nearest her as if to steady herself.

"Am I so abhorrent to you, that my very touch can bring such a look into your face?" demands Branksmere, with a frown.

The excitement and the agitation are telling on her terribly. She is trembling from head to foot.

"Go!" she says faintly, pointing to the door.

"No, I shall not go," returns he with a settled determination. As though to strengthen his resolve he seats himself. "Let us come to the root of this matter. You desire a life altogether apart from me. Why?"

"I have already explained," replies she sullenly.

With an impatient gesture Branksmere goes by her toward the door. He has reached it, when suddenly, as if compelled to it, he comes back to her, and taking her in his arms strains her to his breast with an almost convulsive clasp.

"You don't love me—I know that," he says in a stifled tone, "but swear to me before Heaven that you love no other man."

"I swear it," says Lady Branksmere, overcome by the agony in his voice.

"Not," gazing fixedly and suspiciously at her, "that devil!"

"Oh! no, no, no." She shudders violently.

Once again he presses her passive form to his heart, and then, with quivering lips and somber eyes, looks down at her.

"Pah!" he says, "You have a heart of ice! You are not worth it all!"

He strides toward the door. He has gained it—opened it—is on the theshold—when a low cry breaks from her.

"Stay, stay, Branksmere!" she calls aloud in a wild, impassioned tone.

Closing the door, he returns to her side slowly, as one amazed, and awaits in silence her explanation.

"It is nothing!" she sobs vehemently. "Oh! you should not stay because I ask you. You should go. Why should you obey any request of mine? I must be mad to call to you at all. But I could not let you go believing me altogether heartless.

"What madness possesses you to talk to me like this. Do not repulse me, I implore you," entreats he, laying his hand upon her arm. "Speak—say what was on your mind—what was on your lips just now?"

Impressed by the solemnity of his address, she struggles with herself, and at last some words fall from her.

"If time could roll backward. If this could be again the year when first I saw you; if you could be once more my lover—not my husband—" She stops dead short, as though to go further, to enter into explanation, to terminate her sentence, is beyond her.

"I am your lover now, as I was then—as I shall be always"—says Branksmere in a low but steady tone. The words have hardly passed his lips, when he has to go quickly to her assistance. The color has fled from her lips; she sways helplessly, and but that he catches her in his arms she would have fallen.

CHAPTER LII.

Lifting her he lays her gently on the fur-covered lounge, and bending over her gazes with a terrible anxiety upon her face that is now as pale as though death has already claimed her for his own.

If she has fainted, however, it is an insensibility of but short duration. Sitting down by her, Branksmere gently chafes her hand and after a little induces her to take a glass of champagne he has procured from Bridgman.

After five minutes or so have gone by in absolute silence, Muriel suddenly turns her eyes full upon him. There is in them the fretful reproach of one who is very ill or very unhappy.

"These pillows!" she says petulantly, "Oh! how they make my head ache."

"Let me settle them," softly, as though consoling a little weary child, he speaks. He raises the pillows, and is still arranging them, so that she must know comfort, when her head falls back as if exhausted. Her eyes close, and Branksmere, fearing she has again fainted, does not dare to stir, hardly indeed dares to breathe, while she lies there resting unconsciously within his arms. It reminds him of that first day after her great illness when he had in such wise supported her; but then she had been indeed unaware of his presence. Now— His heart beats quickly. Stooping to examine more minutely the lovely wasted face, he sees that she has recovered herself, and that two tears have forced themselves from under her long lashes. She is sensible, yet she has not withdrawn herself from his encircling arm!

The tears slowly, very slowly, travel down the wan lines of her face, but her eyes go up to his.

"How good you are to me!" she breathes. She lifts the hand that is round her neck, and drawing it still more tightly round her presses the fingers to her lips. A thrill runs through Branksmere. Now, at last, when despair has seemed his portion, are life, hope, joy coming to him? "But you must not say such things to me. My lover! Alas! all such times are gone for me. I am an outsider, a creature with no interests, and in whom no one finds interest. There are moments," she says, with a pathetic attempt at calm that strikes him as being especially mournful, "when I feel the loneliness of it—the desire for something beyond—something irrecoverable."

"Muriel, do not turn from me. Look at me. When I used that word I meant it. Your lover. I am your lover now, even now." His face has blanched, his tone is sharp and impassioned.

"All this is folly," cries she excitedly, rising on her elbow. "You would be something more than human to forgive what has happened. It is impossible, I tell you." She draws her breath with an uncertain violence, as though deeply agitated. Her eyes meet his; suddenly she covers her face with her hands. "Oh," cries she, with a wild inconsistency, "if it might be possible. If I might dare believe—'

"Believe this, at least, Muriel, that I love you."

"You could not love—remembering."

"I suppose I could—because I do."

"What! Nay, Branksmere, why should you perjure yourself to please a dying woman. Think, dwell on all that has occurred and tell me if you can still hold to your words."

His dark eyes, large and eager, seek hers, and meet them. What he sees there sends a swift flush into his cheek.

"Ah, my day has come, then," he cries, with vehement exultation. "I have waited, but I have won." He takes her face between his hands, and gazes intently into it. "You will love me, Muriel? Is that what your eyes say? Is that what your blush means? Is that what your lip would utter? Oh, my beloved, for once let your lips utter the real truth to me, of their own accord."

He leans over her, nearer, nearer still. Their breaths mingle, coming swiftly through their parted lips, their eyes grow to each other, there is one wild tremulous movement, and then they are in each other's arms, heart to heart at last, with all save love forgotten!

The sound of footsteps echoing through the corridor without rouses them at last to a sense of every-day life. There is a subdued colloquy in the corridor without, and Bridgman, having taken the salver from the footman, brings it in and hands some cards to Muriel.

"Lady Primrose, Mrs. Amyot, Lady Bellair." She reads this much aloud to show Bridgman she is her usual calm self, and then breaks down and rather mumbles over the others.

"You can't receive them; it will be too much for you," says Branksmere tenderly, when Bridgman has retired. "I'll take an excuse, if you will."

"Tired, no. I feel strong, well!" cries she, rising brightly—if a little slowly to her feet; "you have given me fresh life!"

"Very good," smiling, and in truth a faint, warm color has stolen into her cheeks, and reddened her pale lips. "Come!" she holds out her hand to him as she walks to the door.

All at once she pauses and, lifting her hands to her auburn head, looks at him anxiously.

"Shall I do? Is my hair all right?" she asks him anxiously. There is something in the confidential glance and tone that convinces him more than all that has gone before that she is indeed his own.

"Oh, darling! To think it is all true!" he says, somewhat irrelevantly, but out of the very fulness of his heart.

CHAPTER LIII.

"Here she is," cries Margery gayly, as Muriel, followed by Lord Branksmere, enters the room. "So glad!" she whispers lightly, to Mrs. Billy, who with Lady Anne has been entertaining everybody.

They all rise in a body to receive the beautiful invalid and to give her, in fact, a gentle ovation. But she looks so unlike the orthodox thing—so brilliant so fresh, so full of life, that surprise after awhile seizes hold upon them.

"Muriel, what has happened?" asks Mrs. Billy, leaning over.

"All that you, my best friend, could desire," returns Lady Branksmere softly.

"Lady Branksmere is singularly improved," says Lady Bellair. "There is something in the whole menage—brighter, fuller. How is it?"

"A general rejoicing over her recovery no doubt."

"A trifle more than that, I fancy," dryly. "One looks round and finds empty spaces surely. Madame missing. Staines obliterated. It suggests a compromise, eh?"

"Nonsense" says Halkett.

"Not at all in my opinion. Very wise, on the contrary, and very careful, but very poor; effect nowhere. I did the heroine of our little comedy the honor to believe she would have shown more pluck when the crisis came, whatever Monsieur might do. It was easy for him you see. Madame was so decidedly passee,"

"Pouf; you know nothing," whispers Mrs. Amyot lightly, who has grown very respectable since her engagement.

She pauses to pull her skirts aside, and to smile on Tommy Paulyn, who, with Angelica, is passing by, en route to the conservatory beyond.

"There is a whisper in the air that Paulyn is going to settle down with that extremely youthful cousin of his."

"What! that baby!"

"It was Mrs. Daryl who whispered it to me. She is a funny little woman, who tells a funny little story very well. Last evening, it appears, May—one of the twins—found Paulyn with Miss Angelica in a distant and rather unfrequented part of the shrubberies, in an attitude that struck the child as being full of interest. He had his arm round her. 'I think he was kissing her,' said Miss May, 'and though she was very red, she wasn't a bit angry, and that's what I couldn't understand because Tommy is such an ugly little thing?'"

They all laugh.

"Well, I expect Tommy could, I declare I call it absurd! Everybody is going to be married, it seems to me. Matrimony is an epidemic and all the world down here has caught it. Two fresh victims have just gone by, who it is apparent to every one, are sickening for it. Then there are you and"—nodding at Halkett—"you! Lady Anne and that insane little Primrose, and last of all I hear that Margery, that pretty little Daryl idiot, is going to throw herself away on that extremely ugly young man who has come to grief with his income, and isn't worth a sou. Sort of thing, after all, one would expect from a girl with her eyes."

"It seems a sacrifice certainly," says Mrs. Amyot.

"I dare say not. I expect he is good enough for any woman who could so sinfully fling away her chances. But what is she going to do with her big pauper? Of course his size aggravates the trouble. It must take such a lot to keep up those shoulders of his."

"He hasn't a penny worth speaking about, believe me. If she doesn't very wisely cry off, before she takes the fatal plunge, they will know what it is to be beggars. How horrid it sounds—eh!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," says a gruff voice behind them that makes Lady Bellair jump, for perhaps the first time in her imperturbable life, and turns Mrs. Amyot crimson. "That 'little Daryl idiot,' as you so politely term my niece, will never be a 'beggar' or a 'pauper' either." Sir Mutius Mumm, thrusting his head forward, glares at Lady Bellair, and nods at her furiously.

"Really, Sir Mutius, I—er—"

"She is my niece, ma'am, mine," declares Sir Mutius, in a tone rich in offended dignity.

"I'm sure I congratulate her," returns Lady Bellair, who has now quite recovered her self-possession.

"My niece, ma'am. D'ye hear that?" He pauses, as though what he has just said is astonishing himself also. "No niece of mine, ma'am need be a pauper, or a beggar, or a vagrant."

Without waiting a rejoinder to this pretty speech he hobbles away.

"To be his heiress means a good deal," says Mrs. Amyot.

"Lady Bellair, they owe you an immense debt of gratitude," laughs Halkett. "In my opinion Sir Mutius would never have left them a penny if you had not talked of Margery's being, possibly, a beggar. I believe, in spite of yourself, you have done a good action to-day."

"Well, really, I couldn't help it," returns she apologetically.

"I am so glad their happiness is assured," says Mrs. Amyot, warmly. "After all—it is a poor thought I own - but money has a good deal to do with it. What? Will nobody agree with me? Am I"—with a reproachfully amused glance all round—"the only mercenary person in the room? Come to my rescue then, Lady Branksmere, I beseech you."

Thus lightly appealed to, Muriel hesitates, and involuntarily glancing at Branksmere, she sees something in the earnest gaze he has fastened on her that dyes her face a warm, sweet crimson.

"I am afraid you have chosen a bad advocate," she answers softly. "No, I do not think money has so very much to do with one's happiness."

"What then?"

"Love," says Muriel, in a tender, tremulous tone.

[THE END.]

New Methods of Transferring Light.

How can a gas jet be lighted from another without the intervention of a match or anything else that can be set afire is the question here arising. The gas jets must be in the same room about six feet from each other. Only one of these jets is lighted, and the other turned on full. If the burners are of the regulated kind the glass globes must be removed. All this, of course, must be done before the experiment is made.

When everything is ready, the two hands of the person operating are formed into a hollow around the lighted jet, bringing them as close together as possible. A moment later, and just as rapidly as possible, the hands, without separating them, are held over the unlighted jet, enough of the illuminated gas being carried along to set fire to the second jet. If the first trial should prove a failure, the experimenter need not be discouraged. The hands have either been held too far apart or the pressure of gas was not great enough at the proper moment. Several trials will invariably result in success.

Do not allow weeds to grow up and seed among the potatoes after they are ripe. A few weeds often produce many hundred seed which it will require extra work later to destroy.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Two Young Crusoes.

Teddy Brinser and Nick Talbot considered themselves two deeply injured lads. Through the long vacation days they worked in the field, and when evening came they met behind Mr. Brinser's barn, or down in Mr. Talbot's orchard and exchanged grievance and sympathy. One half holiday a week was all their fathers allowed them for fishing and base ball. They missed the circus that came that way in July, and all because the hay had to be made and taken in while the weather was fair. Their request to go camping with some other boys in the middle of harvest time was sternly denied. But the climax of this reign of tyranny and oppression was reached one morning when Mr. Brinser found both lads hidden in a shady fence corner reading a tattered copy of "Robinson Crusoe." The angry farmer appropriated the book, drove Nick back to his own side of the fence and cuffed Teddy severely as he marched him off to resume his distasteful task of hoeing corn.

That evening the boys held an indignation meeting and decided to run away.

"We were not born to be slaves," said Teddy, "and I won't stand it any longer. Let's live on an island in Kiester's Swamp, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday did. We can shoot birds and rabbits and catch plenty of fish; and no one will think of looking for us there. Won't it be grand?"

"Scrumptious!" assented Nick. "No more hoeing corn or digging potatoes. Why, we can do just as we please, Teddy."

The boys were all impatient to carry out this tempting plan, and before daylight the next morning, when their parents believed them to be sound asleep, they were tramping lightheartedly over the fields. They had helped themselves to whatever supplies they could find—bread, pies, lard, pepper and salt and a leg of ham. Nick had not forgotten to bring knives and forks, tin plates and a frying pan. Each carried a fishing rod, a blanket and a small ax. A rusty muzzle-loader was slung over Teddy's shoulder and a shot pouch and powder flask dangled from his side. Nick was armed with bow and arrows and a hammerless pistol.

They escaped observation by striking to the wooded hills and ravines, and several hours after sunrise they penetrated the edge of Kiesters Swamp, which stretched for three or four miles along the base of the mountain, and was almost as wide as it was long. It was a weird and lonesome place, full of pine trees and tangled thickets, grim beds of rock pierced by shadowy caverns, marshy spots criss-crossed by slimy streams and deep pools of inky black water. In fact, there was water every where, and thus the swamp was a veritable nest of islands. The boys made their way to the very center, crossing the pools and streams by natural bridges of fallen trees. Here they found hard soil and choosing an open glade among tall pine trees they built a rude lean-to of bushes and fragrant pine boughs. This labor occupied them until late afternoon, and when they had prepared and eaten a hearty supper the twilight shadows were falling on the lonely swamp. A blazing fire made the scene more cheerful and banished a touch of homesickness. The young Crusoes were too tired to sit up long. They laid down side by side in the cosy lean-to and pulled the blankets over them. In less than five minutes they were sound asleep.

They awoke to find a thunderstorm raging which forced them to take shelter on a rocky ledge.

Suddenly a rustling was heard in the bushes, and as the startled lads riveted their eyes on the spot a man strode into the firelight. The visitor was an evil-looking tramp. His clothing was soiled and tattered. His hair and beard were matted and unkempt. He had bleary eyes and swollen purple cheeks.

There was no time for escape, even had the boys chosen to rush into the darkness and storm. They shrank back against the rock as the tramp seized Teddy's gun, and brandished it menacingly.

"Here's luck" he cried, in a harsh, cracked voice. "Good company, a warm fire, an' plenty to eat, all ready an' waiting, as sure as my name's Rusty Walker. What do I see there? Ham? An' ain't that a pie stickin' from under that blanket? Well, this is a lark!"

The boys shrank closer to the ledge, shivering with fear. At that moment they bitterly regretted the rash impulse that led them to run away from home and parents. Would they ever see either again?

Mr. Rusty Walker observed the dread that he had inspired, and straightway scowled ferociously.

"Don't you stuck-up young cubs know a gentleman when you see him?" he snarled, "I'm one, if I don't look like it. You've hurt my feelin's, an' I intend to pay you up for it. Turn your pockets inside out, quick!"

He emphasized the command by taking a step forward, and lifting the gun as though to strike.

"Please don't hurt us," whined Teddy. "We're doin' it as fast as we can."

With trembling hands he and Nick emptied their pockets, until a little pile of coins, handkerchiefs, Barlow knives, fish-hooks and other boyish treasures lay at their feet.

The tramp grimly appropriated the spoil. "What brought you chaps into the swamp?" he demanded, eyeing the boys curiously. "I more'n half believe you run away from home."

"Not exactly that," Teddy ventured to reply, in a timid voice; "but we had to work hard, and couldn't go fishing or to the circus."

"Well, you're a precious pair of fools" said the tramp; "You don't know when you're well off."

He paused a moment and looked straight into the fire, as though he saw something among the flames. Then he resumed, in a strangely husky voice:—

"I was a boy once, an' lived on a farm. I wish I'd staid there. But I got fool notions into my head, an' thought I was treated badly. So I run off, an' never seen my parents again. You see what I am now. An' that's just what you young fools will come to some day, if you don't take warning. Better steer another tack while there's time."

"He stared into the fire once more, and when he turned again to the boys the momentary softness had faded from his face and voice.

"Now, light out," he snarled. "Make tracks for home, an' stay there. You won't need your traps any more. I'll take care o 'em. Off with you!"

Teddy and Nick were only too glad to obey. They fled empty-handed into the darkness, and the last they saw of Mr. Rusty Walker, he was sitting on a fat stone with a pie in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other.

The storm had now ceased, and after wandering for several hours through the gloomy recesses of the swamp, the boys stumbled upon open country. They reached home at daybreak, greatly to the relief of their anxious parents, and as they showed genuine repentance for their misconduct, they were freely forgiven.

One Hundred and Sweet Sixteen.

Though Shakespeare informs us that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love, the contradictory information comes from Russia of a centenarian soldier who committed suicide recently because of a hopeless passion for the young daughter of a neighbor—a girl of 16. The aged officer, a veteran of Leipzig and Beresina, would soon have been 100 years old. He was bald and hearty, and his town-people were getting ready a public celebration of the event, but, unmindful of the honor in store for him, when he found that the lady would not listen to his protestation of love, he drank nearly a quart of brandy and hanged himself. In the empty brandy flask he placed a carefully written letter giving the public his reason for committing suicide.

NEWS OF ELECTRICITY.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SEARCH-LIGHTS.

Search-lights have become indispensable to steamers of all classes, and in military and naval operations. By their use objects miles away can be revealed and illuminated in the darkest nights, and their powerful beams of light can be thrown in any direction. One of the earliest applications of the search-light in the marine work was to vessels passing through the Suez Canal. Formerly the passage could be made only in daylight, and was very tedious and costly; now the electric light is at the service of every ship as it enters the canal, and the journey is in nearly every case, pursued uninterruptedly. A most excellent innovation has been made by the Suez Canal authorities, who have pronounced that it shall be obligatory after October 1 next, on all vessels passing through the canal by night, to employ an apparatus for dividing the light of the projector into two divergent rays. Approaching vessels may, by this means, travel right up to each other without their respective helmsmen being blinded. The diverging apparatus which is to be used has been devised by one of the agents of the company.

AN ELECTRIC CLOTH CUTTER.

It is not yet recorded whether the average citizen is able to buy cheaper clothes in consequence of the introduction of electrical appliances in tailors' shops, but there is no doubt that the cost of manufacturing clothing will be much reduced by the general use of a new electrical cloth cutter. This is an instrument that will cut fabrics of every description, of many thicknesses, with remarkable rapidity. The finest of linen is severed with the same ease as the firmest and coarsest goods, and a thickness of 3½ inches offers no obstacle to the progress of the cutting blade. The machine weighs about 35 pounds, and is 17 inches high and 8 inches in base diameter. The cutter revolves at a speed of 2500 revolutions per minute, and is kept sharpened by a little attachment carrying a small emery wheel, which can be applied to the rapidly revolving knife at such an angle as to insure a perfect cutting edge. The machine can be operated on any incandescent circuit, and is so simple that it can not get out of order. Its operation entails no special training, and any novice can use it after half an hour's instruction. It is no slight advantage to be able to operate an effective cloth-cutter for less than 3c per working hour, which is said to be the actual rate of this machine. It is claimed that the machine will do the work of eight men; and, furthermore, that, in one house in New York, one machine alone is cutting 1000 dozen pairs of trousers per week of five and a half working days. A lamp is attached to the machine so that it can be used in dark lofts and on dark days. An instrument which is used to advantage in conjunction with this machine is the electrical sadiron, the heating current for which can be instantly turned on or off.

THE ELECTROPHONE.

When the idea of the "theaterphone" was first mooted in Paris its feasibility was much questioned; but a Parisian syndicate took up the project with such energy that the city has now effective service which supplies entertainment to a list of subscribers numbering over 1,500, and the installation is connected with all the principal theaters. London now seeks to emulate Paris in this successful development, and an "electrophone" company has been organized with a very ambitious programme. The electrophone is practically the telephone modified in such a manner as to serve the purpose of transmitting sound from public buildings, such as concert halls, theaters, churches and lecture rooms, to certain centers for redistribution, thence to receiving points by conductors radiating from these centers or exchanges. Thus the public, by the payment of a small fee, can hear a portion of the entertainment proceeding at one or other of the London theaters. Specially constructed transmitters are placed on the stage of the theater, just in front of the footlights, from whence the sound is conveyed over the wires of the local telephone company to the electrophone exchanges for redistribution to private subscribers, and to a system of automatic boxes fitted up in clubs, restaurants, railway stations, hotels and similar places of public resort. So that if a man is indisposed to go out in search of amusement, he can turn on the electrophone service in his club or hotel, or even in his private house, and have immediately at his command practically the whole range of entertainment going on in the city. In addition to connection with theaters and other places of amusement, it is proposed to connect the system with churches and the law courts. It is even hoped that it will be possible to obtain the same privilege in the House of Commons, and several members of Parliament are said to be strongly in favor of the idea. A commendable feature of the service will be its connection with the principal London hospitals free of charge, so that it will be a source of pleasure and comfort to the thousands of sufferers who during each year are treated in those admirable institutions. In addition to the sound service the electrophone company propose to attach an intelligence bureau to their central exchange for the convenience of their subscribers, where commissions of any kind will be carried out for a small fee. The bureau will be provided with a stenographer and typewriter and every requisite for saving time and trouble. A subscriber will be able to have commissions attended to in any part of the central exchange. It is ardently to be hoped that this ideal system will be successful in its entirety.

THE FLY SEASON.

A Suggestion as to How to Rid the House of Them.

There are always a few extremely annoying flies that seem to linger, as it were, in the lap of summer. They are anything but welcome visitors, and are diligent spreaders of disease. They come buzzing about the house and alight on the food, after having skirmished around all sorts of evil places. They fly a considerable distance, and one has no security that yesterday or this morning they were not in some adjacent neighborhood, circling around some contagious disease patient. They may be killed very easily by folding a large newspaper until it is about four or five inches wide and half the length of the page. With this and a little practice one may strike a fly and hit it nine times out of ten. Five minutes of diligent attention will almost clear the curse of these pests, and if this is persisted in every day or two, or three times a day, if occasion requires, there will be no reason for complaint of these unwelcome visitors.

A Strange Story.

An old woman has just died in a Vienna hospital whose history is worth recording. The Vienna correspondent of the Daily News tells us that when this woman was twenty-five years old, and had been happily married three years, her husband suddenly disappeared, and though he was sought by the police and advertised for, no trace of him was found. Thirty years after the disappearance of her husband Magdalene Wildhofer was entitled by the Austrian law to have her husband declared dead and to marry again. He was again advertised for, and as he did not come she married one who had long been her suitor. After two years' happiness the first husband, who was sixty-eight years old at the time, returned, and the woman did not hesitate to let him take his old place, and had a judicial separation from her second husband, who perfectly understood that he must give way to prior rights and withdraw. Frau Magdalene nursed the first husband faithfully until he died a few years ago, and she never heard of her second husband again.

Consolation for Eben.

"Dar is a good deal of comfort in not b'longin' to de upper ten," said Uncle Eben. "Er hoss'd starve to death in er thistle patch, but er mule 'ud r'aly enjoy hisse'f.'

INTERESTING FACTS.

Nickel came into use in 1615.

California has forty Chinese temples.

Sixty thousand people in Ireland speak Irish only.

Black and green tea are the products of the same plant.

The Nile has a fall of only six inches in one thousand miles.

In all the Austrian empire there are but 155 periodicals of every class.

The plume of the Prince of Wales, worn on State occasions, is valued at £10,000.

The church in the monastry of St. Bernard is the highest place of worship in the world.

About $25,000,000 is spent every year in connection with the last obsequies to the dead.

The catalogue of the books in the library of the British Museum occupies two thousand volumes.

The most common name for a place in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than seventy-two times.

The British Volunteer Force now musters 225,423 officers and men—an increase of 3,377 on last year's return.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire string.

The Czar is said to have lately grown thin and nervous.

Over 6,000 women in the United States act as postmasters.

The late Duke of Sutherland made and signed ninety-two wills.

Spain has fewer daily papers than any other European country.

Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen.

Seven thousand persons a day are added to the population of the United States.

Sponges when first taken out of the water are dark in colour.

The white of an egg, quickly swallowed by a choking person, often gives immediate relief.

No convents, either for men or women, are to be found in Sweden or Norway. They are forbidden by law.

Miss Edna Lyall is at work upon a new novel of Irish rural life, having paid a visit to Ireland to give it local colour.

Philadelphia has 23,000 more girls than boys.

Gun caps were first used in the English army in 1822.

The Queen's favourite Shakespearian play is said to be "Hamlet."

A ton of sea water is supposed to contain about fourteen grains of gold.

There are more than 20,000 varieties of apples raised in the United States.

The distance from the farthest point of Polar discovery to the Pole itself is 460 miles.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, and that of boys in the seventeenth.

There is no case on record of a man having committed a crime with a pipe or cigar in his mouth.

George Sand, when over-excited by writing, employed herself in sewing in order to soothe her nerves.

In Thuringia, Germany, there is a whole district which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of glass eyes.

Financial statisticians estimate that the amount of money held by the various London banks is not far short of £230,000,000.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension. Only criminals are excepted.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high, and spread from 60,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvas.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is instrumental in yearly publishing nearly four million Bibles in 301 different languages.

The weekly wages of experienced bakers in Aberdeen do not average more than 20s. Some men are working for as low as 15s. a week.

Street bands are not permitted in Germany, unless they accompany processions. In Vienna the organ-grinders are allowed to play only between noon and sunset.

France was very much disturbed by strikes last year. An official return shows that in the 12 months there were close upon 300 trade disputes, affecting 108,000 workmen.

The Empress Eugenie spends two or three hours every day in writing her memoirs. She has made especial arrangements that her books shall not be published until 25 years after her death.

All over the Isle of Man, in the glens, in gardens, at cottage doors, and all along the wayside, the red fuchsia grows in profusion.

The idea that alcohol keeps out the cold is wrong, as mountaineers have found by repeated experience that the opposite of this holds true.

The greatest travellers in Switzerland are the English; then come the Germans, the Americans, the French, and the Italians, in the order given.

The Government's share of the profits of the Ceylon pearl fisheries is three times as much as that of the divers who risk their lives in search of the treasure.

New York buys more lace than any other city in the world, and there are said to be scores of New York ladies whose collections of lace vary in value from $20,000 to $50,000.

It is one of the duties of the prime minister of Madagascar to marry the queen of the country for the time being. The present premier has been married to three queens, one after another.

The Australian aborigines appear to be dying out. Last year the number of them in Victoria was under 500. In the 12 months there were 13 births, 29 deaths, and one marriage of aboriginals in the Colony.

In Roumania a duty of 1s. a bottle has to be paid on foreign wine. There is a tax on female servants, on door-plates, and on doctors.

A medical journal asserts that people who drink cows' milk are more prone to consumption than those who use the milk of the reindeer, the buffalo, the ass, or the goat.

Residents of the Rue Panama, in Paris, a street which was thus named a few years ago when the canal project was popular and promising, are petitioning for a new name for the street.

When the wife and daughters of the Chinese Minister to England were presented to Queen Victoria, they were allowed to remain seated after their presentation, as their small feet unfitted them for long standing.

Swans keep water free from weeds. A lake at Burghley, which gave constant occupation to three men, six months in each year, to keep it comparatively clean, is now kept completely clean by two pairs of swans.

The Kalmucks of Astrakhan, a roving people numbering about 150,000, have at last been freed from serfdom. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861, it was considered dangerous to extend this privilege to these people, lest their wildness should lead to its abuse.

When an Armenian maiden attains her seventeenth year, and is not engaged to be married, she must undergo a strange punishment. She is forced to fast three days; then, for twenty-four hours, her food is salt fish, and she is not permitted to quench her thirst.

One of the most remarkable productions of the Isles of Chiloe is the celebrated "barometer trees," which grow in great profusion in all of the salt marshes. In dry weather the bark of this natural barometer is as smooth and white as that of a sycamore, but with the near approach of storms these characteristics vanish like magic and the bark turns black.

LABRADOR

A Wonderful Coun

Three Hundred of Land Not So tral Africa— Large as Lake Onta Is Another Niagara—Par tile and Might be Settled.

Early last year a newspaper writer called attention to vague reports of a wonderful waterfall in the Grand river of Labrador. This waterfall was said to be 2,000 feet high, and the writer, although skeptical as to the imposing distance the waters of the Grand river were reported to tumble, expressed the opinion that there was a splendid opportunity for enterprising young men to spend their vacation holiday in the interior of Labrador clearing up the mystery about the Grand falls. The arti was widely copied through the coun and the direct result was that two expeditions a few months later pushe the river, in spite of many obstacles, reached the Grand falls. They were to be well worth a long journey to se they can ever be brought within rea of tourists. But they are not nearly as high as had been reported.

IN DARKEST CANADA.

Dr. Dawson, in his essay upon the unexplored parts of Canada, called attention some time ago to the fact that the greatest area of America, still almost unknown lies within the borders of Labrador. Nearly the entire interior, embracing an area of 289,000 square miles, two and a half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, is not so well known as the interior of Africa; and yet, now and then, Labrador has a geographical sensation. It was one of the Government surveyors a few years ago who astonished the geographical world by his discovery that lake Mistassini was as large as lake Ontario. He told of its mighty billows and the water horizon surrounding him on all sides. Subsequent researches proved that Mistassini has not uncommonly large dimensions; and truthful explorers diminished its size in about the same proportion as they have reduced the height of the Grand falls.

HAS MANY STRONG FEATURES.

Here is a chance for competent and hardy young men to enter this great wilderness and come out of it again richly laden with facts. There are, to be sure, difficulties in the way of exploring inner Labrador. The interior is not easily accessible. Its rivers are full of rapids and falls. Its summer season is short. It is difficult to replenish food supplies with game, and there are black flies and mosquitos in great abundance to make life a burden. In spite of these obstacles however, it is certain that the great wilderness can be traversed in all directions, and various routes would doubtless yield a rich geographical harvest. Prof. Packard, of Brown University, last year suggested several routes to inner Labrador, in following which the geographical results would certainly be large.

THE MISSIONARIES ARE THERE.

If it were not for the Moravian missionaries along the ocean border, our knowledge of the tortuous coast would still be very imperfect in spite of the charts of the British Admiralty and the United States Coast Survey. The Moravian Society of London and Saxony has produced, from data supplied by these missionaries, approximately correct maps that perhaps for a long time to come will be our only sources of information.

Yet even along and near the coast a great deal of information awaits the competent collector of facts. Mountains are imperfectly mapped, and little is known of their height. On our maps of Labrador the rivers, the division of the drainage basins, and other topographic features are most imperfectly laid down. In fact, we do not know the boundary lines of the large drainage basins, though we are aware that Labrador is a region of many rivers, some of them large and important, and that it contains a great many lakes. These lakes would give to an explorer a most interesting field of study. The rivers afford only an imperfect system of drainage, and the country is thickly covered with lakes, pools and morasses.

MOSTLY SENTIMENT.

In a commercial sense, perhaps, not a great deal will be gained from the exploration of inner Labrador. There is no doubt however, that an explorer who has sufficient acquaintance with geology and natural history intelligently to observe and accurately to report what he sees, may reap there a rich geographical harvest. It would be very interesting to have this big white space on the maps filled with the information that may be had for the seeking. Who is the man that will fill this great blank on the map of North America with the lakes and rivers and other geographical data that belong in it?

The Tallest Man in the World.

This is probably Herr Winkelmeier, the Austrian giant, who was exhibited in England in 1887. He was then 8 feet 9 inches in height. Herr Winkelmeier was born at Freidburg, Austria, in 1865, and is said to have been of ordinary stature until the age of fourteen. The reach of his arms is about 10½ feet, and he spans two octaves on the pianoforte. Chang-tu-Sing, the Chinese giant, who is generally believed to be the tallest man in the world, is 8 feet 3 inches in height. When he first came to England, about twenty-five years ago, he was eighteen years of age and 7 feet in stature. Chang is well-proportioned for his great height; his chest measurement is 62 inches, and his weight 23 stone. He has been a great traveller, having visited almost every country and conversed with most of the leading personages, including the reigning monarchs. He can speak, in addition to his native tongue Chinese—ten languages: French, in which he is most fluent, English, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Hindoo, Japanese, and Siamese. He has resided for some time at Southcote-road, Bournemouth, and enjoys excellent health, with every prospect of attaining a good old age. A Russian girl, Luska, at present visiting this country, is fourteen years of age, and 7 feet 7 inches in height, and also strong and well-proportioned. Professor Virchow is of opinion that she will grow at least another 13 inches, so that in a few years she will be taller than Chang. Accompanying Luska on exhibition is a dwarf only 26 inches in height. The tallest men ever known in this country were John Middleton, of Hale, Lancashire, height 9 feet 3 inches, and an Irishman named Murphy, a contemporary of O'Brien, height 8 feet 10 inches. It has been stated that there have been in other countries men of 10, 12, and even 15 feet in height, but these cases have scarcely been supported by such evidence as would justify the fact of such extreme heights being considered conclusively proved.

Suicide of Four Sisters.

Telegrams from Milan bring news of a remarkable tragedy which was discovered there the other morning. A well-to-do widow, named Abendana, died there last week, leaving four daughters, aged from 18 to 22, who were inconsolable at their parent's death. On Sunday night they locked themselves in a room and lay down together after setting light to a pan of charcoal. Their dead bodies were discovered on Monday morning, the alarm having been caused by their failure to appear downstairs at their customary hour. On a table in the room was a letter, signed by the four girls, in which they declared that they felt they could not live without their beloved mother and therefore had determined to commit suicide, in order that they might the sooner see her again.

Miss Florence Nightingale recently celebrated her 73rd birthday. Although for many years confined to her house by constant ill-health, she is ceaselessly at work for the welfare of her fellow-creatures.

...ENE"

...SON.

$1.00 PER A...
$1.25 IF NOT...

—:o:—

By the first week in Sept. our range of Fall Goods will be complete. Goods are arriving daily.

—:o:—

In meantime, we are clearing out all Summer Goods at a great sacrifice to make room.

Ladies' Vests. 4 for - - - 25c.
All Wool Delaines, 35, now 25.
" " " 18, now 14.
All Summer Goods in like proportion.

We have just opened out some special values in Black Cashmeres. We call your attention to two lines at 50c. and 55c., well worth 60c. and 70c.

We would advise anyone needing White Blankets, to buy now. See our $3.50 Blanket, worth $4.50. Buy now, for we will be unable to repeat on these Goods, and have oly 36 Pairs in Stock.

Keep us in view for Sealette. We have something special.

Above all, don't forget us when you want TEA. We are headquarters.

JAS MILNE & SON.

After The Holidays

—:o:—

We greet you with a Full Stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

for High and Public Schools.

Extra value in

Blank Books,

SCHOOL BAGS,

AND STATIONERY.

BLACKBOARD ERASERS,

AND CRAYONS, (New Style).

Complete line of PURE DRUGS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES and PATENT MEDICINES.

PARKER'S DRUG STORE.

A Chicago despatch says Antoine Brosseau, a French-Canadian, has arrived at the World's Fair from the far north of Ontario, having travelled 1,000 miles in an old punt, with no companion but a dog named Pete.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says:—"I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Sold by all Druggists.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Sold by all Druggists.

A POOR MAN

indeed is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

can make it rich again by restoring appetite, flesh and rich blood, and so giving him energy and perfect physical life, cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,

STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail	5.40 a. m	Mixed	10.46 a. m
Mixed	5.28 p. m.	Mail	3.00 p. m

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. T. H. Bradley is erecting a shed adjoining his cider mill.

Miss Maybee, of Cannington, is visiting at Mrs. Jas. Currie's.

Mrs. Ebenezer Caverley, of Gilmour, was visiting here a few days this week.

Mr. Arthur Hatton, of Rat Portage, is home spending a few weeks holidays.

Miss Lawrence, of Campbellford, is the guest of Miss May Milne for a few days.

Mr. W. H. Smillie is fitting up a room adjoining his store for a Millinery and Mantle room.

Mr. B. O. Lott and brother shipped five tons of white honey to Liverpool on the 11th inst.

Mr. Wm. Crosby came home from Smith's Falls on Saturday last. He has been ill for some time.

On Monday last a large number of hogs were shipped from this station for the Montreal market.

The Stirling I.O.O.F. Band accompanied the excursion from Madoc to the 1000 Islands on Thursday, 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Urial Wright and friends from Stirling and Kingston, have been visiting the Thousands Islands.

A new sidewalk has been laid down on part of Mill Street, and considerable repairing has been done on Front Street west.

Mr. L. Meiklejohn and wife, Dr. Parker and Miss Mollie, and Miss Bessie Parker, leave on Saturday for Chicago, to visit the World's Fair.

Rural schools opened on Monday, the 21st. High and public school in towns and incorporated villages commence on Monday next, the 28th August.

Mr. Frank Boldrick, of Detroit, Mich., arrived here on Saturday last, and proceeded to Crow Lake, where he will spend some time in camping with his parents.

Duck shooting opens on Friday, Sept. 1st, but it is said the "pot hunter" has already been out, and that ducks have been shot up the river Trent. The game warden of this district should look after them.

There will be a sermon preached in Beulah grove, by Rev. W. H. Barnes, of Tweed, deputy-grand chaplain of British America, to Loyal Orange District No. 3, Central Hastings, on Sunday, Aug. 27th, at 2:30, p.m.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Frappy, of Sidney, was run into by some person on Front street, and his buggy considerably damaged. Mr. Frappy was thrown out, and the rig overturned, causing the horse to run away.

SOCIAL.—Mrs. James and Mrs. Thomas Montgomery intend giving a garden social, Tuesday evening Aug 29th, at the residence of Thomas Montgomery, 2nd Con. Rawdon, in aid of St. Andrew church organ fund. All are cordially invited.

A large number took advantage of the low rates offered and went on Monday last by the G.T.R. to St. Anne de Beaupere, Quebec. There were two large excursion trains, which passed here Monday afternoon. About six hundred went from Campbellford and vicinity.

Mrs. Lanktree arrived home from Chicago on Friday last, after nearly three months visit with her sons there. She was accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Lanktree, who with her husband intend remaining here,—Mr. Lanktree having come here some weeks ago.

The final cricket match of this district, will be played between Belleville and Picton clubs at Deseronto, on Tuesday next, Aug. 29. Both clubs are practising hard to win. There is no doubt but Picton will win if they take the same umpire as they had with them when they played here and in Campbellford.

A Lawn Social under the auspices of the Wellman's Corners Sabbath School will be held on the grounds of Mr. Jas. A. Vandervoort, one mile east of Wellman's Corners, on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 30th. Refreshment booths. The Stirling I.O.O.F. Band is expected to be present. Admission 10 cts.

Edward Mitz, of Crookston, committed suicide on the evening of the 21st inst., by cutting his throat. The wound was not immediately fatal, but death ensued the next day. He was a married man in rather poor circumstances, and leaves a wife and two children. It is supposed he was temporarily insane, caused by recent illness.

It is said that dancing makes girls' feet large. It is also said ice cream produces freckles. Doctors are of the opinion that hanging on the front gate produces rheumatism. The chewing of gum distorts their mouth. Playing the piano destroys the beauty of the hand, and washing dishes causes chaps to come—to propose. There you have it, girls; take your choice.

It would be well for those who are in the habit of speeding their horses on the main streets of our village to remember there is a by-law imposing a penalty of a fine of $20, or twenty days in jail for furious driving on the streets. We are informed by those in authority that in future this matter will be looked after, and a stop put to a practice which has become dangerous to life and property.

On Tuesday the 15th inst., a lady living in the sixth concession of Rawdon, in making provision for dinner killed two hens, one of them being a large fat one. Out of the latter, when cleaning, she took nine full sized eggs. They were all without shells. Also, she found seven more from the size of a walnut to that of a pea. They were all on exhibition on a plate when the writer saw them.—COM.

A number of persons left on Tuesday the 15th inst., on the excursions to Manitoba and the Northwest. Among the number were Mr. S. Holden and Mr. S. Badgley. The former shipped a quantity of apples and honey a few days previously, which he intended to sell there. We received a card from Mr. Badgley on Saturday, dated White River, Aug. 17th, which is as follows:—"We are here in a smashup, but providentially no one seriously hurt. I was hurt as much as any one, and I am able to walk around, and come to breakfast. It happened about six o'clock in the morning. The rails spread on a curve, on defective ties. Two baggage cars ran off a six foot embankment, and one coach was wrecked, and more or less destroyed."

CHARGED WITH HORSE STEALING.—A young man arrived here on Friday last, and during the day proceeded to the livery stables of Wm. Cook, V.S., stating that he wished to hire a rig for at least three days. The Dr. having no suspicion, let out the rig, with the understanding that it would be returned on the Sunday evening following. Sunday evening arrived, but the stranger did not appear. Upon inquiry it was then learned that the stranger was a son of the notorious "Coffin" McDonald, and that his step-mother accompanied him. Messages were sent to different places on Monday, and on Tuesday, it was learned that they were at Roslin. Constable Garrett, of Belleville, was wired, and he with Dr. Cook went to Roslin, but the couple had flown. The chase was continued and the Constable went to Plainfield the following day, Wednesday, and scoured the country around there. During the forenoon, while turning a bend in the road, they came upon McDonald with his step-mother, going east at a fast trot. The young man was arrested and taken to Belleville, where a preliminary trial was given before the Police Magistrate, and the case was enlarged until Wednesday of next week.

The Altar.

On Tuesday morning last at ten o'clock, Mr. Brinton D. Wight, of Melita, formerly of this village, and Miss Lizzie Chambers, of this place, were married at the residence of the bride's mother, in the presence of a few invited guests, Rev. J. A. Jewell, B.A., officiating. Miss May Milne was bridesmaid, and Mr. Jas. Chambers, brother of the bride, groomsman. The bride received several gifts from her many friends. The couple, accompanied by Miss May Milne and Miss Lawrence, of Campbellford, went to Brighton, Ont., on a few days' visit. They will start for their future residence at Melita, Man., in a few days.

The NEWS-ARGUS, along with their large circle of young friends, extends congratulations.

Death of an Old Resident.

On Sunday afternoon last, Marjory Parker, relict of the late Robert Parker, died at the residence of F. B. Parker, Esq., at the advanced age of over 90 years.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Fidlar, was born in Stromness, in the north of Scotland, and came to this country about 1843, along with her brothers, John and Jas. Fidlar, late of Marmora. Edward Fidlar, another brother, was formerly in the lumber business here. In 1850 she was married to the late Robert Parker, then a widower; but her wedded life was of short duration, as her husband died about two years later. She had no children; but between her and her stepchildren there had been formed a strong attachment, and her home has been with Mr. F. B. Parker. She was a woman of strong religious convictions, and highly respected by all of her acquaintance; though for many years she has not been away from home, and consequently but little known by many of the present generation.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, service being conducted at the house by Rev. J. M. Gray.

Mrs. F. B. Parker, who had been visiting friends in the western part of Ontario, was unable to get home in time for the funeral, not reaching here until Wednesday morning.

The Cheese Market

It is stated that the cheese factories in this section, with a few exceptions, have contracted for the balance of the season at prices ranging from 10c. to 10½c. There has been a considerable shrinkage of late on account of the drought, and it is thought the total make for the season will be about ten per cent less than last season.

At the Belleville Cheese Board on Tuesday last there were only a total of 750 boxes offered—650 white and 110 colored. No sales were made.

It was moved by Mr. Warrington, seconded by Mr. Robinson, that this Board adjourn to meet 1st Tuesday in May, 1894.—Carried.

Cricket.

EAST TORONTO VS. STIRLING.

One of the best games of cricket that the Stirling people have been treated to for some time was witnessed on Thursday afternoon, 17th inst., between East Toronto and Stirling clubs. Owing to the heavy rain in the forenoon, the wickets were not pitched until 12:30. The grounds then were almost unfit for playing, but rather than disappoint the large crowds of spectators that had congregated, the boys started the game. Stirling winning the toss, took the bat and scored 39. Rain began to fall as the Toronto's started batting, which made the ground soggy and very slippy, but the home team fielded well in spite of these disadvantages and managed to get the visitors out for 81. Thomson, of East Toronto who, no doubt is the nicest bat that ever played in this part of the country, succeeded in making 37 of the score.

Stirling again took the bat and this innings they did well, scoring 54, Barlow and Boldrick making 13 apiece, and Charlie Mitchell knocking out 9. At the special request of the managers of the home team Charlie did not do much heavy hitting in this match, for every time he makes a good hit he either breaks a bat or loses a ball, and for that reason he hit a little light.

The visitors now had 23 to make, which they did, but not until the stumps of three of their men had fallen, winning the match by 7 wickets.

The following is the score:—

EAST TORONTO, 1ST INNINGS.

LeRoy, c Lagrow, b Horkins	1
Maddock, b Horkins	0
S. D. Smith, b Horkins	13
F. J. Berry, b C. H. Green	0
Thomson, c Lagrow, b Horkins	37
J. Snyder, b C. H. Green	10
Vandyke, b Martin	5
E. Smith, l b w	3
G. B. Smith, stumped J. Green	0
Flynn, c and b C. H. Green	2
Hatch, not out	0
Byes, 6, Leg Byes, 3, Wide Balls, 1, Total	81

STIRLING, 1ST INNINGS.

G. Lagrow, b Thomson	4
H. Barlow, c Snyder, b Thompson	5
C. H. Green, b S. D. Smith	0
C. J. Boldrick, b S. D. Smith	0
G. Horkins, b S. D. Smith	10
J. H. Bush, b Thomson	2
C. Mitchell, c Maddock, b Thompson	2
R. Crosby, c Maddock, b S. D. Smith	3
J. Green, b S. D. Smith	2
C. Martin, b Thompson	7
W. Crosby, not out	1
Byes, 3, Total	39

EAST TORONTO, 2ND INNINGS.

LeRoy, c W. Crosby, b Boldrick	0
Maddock, b Boldrick	1
S. D. Smith, not out	4
F. J. Berry, did not bat	
Thomson, not out	10
J. Snyder, Vandyke, E. Smith, G. B. Smith, Flynn,	did not bat.
Hatch, b Horkins	2
Byes, 3, Leg Byes, 3, Total	28

STIRLING, 2ND INNINGS.

G. Lagrow, b Berry	2
H. Barlow, b Berry	13
C. H. Green, b E Smith	0
C. J. Boldrick, b E. Smith	13
G. Horkins, b Berry	1
J. H. Bush, b E. Smith	4
C. Mitchell, b Berry	9
R. Crosby, not out	0
J. Green, b E. Smith	0
C. Martin, c LeRoy	0
W. Crosby, run out	10
Byes, 12, Total	64

The bowling of Horkins, Green and Boldrick was highly spoken of by the visitors, who said it was the smallest innings batting they had made on their tour, batting Deseronto 95, Belleville 144, Campbellford 110, Peterboro' 85 and Stirling 81, which speaks for itself.

The East Toronto club left on the evening train for Campbellford, where they played the following day. They were well pleased with their treatment by the Stirling team, and intend stopping two days next year when on their tour.

Testing his Honesty.

Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

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J. B. & SON.

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FRESH EVERY WEEK, AT

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We have just received our third shipment of Ten Cases. We are bound to supply you.

For the best value in all kinds of Crockery, go to

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P. S.--A Car Load of Salt Just Arrived.

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—:o:—

Those wanting repairs for the Massey-Harris Co'y. Machines, or Sawyer & Massey Threshers, will kindly leave their orders at once, as anything I have to send for to come by express, purchasers will have to pay all costs.

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We sell at Cash Prices, and have but one price.

Thus we certainly are in a position to serve our customers to the very best advantage.

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Wedding Bells.

On Wednesday evening, the 9th August, at eight o'clock, Mr. Thomas W. Thurston, of Verulam, and Miss Lenora Parr, of Dunsford, formerly of Madoc, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, at the rsidence of the bride's sister and brother Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merrill. Rey. M. Metherell performed the ceremony in the presence of about thirty invited guests.

Mr. Archie Beavis acted as groomsman, and Miss Jennie Thurston, sister of the groom, as bridesmaid. The bride and bridesmaid were beautifully attired,—the bride in cream colored cashmere and French lace, and the bridesmaid in cream cashmere. After the ceremony the usual congratulations were tendered. About nine o'clock the company sat down to a sumptuous repast the table being bountifully spread with all the choicest viands. After tea the party repaired to the parlor where the guests enjoyed themselves with the usual games until an early hour. The bride received a large number of valuable presents which showed the esteem she was held in by her numerous friends. The bridal couple repaired to their beautiful home on the shore of Sturgeon Lake where they intend residing for the future. Their many friends join in wishing them a happy life and future prosperity.

Tuftsville Items.

(From our Correspondent.)

Mrs. E. Tufts and Miss Mary Tufts, of Tweed, were guests of Miss Allie Tufts last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett attended the dedication of the hall of the A.O.U.W. at Plainfield on Sunday.

S. J. Tufts, H. Dulmage, P. T. Bennett, and Mr. Bilton, of Belleville, spent Sunday here.

Upwards of twenty people from this place took in the holiday on Tuesday last. All report a good time.

A pleasant surprise took place at Wellmans Corners on the third of August at the residence of Mr. T. Burgess being his sixty-sixth birthday. Dr. and Mrs. Gardner, of Belleville, Mrs. J. Clark and Mrs. Hamilton, of Corbyville, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett of this place were present.

Doubling Their Joys.

At the parsonage in the 6th Con. of a back township on Aug. 15., Miss Ellen Dineen was married to Mr. Duncan Dineen. They were a very happy couple, and the bride thought it was nice to be able to hold the same name after marriage as before. The groom did not have to change his name either, but he changed his clothes an hour before the ceremony, and looked fine in the new suit he had purchased at the Oak Hall, Belleville.

The latest way of putting it:—All the world is a stage and the numerous doctors merely ushers—both ways.

The Manitoba Government has just issued its official bulletin regarding the crops. The estimated yield per acre in wheat is a trifle over 22 bushels, oats at 40, barley 31, flax 16. The eastern portion of the province appears to be the most favored district, wheat there averaging nearly 25 bushels to the acre. The sample in all sections is reported excellent. The probable yields are: Wheat, 22,000,000 bushels; oats, nearly 16,000,000 bushels; barley, about 4,000,000 bushels, and flax, 150,000 bushels. Harvesting is now in full swing, but harvest hands continue to be very scarce.

A Difference In Clothing.

There is no doubt but some clothing houses think of nothing but getting the money out of the pockets of their customers. In return they give shoddy, bad fitting suits and laugh at you if you go back to them. The Oak Hall, Belleville, have won a grand reputation by keeping only the best clothing. This reputation we will guard jealously.

Neuralgia must go! "Harper's Arabian" Balm will stop the pain at once. At Parker's Drug Store.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" is the best Liniment, the largest Bottle and the smallest price, 25 cents at Parker's Drug Store.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by all Druggists.

Rheumatic sufferers look! "Harper's Arabian Balm" will give you speedy relief. Call at Parker's Drug Store and get a large bottle 25 cents.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swoollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" is the cure for Cuts, Wounds, Swellings, Toothache, Faceache, Lumbago. For Rheumatic pains has no equal. Will keep down Inflammation. At Parker's Drug Store.

Keep a bottle of Harper's Arabian Balm in the house. The best Liniment. 25 cents.

All pains and aches must go. Harper's Arabian Balm cures.

Use Harper's Arabian Balm for caked bag in cows.

"Harper's Arabian Balm" cures sore shoulders, Saddle Galls, &c., on Horses.

Try Harper's Arabian Balm on your Bunions. You will get relief.

Births.

In Huntingdon, on July 30th, the wife of ROBERT WOOD, of a daughter.

In Sidney, on the 15th August, the wife of WM. BUSH, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on the 17th August, the wife of B. NIX, of a son.

In Huntingdon, on Aug. 17th, the wife of ROBERT ROBERTSON, of a son.

In Huntingdon, on Aug 20th, the wife of PETER MCINROY, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on Aug. 22nd, the wife of GERMAN BAILEY, of a daughter.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Stirling, August 14th, by the Rev. Wm. Spencer, Mr. GEORGE HENRY LUERY, of Marmora, to Miss NETTIE ARMENIA ROSEBUSH, eldest daughter of John Rosebush.

Deaths.

In Stirling, on Sunday, Aug. 20th, MARJORY PARKER, relict of the late Robert Parker, aged 90 years and 2 months.

In Huntingdon, on Aug. 21st, LAVINA M. ASHLEY, wife of Simeon Ashley, Sr., aged 83 years, 4 mths and 24 days.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 65c. to 68c.
Barley, 35 to 40c.
Rye, 40 to 50c.
Oats, 25c. to 28c.
Pease, large, 60c. to 65c.
Pease, small, 55c. to 58c.
Buckwheat, 35 to 42c.
Butter, 20 to 20c.
Eggs, 10c. to 11c.
Potatoes, per bag, 60 to 75c.
Pork, $7 to $8 per cwt.
Apples, per bag, 50 to 60c.
Lard, 15c. to 15c.
Chickens, per pair, 25c. to 40c.
Ducks, 8c. to 9c. per lb.
Geese, 6½c. per lb.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING!

One Case Ladies' Mantles.
One Case Men's Overcoats.
One Case Dress Goods, already here.
Great Bargains in odd lines of Summer goods.
Special line of Linen Towels, 20c. pair.
Good Linen Table Cloth, 25c. yard.
Men's Colored Straw Hats, 17c., worth 40c.

W. H. SMILLIE & CO.,

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Cheese Vats, Milk Cans,

FACTORY FURNISHINGS,

-:TINWARE, STOVES,:-

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SPADES, FORKS, HOES,

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RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SNATHS,
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Plenty of PINE and CEDAR SHINGLES for sale.

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That our Wall Paper Trade is the largest between Toronto and Montreal is an established fact, and we defy contradiction.

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